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THE *Atlantic*



Nun and the Dramatist

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW
to the ABBESS of STANBROOK

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How do you take issue with a lump in the throat?

There are plenty of facts to prove that the expansion of the federal government into the electric power business is uneconomical, inefficient and downright dangerous. But facts often have tough going against the emotional arguments used by advocates of federal government power projects.

Speaking for the TVA, for instance, a U. S. Senator recently said this:

I wonder if any one [of TVA's critics] has ever driven along a country road, when dusk is falling in this valley. I wonder if they have ever seen the lights come on as the darkness deepens. From barns and sheds, from kitchens and parlors the lovely pattern they make is a symbol of what TVA has meant to the people. I wonder if [these critics] have ever visited the majestic dams and steam plants built by TVA, and if their hearts were ever stirred as mine is every time I read the plaque which each one bears: "Built for the People of the United States."

How do you take issue with this kind of a lump in the throat?

You can point out that these plants were *not* built "for the People of the United States" but were built for members of a special favored class

who are given first call on this electricity under federal law.

You can explain that federal government electric rates are not "cheap" but are low only because they are subsidized by extra taxes from citizens all over the country.

You can show that all the sections of the country that are served by the more than 400 independent electric light and power companies enjoy the comforts and conveniences of electricity, too.

But these facts aren't enough unless we can arm ourselves against the emotional tactics of the advocates of government ownership. The federal power groups claim that government ownership promotes orderliness—but it really breeds inefficiency. They say it broadens ownership—but it actually concentrates political power. They insist it favors the underprivileged—but it creates a new privileged class.

The next time you hear someone argue for federal government electricity, watch for the "lump in the throat." Emotions may be throwing up a smoke screen that hides the facts. *America's Independent Electric Light and Power Companies**. *Names on request from this magazine



courtesy and resourcefulness qualify her for the job. Gaye Evans, telephone company Service Representative, obtains information from a customer regarding his telephone service.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANSEL ADAMS

She Likes to Help People

A story about one of the telephone Service Representatives whose "voice has the smile" whenever there's anything you'd like to know about telephone service.

One of the nice things about the telephone business is the way it brings people together.

Many times each day—in homes, communities and in countless companies throughout the land—we have the opportunity and the privilege of making contacts with those we serve. Sometimes they are by telephone. Very often they are personal visits.

Among those with these contacts are the Bell Office Service Representatives. Gaye (Mrs. Robert) Evans.

"What we like people to do," says Gaye, "is to think of us as their personal representatives at the telephone

company. Whenever there's any question about service or a bill or you're moving or needing more service, we're here to help in every way we can."

Gaye Evans' job takes a special type of person. One who is not only efficient but understanding as well.

Gaye qualifies in many ways. Even in her leisure hours, she finds time to help others, especially the handicapped and the needy. Another of her activities is rehearsing a 26-girl choir.

Gaye sums up one of her main satisfactions this way:

"It's nice to have people think of the telephone company as a place

where they can always find courtesy and consideration. That's our job and we try to be good at it."

Helping the Blind. Raising money to provide "Guide Dogs for the Blind" has been part of Mrs. Evans' work in the Venture Club—an organization of Oakland, Calif., business women.



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JULY ATLANTIC

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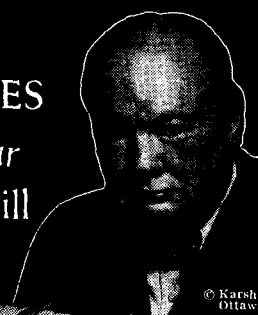
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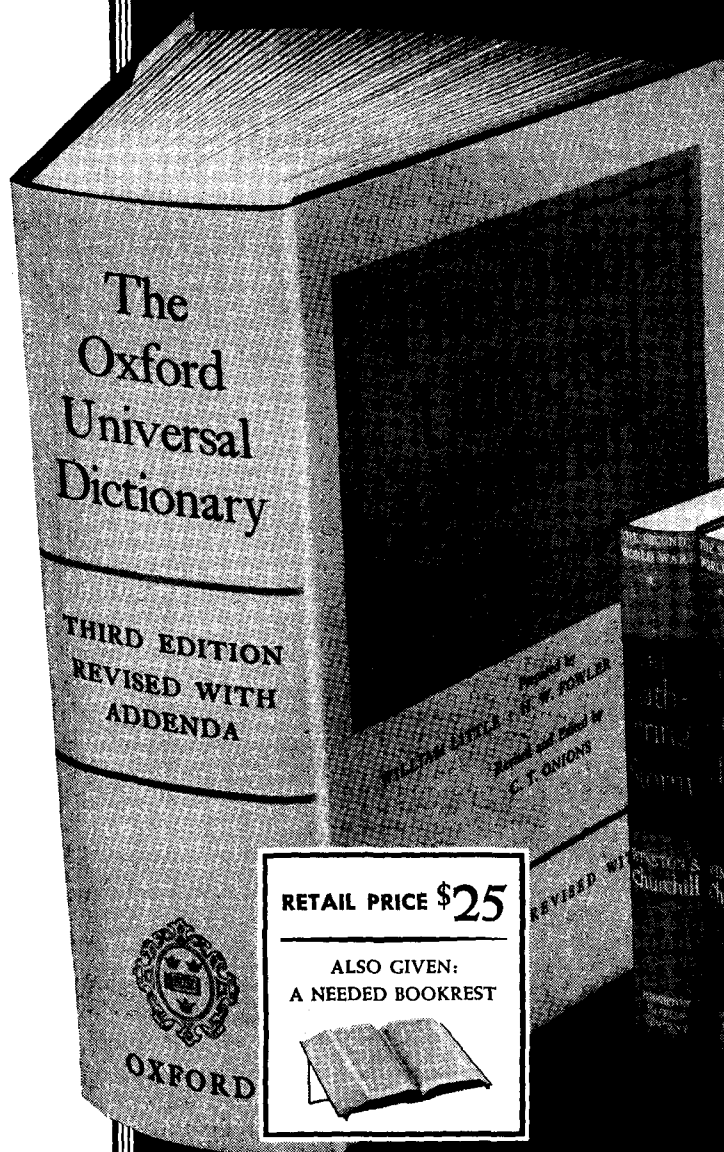
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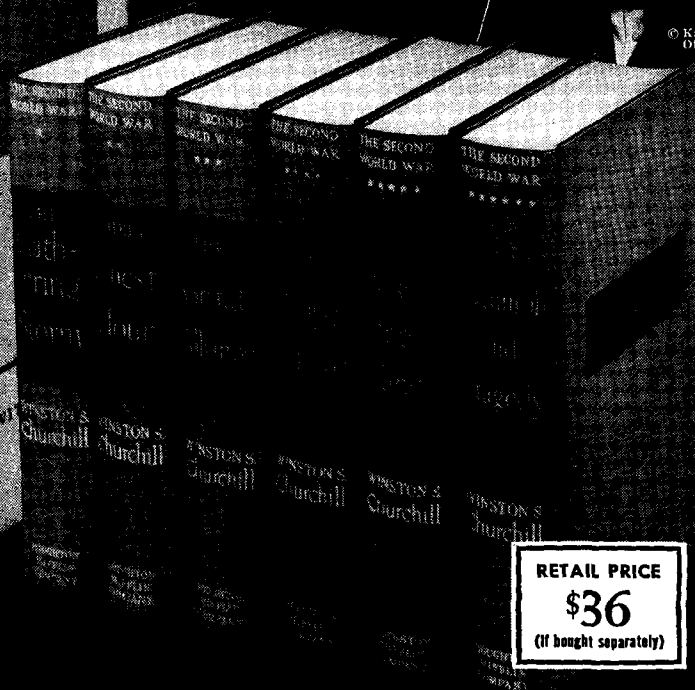


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THE ATLANTIC REPORT

on the World today

Washington

AS PRESIDENTIAL convention time nears, one of the most engrossing Washington conversation pieces is: "What makes Lyndon run?" For Senator Lyndon Baines Johnson, the Texas Democrat, who will be forty-eight the week after his party chooses its nominee in August, is certain to be a key figure at the Chicago convention. His victory over Governor Shivers in the struggle for control of the Texas delegation has assured that.

If Johnson had not suffered a heart attack, he would by now be a presidential candidate. As it is, he is a major force in his party, perhaps a vice-presidential candidate, and at least a possibility for the top nomination. He says he is not a candidate, but he gives the appearance of a man who would like to have a go at it.

Johnson came to Congress back in 1937 as a youthful New Dealer and F.D.R. favorite. He won a Senate seat by a bare 87 votes in 1948 but easily won re-election two years ago. He became the Senate Democratic leader in the wake of the Eisenhower election. Johnson is perhaps best described as a politician's politician. His name is on no major piece of legislation, but many a bill has become law because he found the compromise to collect enough votes from the disparate elements of his party in the Senate. As he has become a sort of modern Henry Clay, another "great compromiser," his own views have moved toward the center of the Democratic spectrum.

The oil and gas industry

Johnson is of the South but not a true Southerner. As a Texan, he has been a special pleader in Congress for the oil and gas industry, and his drive forced through the gas bill, subsequently vetoed by the

President. Along with his Texas colleague and political mentor, Speaker Sam Rayburn, Johnson has effectively protected the oil depletion allowance from the curbs which the liberal Democrats have vainly sought because they consider it an outrageous tax advantage. Originally intended as an incentive to the discovery and development of mineral resources, the depletion allowance, which permits a 27.5 per cent deduction from gross income before taxes, has virtually become a subsidy for the extracting industries. Rayburn has used his power to keep off the tax-writing House Ways and Means Committee any Democrat who might be tempted to repeal the depletion allowance.

Johnson has used his power to keep the Senate Finance Committee equally pure. Yet he has now granted a seat to Senator Paul Douglas of Illinois, an anti-depletion senator, but with the knowledge that the rest of the committee on both sides of the party aisle is "safe." Such is his ability to "give" when necessary, without suffering a real loss.

To Johnson politics is life — politics in the sense of maneuver, of trade, of compromise, of harmonizing the unharmonious. Before he became a member of the House, Johnson was a congressional secretary; and old-timers say that when he went out to the ball game with his boss, he kept his eye, not on the ball, but on the politicians in the ball park. He can be friendly and persuasive; he knows the intricate rules of the Senate and how to use them to advantage. It was Johnson who helped New York's Senator Lehman get through a seemingly lost Niagara public power bill.

Johnson, like all Southerners, is held back from having national standing because of the race issue.

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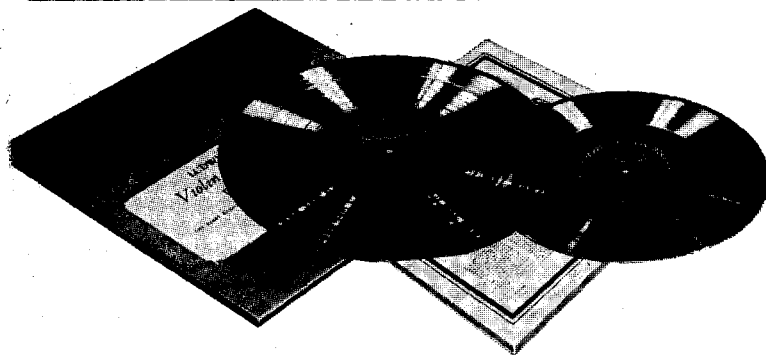
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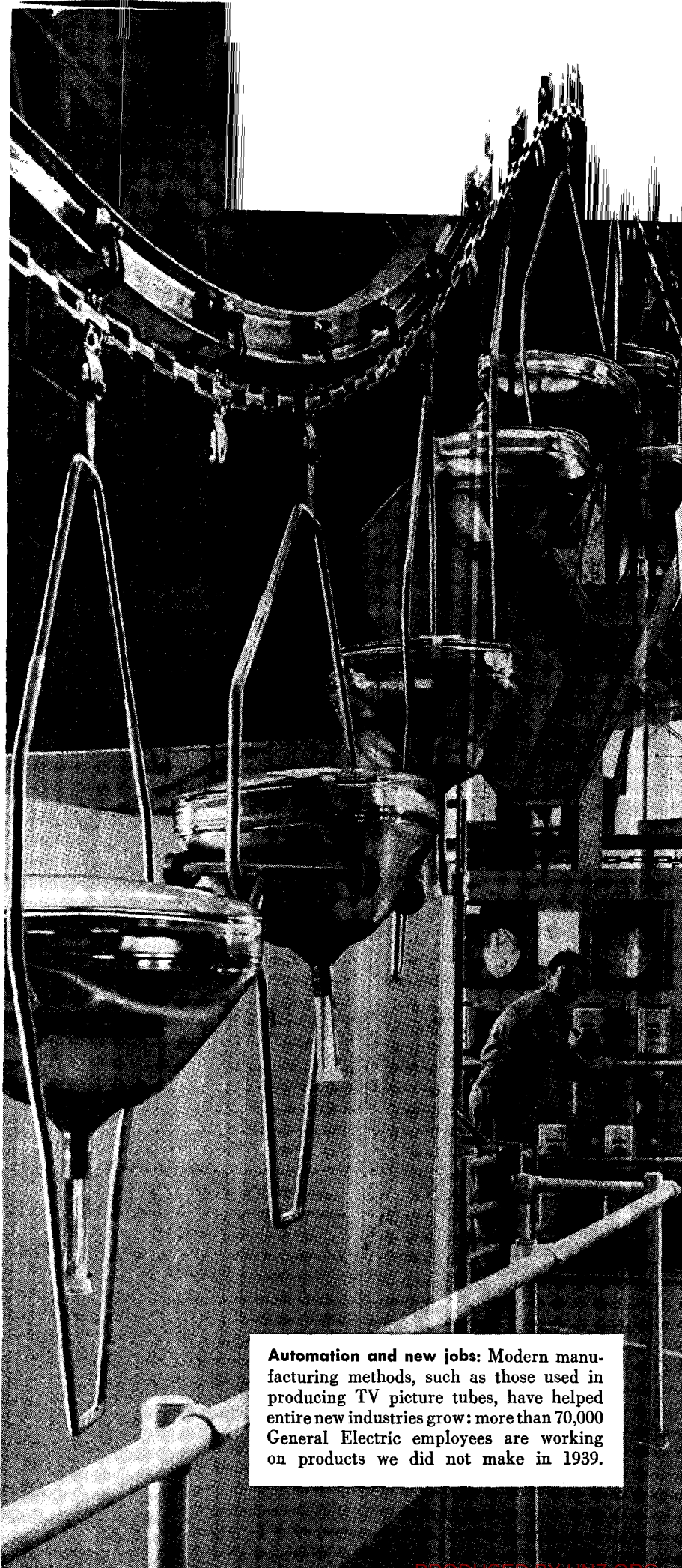
Good planning for automation includes planning for human problems as well as the mechanical and financial ones. General Electric we try to plan technological improvements so that the normal turnover of our work force absorbs shifts in employment. In addition, company is spending 35 to 40 million dollars each year to train or retrain employees; there are over 1,000 courses in factory skills, and at least 500 courses for professional, technical and semi-technical people.

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The Atlantic Report on Washington



He did not sign the Southern Manifesto against the Supreme Court's anti-segregation ruling, on the ground that as majority leader of his party he should not take sides. In the fight against Shivers his failure to sign was used against him, but he outrode the storm. While Johnson has been given a vast amount of press credit for doing battle with Shivers forces, the truth is that he was, in effect, forced into it by Rayburn, who is still bitter against Shivers for leading his state into the Republican column four years ago.

Lyndon Johnson at Chicago

What will be Johnson's role at Chicago? At the least, he wants to come back to Washington next year as the majority leader whether or not the Democrats capture the White House. To do so, he must find a compromise on the race issue at Chicago and a candidate who will unite the party sufficiently to make possible the continued Democratic control of the Senate even if Eisenhower is re-elected. This is a difficult trick; but if any man can do it, Lyndon Johnson can.

The test may come in the Senate before it quits for the conventions. The White House tactic is to get through Congress some sort of civil rights legislation in order to demonstrate that a Republican President has been able to do what has not been done in some three quarters of a century: break the Southern filibuster. The House is certain to pass a civil rights bill, probably along the mild lines asked by the White House. Such a bill would be likely to have two key elements: the creation of a bipartisan commission, as the President asked, to look into cases of deprivation of the rights of Negroes, especially in voting, but without power to effect changes other than by persuasion; and the creation of a civil rights section within the Department of Justice.

To all-out civil-righters these are half measures or worse. Yet they are in tune with the moderation tactics of the President and what is taken in Washington to be the mood of the nation. The White House tacticians argue that such legislation can pass the Senate over Southern Democratic opposition because it will not really "hurt" the Southerners the way the Truman civil rights bill would have done.

Quietly, the White House has been working on Senate GOP Leader Knowland to deliver the necessary Republican votes to get such a bill out of the Judiciary Committee despite the chairmanship of Senator Eastland. Knowland can do that if he

decides it will be in the party's interest in November, when the Negro vote will be needed to offset farm defections. In this case, he would break for the first time the traditional alliance between Northern Republican and Southern Democratic conservatives which dominates the Senate.

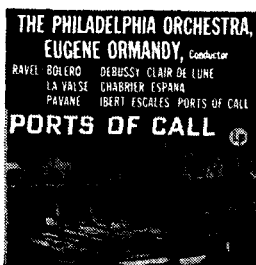
To do so, Knowland has to reach an agreement with Johnson. It would be up to Johnson to pass the word to his Southern colleagues from the hard-core states of the Old South to make their speeches but to accept the fact that they cannot kill the bill by filibuster this time. The Southerners are growing old and there are not enough of them to keep a filibuster going if Johnson decides that in the party's interest a moderate civil rights bill shall pass.

If Johnson wants to wield great power at Chicago, he can best do so by demonstrating his own "moderation" in the way he handles the civil rights legislation. If he also has thoughts of a nomination for himself, passage of the legislation would appear to be an indispensable preliminary. But beyond these personal aspects, it certainly can be argued that Johnson, as the compromiser of his party, will be doing it a monumental service if he can and does remove some of the punch from the GOP drive for Negro votes by pushing through limited civil rights legislation.

Revamping our foreign policy

In the realm of foreign affairs, the biggest news in Washington this summer is the changing nature of Administration policy toward the neutral nations and our foreign aid policy in relation to them. Curiously, the visit of Indonesia's President Sukarno in May appears to have played an important role. What was conceived by Secretary Dulles as an effort to influence Sukarno worked out the other way as well. It has influenced Washington because Sukarno spoke frankly to Congress and convinced a good many of the members that after all there is something to say for a nation which refused to stand up and be counted on one side or the other in the East-West conflict. Comments from both sides of the aisle, after his hour-long speech, demonstrated that he had put over his thesis that Asia and Africa are dominated by nationalism in the sense of "love of country and the determination to improve it." They will accept aid from all sides, but they insist there should be no strings attached.

The invitation to Sukarno to visit here before he goes to Moscow and Peiping later this year was proffered by Dulles when he was in Indonesia.



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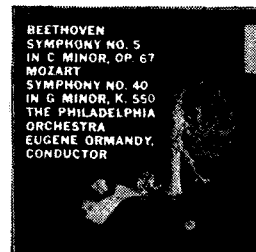
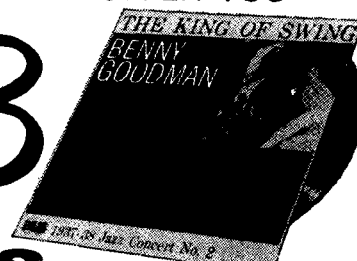
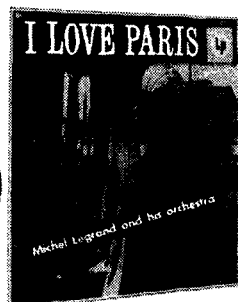
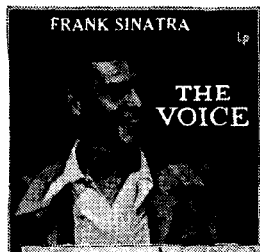
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Dulles and Eisenhower talked about the possibility before the secretary left Washington, but nothing was decided. Once in Indonesia and subjected to Sukarno's eloquence and the dreary facts of the eroding American position in free Asia, Dulles cabled the President to ask if he could extend the invitation. Eisenhower, as true a believer in personal diplomacy as Franklin D. Roosevelt ever was, readily consented.

There are two major elements in the decision the United States must make: whether to distinguish between military ally and neutral in terms of aid offered, and whether to conduct the future aid program essentially as an American affair or to shift a major part of it to international auspices with the Russians given the chance to join in.

The Sukarno visit and the obvious insufficiency of the "pactomania" with which Dulles is charged by his critics, at home as well as abroad, have driven the Administration and at least moved the Congress toward a position of equal treatment for all. There is still strong resistance from

many in and out of government who contend that to treat all alike is to blunt the moral argument against Communist tyranny and atheism. But Moscow's tactic of lumping together into what it terms the "zone of peace" all the uncommitted nations, such as Indonesia, India, and the Middle Eastern countries now in such ferment, is forcing our hand.

The other issue — whether to channel more aid through the United Nations or some new international agency — is far from resolved. The President has taken a negative attitude in his press conferences. In part this appears ascribable to a White House feeling that anything suggested by a political opponent (in this case, by Adlai Stevenson) is a political move and thus suspect; in part it is due to indecision in the President's own mind since such a stance runs counter to other of his statements of principle.

Resistance or aid?

In this period when military clashes between the great powers are out by tacit consent, the United States must decide whether to fight out the East-

West conflict in economic and political fields or whether it will try to blunt the elements of conflict. Is "competitive coexistence" to be a Russo-American race in each and every free nation to which Moscow offers aid? Or can the competition, which is inescapable, be conducted more to the advantage of the United States in a joint aid program which includes the Russians? A firm policy is likely to be lacking until the President determines what should be the total American posture toward Russia.

This is perhaps the core of the problem for Washington. As one official put it: "How do you treat a fellow who sticks out one stubby hand with a big smile on his face and says, 'Let's be friends,' while you know that in his other hand, behind his back, he holds the strings to a military machine capable of clobbering you any moment?" Reflections of this unresolved problem may be seen in all sorts of issues. How far to go with the exchange of persons, how much to lower the trade barriers, how to counter the Soviet reduction of armed forces manpower without losing the West's deterrent power — these are samples.

Looking back on what has happened in Moscow since Stalin's death more than three years ago, Washington feels that the new collective leadership, or more correctly the new collective dictatorship, had a hard time mapping out its own domestic and foreign policies. They probably were settled as far back as March, 1955, the intelligence experts now think and the evidence is that Moscow has been working hard to put them in effect ever since, with large measure of success both at home and abroad.

The West, especially the United States, has been slow to respond. It is beginning to respond. Dulles, in fact, has made some rather dramatic public statements on the "forced liberalism" he sees at work inside the Soviet Union, if one considers the public — and the Republican Party — attitude toward Russia only a few years back. A good many people both in and out of Washington have been and still are impatient at the slow evolution of policy. This summer has begun to show changes, and more are certain to come. Once the election is past, the new Administration, Republican or Democratic, will be freer to make the essential decisions,

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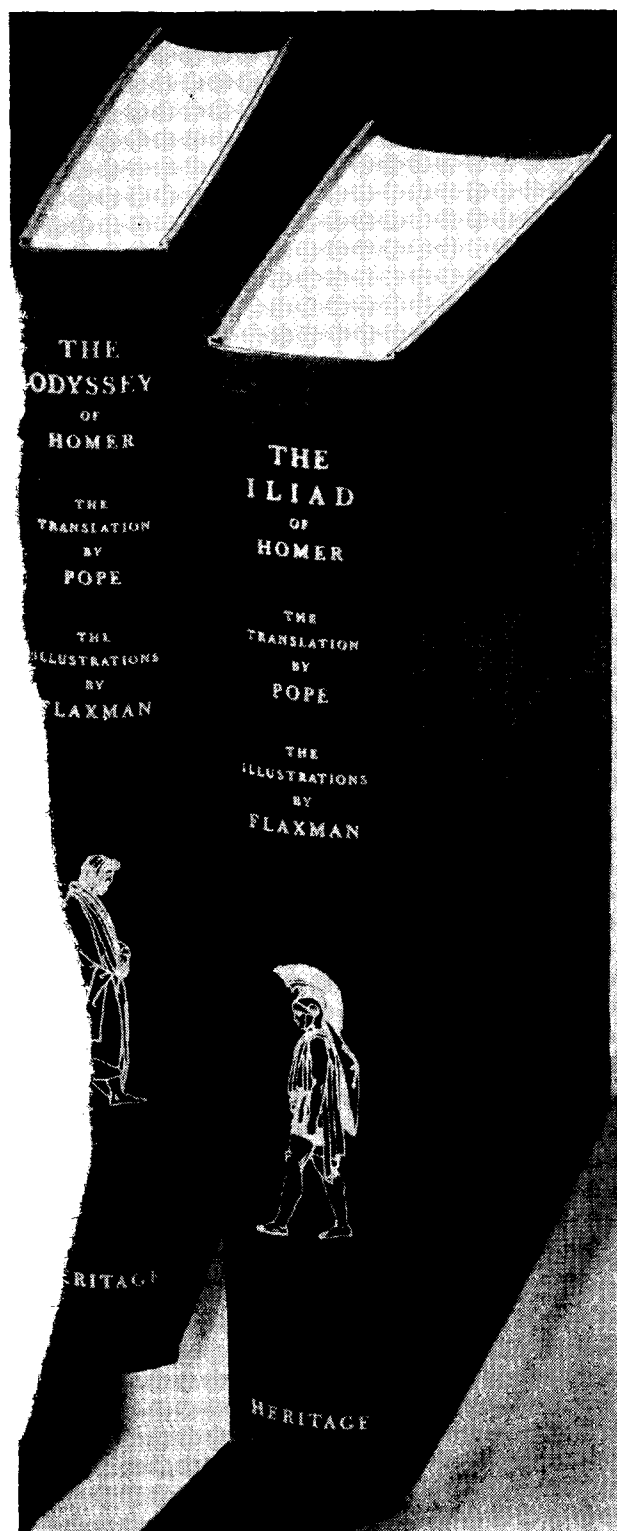
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SEATO

THE Southeast Asia Treaty Organization, SEATO, was conceived two years ago as a response to the Communist victories in Indochina, which culminated then in the Battle of Dienbienphu and the Geneva Conference. A formative SEATO meeting was held at Manila in the summer of 1954, soon after these developments, but the organization was not born until February, 1955, when ratifications were exchanged by the members at a meeting at Bangkok. Officially, therefore, SEATO is about a year and a half old, and is still pretty formless.

One reason for this is a difference in aims between the member nations, which include Australia, France, New Zealand, Pakistan, the Philippines, Thailand, the United Kingdom, and the United States. The U.S., which can be called SEATO's prime mover, joined almost purely to check the spread of Communism in Southeast Asia, a task our leaders felt could no longer be done through the French. We looked on SEATO as an anti-Communist defense alliance complementary to NATO in Europe and MEDO in the Middle East.

The leaders of the Philippines — fervid anti-Communists — shared our views more or less, as did those of Australia and New Zealand. The leaders of Thailand, the country next to Indochina in the Red line of march, were seeking a bulwark against Communism and had good reason to join SEATO; but some observers of SEATO believe they have been softened by the Chinese "enticement" talk begun at the Bandung Conference in April of last year. The British are America's loyal allies, of course, in SEATO as in other things; but there is no dodging the fact that they have a more friendly policy toward China than we have, and this adds further ambiguity to the organization.

Since 1954 the French have withdrawn from North Vietnam, the region held by Ho Chi-minh's Red-oriented Vietminh, but they are anxious to remain on good terms with Ho and continue their business dealings in his territory. Meanwhile they disagree often with the anti-Communist government of South Vietnam, and with the American advisers who are influential there. Their power is receding fast from Southeast Asia, and they have

a strong Communist element at home that is naturally opposed to SEATO. In view of these things their support of SEATO cannot be wholehearted, and some of the other members have expressed puzzlement that they are in it at all.

Pakistan, anti-Communist keystone?

The Pakistanis, finally, seem to have no direct interest in Southeast Asia; they apparently joined SEATO to prove their solidarity with the anti-Communist West, and the West accepted them to show that SEATO has a strong Asian (if not Southeast Asian) flavor. Thought must be given to South Asia's geography to understand anti-Communist alliances there and Pakistan's relation to them.

Below South Asia lies the Indian Ocean, and the land comes down into it in three main peninsulas, separated from one another by two bays. There is the Arabian Peninsula on the west, then the Arabian Sea, the Indian Peninsula, the Bay of Bengal, and finally Southeast Asia, a complex region including Indochina, Thailand, and Malaya, plus the related island systems of Indonesia and Borneo, and the Philippines.

Pakistan comprises two pieces of territory at the heads of the two bays — East Pakistan above the Bay of Bengal, and West Pakistan above the Arabian Sea (the two being separated by the middle downshoot, India). West Pakistan is the nation's dominant half, and it belongs in almost every way to Southwest, rather than Southeast, Asia — to the Middle East or Muslim world, that is. Hence it properly falls within MEDO, the Middle East Defense Organization, rather than SEATO, and it is in fact a member of the former body, along with Iran, Iraq, Turkey, and the United Kingdom.

Pakistan is the only Asian country in both MEDO and SEATO, and thinks of itself as a keystone for the anti-Communist arch that the two organizations seek to build over the Indian Ocean. This dream may be a reality someday, but at present it is obscured by the oddity of Pakistan's SEATO link. The Pakistanis seem uninterested in SEATO's proper issues. For one thing, they have fine relations with Red China. For another, the two

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chief benefits that they have sought from SEATO — declarations supporting their cases in Kashmir and on the Afghan frontier — have almost nothing to do with Southeast Asia geographically.

The work so far done by SEATO as an organization has not been calculated to give it much substance either. Unlike NATO, SEATO has no troops under its command — its members are thought too disparate and far-flung for this. It is supposed to foster economic and cultural exchanges in its area, and to combat subversion there, but actually it has done almost nothing along these lines. By and large such work has still been managed bilaterally, between pairs of member nations, with SEATO merely giving its blessing.

The Karachi Conference

Secretary Dulles led the Karachi session off with a long discourse on Communist policy, climaxed by a warning that the current Red peace maneuvers are insincere and are aimed mainly at undermining SEATO and the other collective-security agreements. After Dulles had finished, the

other delegates spoke, some of them bringing up questions of more specifically regional importance. The outstanding issue, it developed, was the Pakistanis' demand that SEATO support them in their disputes over Kashmir and "Pakhtoonistan." The Kashmir question, a territorial one between Pakistan and India, is before the UN, which has ordered a plebiscite to settle it, but India has so far blocked this. Pakistan asked SEATO to urge that the UN decision be carried out.

The Pakhtoon question is between Pakistan and the separatist tribesmen, backed by their Afghan neighbors, in West Pakistan's northern hills, which might be called the edge of Central Asia. In this case Pakistan asked that SEATO recognize the disputed area as her territory. Neither question had borne much on Communism originally. But Bulganin and Khrushchev, in their South Asian tour, had blatantly taken the anti-Pakistan side on both issues, and the Pakistanis pointed to this in asking SEATO to back them. The seven other nations obliged fully, without delay.

Several Southeast Asian issues were discussed at Karachi as well. It was urged that South Vietnam should agree to holding country-wide elections soon, or should so act that the blame for not holding them would fall on Ho Chi-minh's North Vietnam. The British were praised, by New Zealand and Australia, for the dispatch with which they had recently granted freedom to Malaya. Prince Wan explained that fears about Thai neutralism were greatly exaggerated. He also suggested that an economic adviser be appointed to SEATO.

Defense, not aggression

More than one member wished to emphasize SEATO's defensive — rather than offensive — nature, and to play up its economic and cultural aspects. Richard Casey of Australia suggested that SEATO think about the question of what he called "gray" or "twilight" aid for the poorer members — aid that was not strictly military, but that would help build up the members' military establishments. He mentioned cloth for uniforms as an example, and he committed Australia to \$2 million worth of such aid.

In the more secret military discussions at Karachi, Dulles was understood to have talked about a strategic striking force, as well as "forces in being" in the various countries. The impression given was that SEATO's main reliance would still be on massive American retaliatory power, but that the Asian members would all get further help from America, building up their ground forces as a safeguard against subversion or sudden attack.

Even after the Karachi meeting, SEATO had little tangible to show itself. A budget was passed for the next year of only \$300,000, which provided for an economist, a publicist, and some clerical help (Thailand gave a building in Bangkok to house this staff). A center for research on subversion was also agreed on, but it is clear that SEATO will not soon become a big organization in the anti-subversive or military line, or any other. At the most it will continue to be a clearinghouse.

At least one Asian delegate confessed, in private, to restrained impatience with these results, and said he would really be depressed by them except that his country already had a

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bilateral defense agreement with the U.S. On the other hand some American officials were pleased with the way things had gone at Karachi. They felt that the idea of collective security was taking hold — that Asians were seeing it as the only way to keep from being swallowed up, one after the other, by Communism, and were acting accordingly. One of our officials said he thought all the non-Communist countries in East and Southeast Asia would be in SEATO eventually; and at Karachi there was speculation that certain countries might join fairly soon — Malaya, for instance.

It was also predicted that South Vietnam might join. Not having signed the Geneva Agreement, the South Vietnam government is free to join alliances — as Laos and Cambodia, two other successor states of French Indochina, are not. Yet even in Laos SEATO was expected to be active: subversive trouble was forecast there in the near future, and if it came SEATO members would probably help in trying to put it down. Some leaders felt that the organization might soon play a strong role.

Power vacuum in Asia

There has been a power vacuum in Asia since the British Empire began withdrawing a decade ago. This has been partly filled by the Communists, who have taken over China and Tibet, for instance. Mainly they have succeeded in inland countries or in countries with large hinterlands, where the essential struggle could be decided far from the coasts. As their movement has spread to the more seaboard countries, however, it has met with resistance, partly because it has come up against Western amphibious power, and partly because the peoples near the coast are more westernized and cosmopolitan in their outlook — believing in things like free trade and mixed social customs, and not sympathizing much with the rigid nationalism that seems to go with Communism in Asia. If this struggle grows sharper, some coordinated power may well be needed to stand for the anti-Communist side in it. Perhaps SEATO will fill this role.

SEATO has been attacked as an aggressive body by both the Communists and the Indians, and its vulnerability to this was recognized at Karachi. Several leaders — Americans and others — remarked in private



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that Asians would have to be convinced of SEATO's peaceful intent before the organization could really gain headway. A conflict is plainly discernible between this objective and America's China policy, which — as it denies the permanence of the Mao regime and is associated, willy-nilly, with Chiang Kai-shek's reinvansion talk — strikes much of Asia as bellicose. One might guess, therefore, that a further harmonization of American policy is needed before SEATO can really broaden its appeal.

Prince Wan, the Thai Foreign Minister, who is well attuned to the mood of other Asians — the Burmese, for example — thinks it important that the socially constructive aspects of SEATO, as distinct from the military, be played up. American leaders see Communism mainly as an expression of the power urge — as a fairly abstract expanding force that can best be met by an abstract counterforce, under the name of collective security. Except for the minority led by Chiang and Syngman Rhee, Asians see Communism as a revolutionary force as well, seeking to bring needed changes. Foresighted Asians who are interested in SEATO wish it to be on the right side of this desire for change.

India's resistance

India's attacks on SEATO and MEDO are phrased as denunciations of blocs as such. At first glance this seems strange because the Indians are diligent bloc-builders themselves, and furthermore do not speak out against the massive bloc-building of the Reds. The truth seems to be that, like other countries, India has selfish national interests, and that SEATO and MEDO can be regarded as threats to these. After the British withdrawal India had hopes of dominating South Asia. She tried to dominate weaker countries near her, like Burma and Pakistan, and she has tried in various ways to construct an Indian Ocean bloc.

Some Indians claim that SEATO and MEDO infringe on their country's sovereignty by bringing foreign power near to her coasts. This sounds farfetched, but Americans who would deride India's views might think of our own at the time of the Monroe Doctrine. The two cases are not dissimilar. Even so, America seems unlikely to stop pushing SEATO and MEDO because of Indian feelings.



Spain

LEGEND has it that when Generalissimo Francisco Franco-Bahamonde, the Caudillo of Spain, moved into the royal palace of El Pardo back in 1939, he ordered his aides to place a wastepaper basket on each side of his massive working desk. One basket he labeled "Problems that need immediate solution"; and the second, "Problems that time has solved."

Time, the Caudillo's greatest ally, has already solved Spain's most pressing problems. But the one problem it has not yet solved is that of Franco's succession. It promises to be the thorniest issue facing the cautious ruler. For here he is dealing with the volatile political temperament of the Spanish people. There is no question that he is worried. For the political future of Spain depends, in his view, on the continuity of his regime.

The question of the succession has been solved in theory. In 1947 a national referendum proclaimed Spain a kingdom without a king. The Cortes, or Spanish parliament, subsequently established a Council of Regency and a Council of the Realm, and designated Franco chief of state with life tenure. This decree, called the Law of Succession, provided that the future king of Spain, or regent, be a Spanish male Catholic over thirty years old, and of course of royal blood. The argument in favor of a return of the monarchy was that the national unity and destiny of Spain could best be served by a restoration of her traditional form of government. The regime, in so deciding, chose to ignore the fact that the monarchy, as a political institution, is not only unpopular but completely discredited in the eyes of most Spaniards.

The Falange, official party

The first to manifest its discontent was the Falange, Spain's only official political party and one of the pillars of the "National Movement," as Franco calls his regime. Originally conceived as a small revolutionary party patterned after Italian Fascism and German National Socialism, the Falange's membership was never over 30,000 before the civil war. But today it has become a vast political melting pot whose adherents are hopelessly confused and divided against themselves.

Falangist ranks have been infiltrated by extremists of both right and left. "Traditionalists" and religious and monarchist fanatics were incorporated into the once revolutionary, antimonarchist, anticlerical Falange by Franco's executive order early in 1937, at a time when these two rival factions were threatening to fight it out in a small-scale war. Socialists and Anarchists flocked to the Falange's black and red banner to seek political asylum during and after the civil war.

The Falange has also suffered from an inundation of "*pansistas*," or hangers-on who care little for ideology but who saw in the party a chance to attach themselves to government payrolls. The result after eighteen years is that the Falange has ceased to be a party in the strict sense of the word and has become an amorphous bureaucratic association paying only lip service to the ideals of national socialism.

The Falange's one source of power lies today in its control of the nation's labor unions, which include an estimated 8 million wage earners. The hierarchy of the Falange, aware of the unpopularity of the party with the mass of public opinion, fears that a return of the monarchy will mean an end to its bureaucratic monopoly over jobs. One possible solution for getting Falangist support for a monarchist restoration would be to have the government "institutionalize" the party, thus giving it legal standing and making its social and political doctrines a fundamental part of Spanish constitutional law. But this the Franco government has so far failed to do.

Division in the Catholic right wing

The regime's second prop, the Catholic right wing, is also a house divided against itself. There are roughly three major political groupings within Spanish Catholic ranks. On the extreme right are the superconservatives, the Traditionalists or Carlists, who are split in their allegiance to the future king, one faction supporting the candidacy of Don Xavier of Bourbon Parma, and another giving only lukewarm support to the official pretender, Don Juan Carlos. There are also a number of other splinter groups, each with a candidate of its own.

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The center group of Catholic opinion is concentrated around the Catholic Action movement and includes Spain's able Minister of Foreign Affairs, Don Alberto Martin Artajo, and Monsignor Angel Herrera, the outspoken crusading bishop of Malaga. Generally speaking, Catholic Action supports the Bourbon candidacy to the Spanish throne.

To the left of Catholic Action but nevertheless a part of the Spanish Catholic right are the so-called Christian Democrats, who presently lack any recognized leadership and who are themselves subdivided into republican and monarchist factions.

The pro-Franco Army

The Army, the third and perhaps most powerful of the regime's three props, is solidly Francoist. But what it will be in a post-Franco Spain it is difficult to say. By and large the leaders of the officer corps are believed to be in favor of a monarchist restoration. A politically neutral faction within the Army is headed by the present Minister of the Army, Agustín Muñoz Grande, a popular and able officer more concerned with military history than politics, who, like most of his brother officers, is an unconditional Francoist.

The left constitutes the great unknown of contemporary Spanish politics. An exact assessment of its strength is impossible under present conditions. The reasons are obvious: it is voiceless, leaderless, unorganized, but like Banquo's ghost it is omnipresent.

Cutting diagonally across all the diverse political elements that make up the National Movement is the intellectual dividing line of the "Spain" and the "anti-Spain." The "Spain" school of thought holds that the national destiny can best be realized through the preservation of traditional Hispanic values. It rejects alien philosophies and influences such as, for instance, the French Encyclopedists and the democratic tradition derived from the French Revolution. As an intellectual movement it is spiritual and mystic, almost fanatically religious, profoundly antimaterialistic, and basically reactionary.

The "anti-Spain" school of thought, on the other hand, argues that national salvation lies precisely in the

abandonment of Spain's traditional, clannish thinking. It is anticlerical and holds that Spain must liberalize its thought and align itself more with the intellectual West if it wishes to move with the times.

Students riot

The Madrid University riots of last February revealed the strength of these factional differences that have rent the National Movement. Rebel students and their leaders were no left-wing hotheads preparing the great anti-Franco revolution. They were sons of well-to-do, God-fearing Spanish fathers of the upper class who were intimately connected with the regime.

The first indication that things were not as they should be came last autumn when a government-sponsored poll was conducted among a select cross-section of university student. The poll revealed that the overwhelming majority of those questioned opposed the regime. As a result of this poll, Pedro Laín Entralgo, the rector of Madrid University, was asked to draw up a report on the disturbing student situation. The Entralgo report, a 3500-word pamphlet entitled "The State of Mind of University Youth," recommended, among other things, that the government allow students greater freedom of expression. Neither the Entralgo report nor the results of the poll were reported in the censored Spanish press.

In his customary New Year's Eve radio address, Franco appealed to the youth to "fight the venom of materialism . . . and the forces of evil bent on destroying Spain." The Caudillo moreover cautioned them against "the winds from outside seeking to penetrate the windows of our fortress." But Franco's admonition came too late.

On February 4, some 3000 Madrid students signed a petition demanding the free election of delegates to an all-student congress. This was an immediate challenge to the student university syndicate controlled by the Falange. The rector, Laín Entralgo, thought it wise to let students blow off a little steam. He and the dean of the law school, Manuel Torres López, consequently agreed to a class-by-class election. But the results were disastrous. Only two Falange candidates were elected out of a slate of twenty.

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Before the third-year law students could vote, the Falange ordered the elections to be suspended. To back up the order it sent a squad of its Blue Shirt toughs to rough up the dean and the leaders of the anti-Falangist insurrection. The students took up the challenge, and fighting ensued. The next day the Falange marched a force of 500 Blue Shirts into the law school quadrangle. The police held back with orders not to intervene. On the third day the rioting got out of hand, firearms were used, and three students were seriously wounded. At this juncture the police leaped into action. Fifty individuals, not all of them students, were rounded up for questioning.

Franco acts

The following week, at his weekly cabinet ministers' conference, General Franco suspended two articles in the *Fuero de los Españoles*, the Spanish bill of rights. Simultaneously he ousted the Falange's Secretary General, Fernandez Cuesta, and the Minister of Education, Ruiz Jimenez, both of them stout Francoists who had not in any way been connected with the uprising. Changes also were made within the Falange and the University faculty. Among those dismissed were Rector Lain Entralgo, Dean Torres, and three Falangist party bigwigs.

The press, carrying out the directives of the government, blamed the disorders on the Communists and fellow-traveling liberals of "anti-Spain" tendencies. Liberals, progressives, and assorted "deviationists of the National Movement" were warned that social reformers constituted the "third order" of international Communism. But the state's campaign to foist the blame on the Communists collapsed almost from the start, and trumped-up charges were dropped for lack of evidence.

The affair, however, was far from settled. In March and April a deluge of clandestinely circulated petitions, manifestoes, and leaflets engulfed Madrid which supported the original students' petition and blamed the government for distorting the facts and camouflaging the truth. The climax came in late April when a group of four dissident young men who had been detained in March for circulating clandestine antigovernment propaganda were tried by a civil court,

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Apply this principle to religion. Think of the contradictory opinions about such questions as: How does one become a Christian? How should we worship God? What happens when we die? Yes, there are many opinions. Obviously, we need a dependable ruler to bring about unity!



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Since we could never agree on any *man's opinion*, let us get out the "ruler." Division abounds because of an appalling ignorance of God's Word.

Jesus said: "Ye do err, not knowing the Scriptures, nor the power of God." *Matthew 22:29.* Test all opinions by God's "ruler." "Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth." *II Timothy 2:15.*

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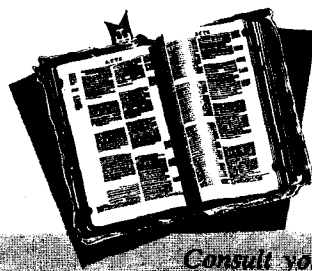
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found guilty, and sentenced to prison terms ranging from one year to six months. All four were members of the ruling upper middle class. One was a young diplomat from the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, one a professor, and two were lawyers.

To the Spanish man in the street, to the bus driver, baker, and candlestick maker, this factional clash among the youthful members of the National Movement and the subsequent political trials were merely a family quarrel. For this politically impotent mass of Spaniards, which constitutes Spain's great political unknown, are more concerned with keeping body and soul together than with the prevailing political structure of the nation.

Yet by the middle of April the bull fever of the students spread to restive industrial workers. This time the trouble was economic rather than political. The nation's simmering inflation had upset the closely calculated budgets of underpaid workers; and despite a 20 per cent wage hike in minimum basic salaries granted by the government on April 1, thousands of workers walked out in a series of wildcat strikes in northern Spain.

Economic resurgence

Spain's "controlled" inflation is in large measure due to the government fiscal policies and to the impact of rapid industrial expansion on the economy. Agricultural production has risen 120 per cent over the levels of 1941-1951 but it is still below record high production of the republican mid-thirties. With an estimated increase in population of one million every three years, Spain has had to import an average of 100,000 to 150,000 tons of wheat annually. To make the nation agriculturally self-sufficient, the government has launched two large land-reclamation programs in Andalucia and Estramadura called "Plan Jaen" and "Plan Badajoz." The Badajoz Plan, the larger of the two, is a miniature TVA. When completed it will have reclaimed 750,000 acres of heretofore unproductive land, at a cost of \$160 million.

Despite this serious effort to increase agricultural production, Spain enjoys so little rainfall that today only half her population can earn its livelihood from the soil. Industry, therefore, must be expanded to the

point where it will absorb the excess farming population.

To stimulate industrial expansion, the government created some years back the Instituto Nacional de Industria, a giant holding corporation capitalized at \$240 million and growing at the rate of \$100 million a year. Today INI has a direct interest in some fifty-seven manufacturing plants.

Its president, Juan Antonio Suanzes, estimates that Spanish industry must be prepared to absorb one million people from farm to factory within the next ten years — a schedule calling for an investment of a half billion dollars in new plants and factories. INI has used government credit to stimulate production of steel, electric power, petroleum products, shipbuilding, automobiles, and coal. Its interests range from the deepest mines to the Iberian Air Lines Constellations that fly the Madrid-Havana-New York run. Last March the Spanish government announced an ambitious five-year \$250 million housing plan that calls for construction of 500,000 housing units. This is the first time that such a major social project has been undertaken by any government in the history of Spain.

This economic resurgence is part and parcel of Spain's new international ascendancy, which is due partly to General Franco's inflexible opposition to Communism and partly to American military aid, which permitted Spain to spend for economic growth money that would otherwise have been needed for defense. Today, for the first time in 200 years, Spain is a genuine Mediterranean power. Franco's selfish but intelligent action in Morocco in refusing to recognize the French deposition of Sultan Ben Yussef has won Spain the good will not only of the Moroccans but also of the Arab nations of the Mediterranean at the expense of France.

For several years the attention of Madrid has been focused on the troublesome Mediterranean, and it is now clear that Spain is counting on American support in her bid to realize her fondest dream: the creation of an anti-Communist Mediterranean pact destined to supplant the fragile British-sponsored Baghdad Pact. Whether or not Spain can realize this dream will be determined by her internal stability in the coming years.

ATLANTIC

Repartee

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

The Dullards

SIR:

Caspar D. Green's article, "What Shall We Do with the Dullards?" (May *Atlantic*), is excellent. I agree with Mr. Green that those who cannot succeed in school should be seriously and sympathetically helped to find work suitable to them, which they can do and gain the satisfaction of accomplishment.

Our country needs as many well-educated citizens as it can get, but it is unrealistic to think that education is something which can be caught, like measles, because you have been exposed to it. And is it moral to give diplomas to thousands of youngsters each year who know, and whose classmates know, they have not earned them?

ELIZABETH W. LEONARD
Port Washington, N.Y.

SIR:

"What Shall We Do with the Dullards?" is of dubious educational value on several counts. First, it fails really to answer the title question. There is an implication that the author advocates lowering the compulsory school attendance age by several years.

"The sensible program," Caspar D. Green says, "would be to fail them as soon as they do not do the work on a reasonable standard." What is a reasonable standard, or how can a reasonable standard be determined?

At specialized educational levels, such as the training and licensing of professional people, absolute and arbitrary standards and the ruthless elimination of all who fail to meet these standards are essential. But in the public elementary and secondary

schools, if you accept the philosophy of free public tax-supported schools for everyone, then it becomes the inescapable responsibility of the schools to provide curricula, standards, and methods of instruction to make this public education profitable to everyone.

There is a significant germ of wisdom in the suggestion that some students may profit greatly from work experience. Much is being done, and much more must be done, to develop work and school problems in which not dullards, but students of every level of capacity, will experience the responsibility of meaningful compensated work, at the same time that they experience the benefits of an appropriately challenging school program. Most frequently this is planned on a half-day work, half-day study basis.

There are so many, many other possibilities that are being tried and must be tried before any professional person will be content with a summary "Throw the dullards out and help them find jobs."

DONALD W. ROBINSON
Oakland, Calif.

SIR:

In reference to the article by Caspar D. Green: What about the *little* dullards?

I agree with Mr. Green's thesis that the high school is not the place for the pupil who interferes persistently and irremediably with the scholastic program. Before he reaches high school, the child who is unequipped to benefit by schooling on this level should have been saved from this destructive situation by the op-

portunity to live a life of adolescent activity which has more significance for him and more likelihood of fitting him for a satisfactory adulthood.

Already, in the lower grades, the teacher finds herself giving a disproportionate amount of time and energy to the little dullard who cannot learn what the rest are happily learning, and attempts to give himself a much-needed sense of self-importance by interfering with and spoiling the learning situation of the moment.

The devoted teacher does not so much begrudge the time she gives to this small, unfortunate dullard as bewail the loss of those moments of absorbed and enthusiastic activity for the others; interrupting a going project to discipline one child (however wisely and kindly) can shatter the whole structure of a carefully built classroom situation.

Certainly the need of these little dullards is great. These troubled and troublesome children in the primary school grow to be the truly destructive personalities of high-school age.

DOROTHY RUSSELL
Chesterland, Ohio

SIR:

A deep bow to Caspar Green for his clear mind and stout heart, not necessarily standard equipment among American educational theorists.

How can we possibly delude ourselves into believing that a "keep smiling, pass everybody" philosophy of education will bear anything but rotten fruit? If a pupil is thoroughly bored with studies, as huge numbers certainly are, that boredom may fairly be attributed to one or both of two causes: 1) an unwillingness to

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ined was this happy, lovable child. And to think it was only by a slim chance that she was lucky enough to be one of the few among hundreds to be picked up that day."

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expend the necessary effort, and 2) an inability to grasp the essentials of a first-rate education. Either deficiency should be evaluated and dealt with as early as possible in the child's educational experience. A lazy pupil should never be permitted to interfere with the education of others, nor to waste public tax money and a teacher's time by refusing to cooperate. Neither should the schools cheapen their academic program in a foolhardy effort to include the dullards—although these latter should certainly be given intelligent guidance.

It might not be too difficult, if educational philosophy were pointed in that direction, to help the school child realize that hot rods and movies are infinitesimal in their importance by comparison with what he is as a human being and what he can become.

M. C. CULOTTA
Kansas Wesleyan University
Salina, Kan.

Farthest West

Sir:

As one who remains an Alaskan in spirit although not in fact, I must call attention to one error in John J. Rowlands' article, "Canada in 1956," in the May *Atlantic*. When he stated that the Canadian National Railway terminus at Prince Rupert was the most westerly (approx. 130° W. long.) in North America, he had, like the proverbial Texan, taken in too much territory. It is the most westerly in either the U.S. or the more populous areas of Canada, but there are two other railroads which are undeniably further west, on this continent. The White Pass and Yukon Route runs from Skagway, Alaska, to Whitehorse, Yukon Territory (approx. 135° W. long.), and the Alaska Railroad runs from Seward to Anchorage to Fairbanks, Alaska (approx. 150° W. long.).

As an ex-Alaskan and a former section hand on the W.P.&Y.R. ("The White Pass"), I hope this modest bit of chauvinism will be forgiven me.

DR. LEWIS K. DAHL
Bellport, N.Y.

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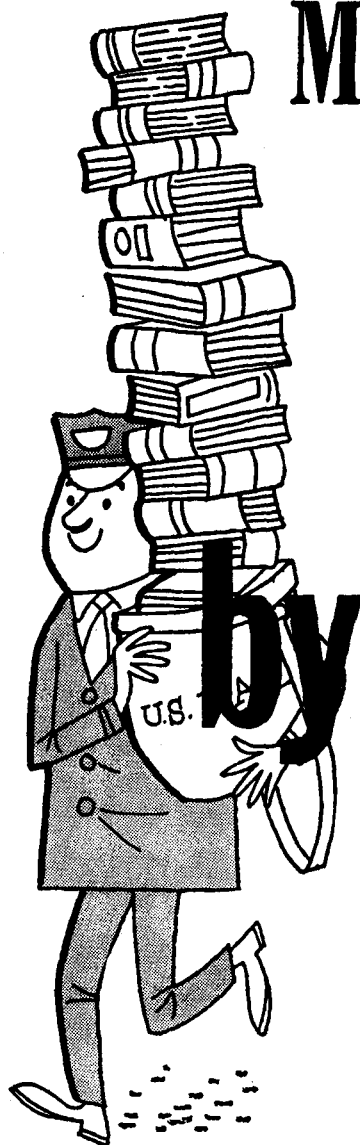
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At the time of her death in 1953, it was said of Dame Laurentia McLachlan, the ABBESS OF STANBROOK, that "she gave herself to everyone who needed her help; she was a person without frontiers." How true this was can be seen in the correspondence between her and GEORGE BERNARD SHAW, edited by the nuns at the Abbey and published here for the first time. Rarely has such a contest of letters or conflict of views formed the basis of so long and so lasting a friendship. The correspondence, which is printed by permission of the present Abbess, the Public Trustee, and the Society of Authors, will form part of a book, In a Great Tradition.

THE NUN AND THE DRAMATIST

George Bernard Shaw to the Abbess of Stanbrook

AT THE close of Vespers on the afternoon of September 5, 1884, an eighteen-year-old girl clad in rich bridal attire knelt on the altar steps in the sanctuary of the church of Stanbrook Abbey in Worcestershire, before the Right Reverend William Clifford, Bishop of Clifton, and the following dialogue took place: —

"What is it thou askest?"

"The mercy of God and the grace of the holy habit."

"Dost thou ask it with thy whole heart?"

"Yes, my Lord, I do."

"May God grant thee perseverance, my daughter." The Bishop then proceeded to shear off her long hair. A few minutes later, divested of silks and ornaments and habited in a plain wide-sleeved tunic of rough serge, she knelt once more before him to be formally clothed with the girdle, scapular, and white veil betokening Sister Laurentia's official reception into the thirteen-centuries-old Order of St. Benedict.

In London on the evening of that same day, in the presence of an earnest gathering of high-minded Socialists at 17 Osnaburgh Street a twenty-eight-year-old "raw aggressive Dubliner," to quote H. G. Wells, "with a thin flame-coloured beard beneath his white, illuminated face" was duly enrolled under the name George Bernard Shaw as a member of the Fabian Society, then eight months old.

Greater contrast can scarcely be imagined than between the girl who withdrew into the fastness of the cloister to live a life of subjection and poverty according to the counsels of the gospel of Christ, and the man who went forth into the world to proclaim a doctrine of justice, brotherhood, and equality according to the gospel of Karl Marx. That their paths should ever cross seemed inconceivable.

More than twenty years later, on May 29, 1907, Sydney Cockerell wrote to Dame Laurentia: "My dissipations have begun again. Yesterday at the Bodleian from about 10 till 4. Then to town . . . to a lecture by Bernard Shaw on 'Socialism and the Middle Classes' — and very good it was. I wonder whether G.B.S.'s fame has got as far as Stanbrook, and whether he is there regarded as an imp of the devil — I have known him for many years and regard him not only as one of the cleverest (that is nothing) but as one of the best and honestest of living Englishmen."

"I have never heard of Mr. Bernard Shaw," she replied, "but perhaps others in the house have. I don't like to think that a person whom you regard with respect should be to us as a limb of the evil one!"

Sydney Cockerell first made Bernard Shaw's acquaintance in 1889; in 1891 and 1894 he traveled

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with him in Italy among a party of members of the Art-Workers' Guild; and during the early years of the twentieth century he watched Shaw's growing fame as a dramatist whose brilliant and provocative dialogue, besides reflecting current problems of science, religion, and economics, was also re-creating and revolutionizing the English theater in a manner unknown since the seventeenth century. The Vedrenne-Barker productions of Shaw's most outstanding plays at the Court Theatre between 1904 and 1907 had won European recognition for Shaw's dramatic genius.

It was neither the Socialist reformer, however, nor the dramatist of genius in Shaw, but the man of unimpeachable honesty and integrity who commanded Sydney Cockerell's loyalty and devotion. Feeling by instinct that spirit would answer spirit, it was this man whom he hoped one day to bring into contact with Dame Laurentia. But how to get one whom all London was lionizing to the parlor of a strictly enclosed convent of nuns in the remote English village of Callow End?

Callow End lies in the broad Severn valley about four miles south of Worcester and a mile from the main route between Worcester and Malvern. With its orchards and hopyards, its slight sprinkling of picturesque half-timbered houses amid a medley of nondescript modern brick dwellings; with its little school, its post office, and its two inns, the village straggles along the winding road to Upton-on-Severn. In spite of having absorbed its near neighbors, Pixham and Stanbrook, Callow End is in reality no more than an overgrown hamlet, dependent upon the parish of Powick a mile away. It possesses no official entity and no ancient church. Yet one notable landmark Callow End does possess — the pile of Victorian Gothic buildings known as Stanbrook Abbey.

Love of the countryside would never have drawn Bernard Shaw to Worcestershire; it was the society of kindred spirits which proved the magnet that led early in the nineteen-twenties to his paying a yearly visit to Malvern, where his familiar figure was often to be seen striding over the hills, deep in discussion with Edward Elgar, Harley Granville-Barker, and Sir Barry Jackson, and it was to Malvern he repaired after his London triumph in the spring of 1924. On March 26 of that year, the New Theatre, London, produced *St. Joan*. The play was discussed everywhere, and was hailed with delight by both Catholics and Protestants as the masterpiece it undoubtedly was. Sydney Cockerell had been present at the first night but made no comment on it in a letter to Dame Laurentia: he waited for her to make the first move.

"I hear Bernard Shaw has written a play about *St. Joan*," she wrote on March 28. "Someone told me he said she was the first protestant! An odd kind of protestant — she was always appealing to the Pope."

Immediately he wrote offering to lend her the text of the play; and a fortnight later she returned it, innocently giving him the opportunity for which he had longed ever since he knew her.

"I return *St. Joan* with very many thanks," she wrote on April 15; "it is a wonderful play, reaching in its simplicity (which must have cost much labour) a high degree of art. *Joan* herself is beautifully portrayed. Like you I should like to make some alterations, though probably not the same passages. Mr. Shaw's aspect of the trial does not please me. But I suppose it was only by presuming right intentions on the part of the court, that he could work in the 'Protestant' idea. It doesn't seem historically right to me, and *Joan* more than once appealed from the court to Rome and a Council. There are gems of wit everywhere. 'What is the use of commonsense?' for instance, and *Joan's* 'There is danger everywhere except in Heaven.' The author is not tender of the English! What could be better than 'How can what an Englishman believes be heresy?'"

On the morning of April 24, Dame Laurentia received a letter from Mrs. Shaw formally enclosing two visiting cards: —

Malvern Hotel, Malvern

To Dame Laurentia McLachlan

DEAR MADAM

Our friend Sydney Cockerell has urged us very strongly to call upon you.

We feel a little diffident about doing so, and hope you will not think us intrusive. But it would be a great pleasure to see you.

"We" of course means my husband and myself!

Yours sincerely

C. F. SHAW

Without awaiting a reply, both visitors arrived in the afternoon of the same day. No account of the hour's interview has been recorded. However, a brief note found after Dame Laurentia's death, appended to her collection of Bernard Shaw's letters, is illuminating: —

S.C.C. told me that after Shaw's first visit he received an enthusiastic report of it, and he asked Shaw when he was coming again. "Never," said G.B.S. . . . Then he reflected and asked, "How long has she been there?" "Nearly fifty years." "Oh, that alters the case. I'll go whenever I can." He thought I had come in ready made from the world, but when he found that whatever I am is the result of my life here he was impressed. This gives me confidence to hope that God may use me for this soul's salvation. If it were only a matter of his liking me I should think little of it, but it seems that the life here, and therefore the Church, does attract him. God give me grace to help this poor wanderer so richly gifted by you.

On July 9 of the same year, Shaw proposed another visit: "We are just off for a trip in Scotland (how I wish I were enclosed, and never had to pack or not know at what hotel to lay my head!), and we may return south by way of Worcester, in which case we shall certainly blow in — if that is a proper way to visit an Abbey."

A few months later, on October 1, Shaw made Dame Laurentia a gift of a copy of *St. Joan* complete with the Preface which as yet she had not seen, since it formed an independent essay written only in May, 1924, some time after the play itself had been produced. "I am in possession of my own *St. Joan*," she wrote to Sydney Cockerell, "adorned with the inscription 'To Sister Laurentia from Brother Bernard'! Mr. Shaw is becoming quite monastic. I have thanked him and said that if I thought I had anything to say after reading the Preface, I should ask leave to say it."

Much of the Preface could not but win Dame Laurentia's wholehearted approval. She was not likely to quarrel with Shaw's assertion that "there is no Rationalism so rationalistic as Catholic Rationalism." As a Catholic she was as free as he was to believe or disbelieve in private revelations, to which only a purely human or probable authority is attached; and no Catholic should ever be deceived into thinking that the saints and angels of *St. Joan*'s or any other saint's visions, clothed in rich garments and visible to the eye in bodies which they do not in reality possess, are anything but symbols whose appearance accords with the ideas of the person who sees them, or those of the painters of his day. One of the greatest visions — that of the four living creatures round about the throne in the Apocalypse — has largely been borrowed by *St. John* from the prophet Ezekiel, who himself adapted the image from the gigantic bas-reliefs of the Assyrian palaces familiar to the eyes of every Jew during the Captivity. God transmits His light through the mists of familiar surroundings and individual outlook, and revelations have to be understood in a spiritual sense. It was precisely because *St. Joan* herself took her visions too literally that she misinterpreted their real significance. With so much Dame Laurentia was in agreement. But when Shaw went on to urge that Catholicism was not Catholic enough, since the Church's blunders deter Freethinkers from joining it and a Church which has no place for Freethinkers has neither future in modern culture nor belief in the validity of its own doctrines, Dame Laurentia immediately challenged him to define what he meant by Free-thought. She suspected that his Freethought was synonymous with false thought — truth alone makes a man free.

Unfortunately her letters to Bernard Shaw cannot now be recovered, and in only two instances did she keep rough drafts. The gist of her letter of thanks for the gift of *St. Joan* may, however, be gathered

from one she wrote on January 2, 1925, to Sydney Cockerell. Although in point of time it was written after G.B.S.'s letter, it will be necessary to transcribe it first in order to appreciate his references: —

The enclosed came on Christmas Day from Brother Bernard — a remarkable letter which pleases me greatly in spite of its heresies. . . . The first paragraph of the second sheet [the paragraph beginning "I am quite aware . . ."] refers to my remark about the Church's objection to Freethinking. I said that to my mind no thinker was so free as a Catholic — the limitations being in the direction of good sense and ensuring *right* thinking, that it is not freedom to be able to think contrary to objective truth. . . . Then I could not resist quoting a remark made to me a few days before by Dom Bouré, the French monk who lives here. Speaking of these things and Protestantism, he said: "Ma Mère, le protestantisme démolit la cervelle"! I thought I could not deprive Brother Bernard of that fine thought. The reference to the Book of Wisdom means that I had referred him to that Book, viii, 9-15, for the passage chosen as a lesson on *St. Joan*'s feast. I think you will agree that the choice could scarcely be bettered. I shall not bother Br. B. again, but when he next shakes my bars I shall make some further remarks.

Her letter to Shaw had been accompanied with a copy of a small book entitled *The Godly Instructions and Prayers of Blessed Thomas More Written in the Tower of London 1535* recently printed at Stanbrook in preparation for the tercentenary of the monastery's foundation. His reply, the first letter of a series extending over a period of twenty-six years until his death in 1950, is here given in its entirety.

10 Adelphi Terrace

MY DEAR SISTER LAURENTIA

In reading heathen literature like mine you must always allow for the special meaning given by the Church to the word supernatural. Also you must remember that I am addressing an audience not exclusively Catholic, including not only Protestants and Modernists of all sorts, but also Indians and Orientals whose religion has an iconography entirely different to the Christian one. Whether God makes different iconographies for different peoples, or whether he lets us all make our own iconography, it is clear that to a pious Hindoo or Moslem *St. Michael* and *St. Catherine* mean nothing, just as to a Worcester dairymaid *Allah* and *Brahma* mean nothing. Christ in His metaphor of the tares and the wheat, has given us a very plain warning to let *Allah* and *Brahma* and *Vishnu* alone, as if our rash missionaries pluck them out of the Arab and Hindu soul, they will pluck all the religion out of that soul as well. This explains why missionary converts are usually undesirables.

It was therefore necessary for me to present Joan's visions in such a way as to make them completely independent of the iconography attached to her religion. But I did not therefore deprive the visions of their miraculous character. If she had been born at the other side of the Ural mountains she would have seen, not St. Michael, but Mahomet or Buddha or Vishnu or Lao-tse. She would perhaps have spat at the blessed Michael just as, being what she was, a Western Christian, she would have spat at "the accurst Mahound." God adapts his method of revelation to the powers and faculties and knowledge of his creatures. We cannot, for instance, believe that God would have mocked Joan with a written revelation which she could not read; yet that would not be a more inconsiderate proceeding than sending a messenger in whose existence she did not believe. The divine inspiration takes the path of least resistance; and whether you believe that the messengers are real persons or illusions — and I have to leave this an open question to retain the interest of the modernists, who would otherwise reject the inspiration with the objectivity of the vision in the same violent regurgitation — the inspiration loses none of its divinity either way.

This does not please the many Catholics who are not really catholic at all, as they cling consciously or unconsciously to the doctrine of exclusive salvation, which carries with it the doctrine of exclusive revelation; but if I wrote in terms of this doctrine I should, from their point of view, be calling, not sinners, but the righteous to salvation; and my book would reach no further than the penny lives of the saints which they sell in the Churches in Ireland. I want my sound to go out into all lands.

I am quite aware that Catholicism has produced much more audacious philosophic speculation than Protestantism. What is more, there is no Rationalism so rationalistic as Catholic Rationalism. When the monk said that Protestantism destroys the brain I think he meant that Protestantism leads men to break through the limits of reason, just as the mathematicians did when, finding they could get no further with possible quantities, they assumed impossible ones like the square root of minus X. I exhausted rationalism when I got to the end of my second novel at the age of twenty-four, and should have come to a dead stop if I had not proceeded to purely mystical assumptions. I thus perhaps destroyed my brain; but inspiration filled up the void; and I got on better than ever. I suspect that monk's orthodoxy. "*Cucullus non facit monachum.*"

I am delighted to learn that my St. Joan is yours also. It sets my mind completely at ease: I know now that I have done the trick. The passage from the Book of Wisdom amazed me. For having chosen it may all the sins of the Church be forgiven!

Thanks for the St. Thomas More book, which is

excellently printed. Some bits of it are very good; but the Psalm part of it is a mere literary exercise, quite out of character with his personal attitude towards his enemies. To make a clean breast of it to you, I do not like the Psalms: they seem to me to be the classic examples of fool's comfort. Comforting people by telling them what they would like to believe when both parties know that it is not true is sometimes humane, and always to be let off with a light penance as between two frail mortals; but it should not be admitted to the canon. I like Wisdom ever so much better.

I must stop, or I shall begin by kicking my cloven hoof too obviously for your dignity and peace; but I mean well, and find great solace in writing to you instead of to all the worldly people whose letters are howling to be answered.

On the 26th we sail to Madeira for six weeks or thereabouts. When we are next touring your neighbourhood I shall again shake your bars and look longingly at the freedom at the other side of them.

Faithfully

G. BERNARD SHAW

But if Bernard Shaw was deaf to the appeal of the Psalms, he showed himself surprisingly alive to the implications of the contemplative life and to the freedom paradoxically symbolized by the double iron grille. Chesterton said of him: "There is always something about him which suggests that in a sweeter and more solid civilization he would have been a great saint. He would have been a saint of a sternly ascetic, perhaps of a sternly negative type. But he has this strange note of the saint in him: that he is literally unworldly." Indeed, one is led to wonder how far the man who discarded the George of his Christian name and became the Brother Bernard of Dame Laurentia's letters was secretly influenced by admiration for his namesake, the Abbot of Clairvaux, in his choice of a vegetarian regime Cistercian in its austerity, his love of our Lady, and the government of his thought by what he termed "mystical assumptions." The coolness and effrontery originating from his extreme shyness, the love of shocking lion-hunters with outrageous remarks, and — most Irish of all his traits — the levity with which he disguised his deepest feelings found no place before Dame Laurentia. Brilliant, disconcerting, and dynamic he could not help being; yet his fundamental humility, tact, and quick understanding became more and more apparent in his relations with her as the years passed.

When the Malvern Festival was inaugurated in 1929 with the production of *The Apple Cart*, Sydney Cockerell accompanied Shaw on one of his visits to Stanbrook on August 22nd, and confessed that on that occasion he saw a G.B.S. almost unknown to him. "I never saw him so abashed by anyone but William Morris," he remarked many years later to a member of the community. "With Morris and

your dear Abbess he was on his good behavior and seemed to admit that he was in the presence of a being superior to himself."

In September, 1930, Shaw paid an unexpected visit to Stanbrook to find that Dame Laurentia was ill and could not see him. Next day he wrote: —

I am greatly concerned lest I should have "put a thought" on you yesterday. I was wondering whether I should not break in on you at the wrong moment, as your duties and devotions must be many. And suddenly came the thought that you might be ill. As far as I can guess, it was at about that unlucky moment that you felt ill and went to bed. But if I was the active party in the transaction you must have recovered instantly and violently; for all my wishes and whatever corresponds in a heathen like me to prayers have set with an overwhelming tide in that direction since your understudy told me what had happened. But I prefer to believe that you were the telepathist and I the recipient. Make them tell me how you are; for there are so few people in the world that matter particularly that, being old (75) and selfish, I cannot refrain from selfishly crying "Abstain thee from felicity awhile." . . .

I fancy some meddlesome saint or other has made you ill to make your friends feel how much your friendship means to them. As the trick has succeeded terribly well in my case, please send your understudy to pray to St. Meddlesome to drop it.

Ever your

BROTHER BERNARD

Some months later he set out on his journey to the Holy Land, Egypt, and Italy. To a letter from Dame Laurentia wishing him Godspeed and asking for a little stone from Jerusalem, he sent a note on March 15, 1931, to assure her he had not forgotten her petition: "Just a hurried line in the middle of my packing as I leave Jerusalem for Nazareth. Later on I will write fully about my pilgrimage and the extraordinary difficulty in finding a real relic for you in this City of Destruction where relics are thrust on you for sale (by Jews) at every corner. I shall not get back to the ship until Thursday the 19th. Then, if the sea is propitious, I shall have time to write. Meanwhile the enclosed leaves are real as far as they go."

Two days later the promise to write a real letter was splendidly fulfilled. Accompanied by two snapshots of Jerusalem and Bethlehem not too happily focused, and by a portrait of the writer on board ship with his fellow-traveler, Dean Inge, entitled "The Temptation: The Devil and the Dean of St. Paul's. Marseilles. March 4, 1931," the letter, written on green paper selected presumably in honor of St. Patrick, occupies thirteen sheets roughly nine inches by six in measurement. The chief, if not the only, record of Bernard Shaw's impres-

sions of his tour throughout the Holy Land, this very personal document is a masterpiece of exact observation from start to finish.

Such a perfectly sincere letter strives after no effect, yet is notably pervaded with an extraordinary feeling for Christian tradition. The writer shows himself as sensitive to visual impressions and religious emotions as the most orthodox could wish. Yet the letter bears evidence of inward conflict. The reader is sometimes touchingly reminded of St. Paul's words to the Athenians regarding God's purpose in creating the human race: "That they should seek God, if haply groping after him they might find him." In a significant passage, Shaw relates how as he stood on Mount Olivet on the traditional spot of our Lord's ascension into heaven, his ultralogical intellect warred against his religious instincts. Unconsciously perhaps, the man who set such store by "mystical assumptions" would have been glad to believe, but the fierce logician in him could not become a humble child and accept faith when he met it.

St. Patrick's Day in Damascus, 1931

DEAR SISTER LAURENTIA

This Holy Land is in a queer situation from the Crusader's point of view, which is officially your point of view. The British representative in Jerusalem is also the representative, precisely, of Pontius Pilate; and when Communist Messiahs turn up, as they actually do from time to time under Russian influences, he is bound to handle the case on Pilatical lines. What would any medieval Christian saint — or say Richard Coeur de Lion — say if miraculously resuscitated in Jerusalem today? Saladin and the followers of the accursed Mahound vanquished at last by the Christian British Empire. The circumcised crucifiers of Christ scattered through the ghettos of Europe. The Cross triumphant over all the Promised Land, over Christ's birthplace, over his sepulchre, over the Mount of the Beatitudes and over the bloodstained plain (which Christ overlooked from that Mount) on which Saladin smashed the last effort of the Crusaders to resist him, over Galilee and Samaria, Bethlehem, Nazareth, Capernaum, over the waters on which he walked and the hillsides from which he preached, over Nain and Cana and Bethany, over Jordan in which he was baptized, and the unknown Golgotha on which he was duly executed according to the official routine by the predecessor of Mr. Keith Roach.

So far, praised be God, Richard would say, probably adding a stentorian Hep, hep, hep!

But when Richard was further informed that the use England had made of its victory was to hand over all that sacred territory to the descendants and co-religionists of Saladin and to those of Annas and Caiphas, having promised it to both for their help in the war, and that Pontius now had his

hands full with the job of keeping the peace between them, he would surely either start a new crusade or return to his tomb in disgust with a world gone entirely mad.

I ask myself whether I shall persuade Sister Laurentia to get a hundred days indulgence, a tailor-made short skirt, gaiter boots, a Fair Isle pull-over, a smart waterproof, a field glass and camera, a brown sun umbrella lined with red, and a Revelation suit case, and hasten hither to see for herself what she has imagined at Stanbrook. I leave the question unanswered; but I will tell you what might happen to you because it has happened to me.

You would enter the Holy Land at night under a strong impression made on you in Egypt, not by the Tutankhamen trash which the tourists are now mobbing, but by something seen under the pyramids. A pyramid is just as big as its royal builder is old; and it is always finished. If he dies a baby, there is his monument ready for him, like this:

△ . If he grows up, his tomb grows with him
 and so on, if he lives
 as long as Cheops, to  There was

a redhaired queen who made a tomb for herself and her daughters, deep under tons of pyramid and rock, and set two great artists, Rahay a painter and Yentaf a sculptor, to work in it. Whether the redhaired one and her brood were very fine ladies, or whether the two fine artists made fine ladies of them I do not know; but when you see that row of sculptured women come alive in a hundred candle power electric sunlight without a shadow of death or fear on their shining faces and pleasantly courteous eyes or a line or contour in their whole bodies that is not exquisite, and when you turn to their magnificently designed portraits on the wall; the impression you receive is beyond description in our lower language, as of an order of beings completely redeemed from sin and vulgarity and all the plagues of our degradation, and yet not in the least geniuses, as Michael Angelo would have made them, but girls whom you might enlist for Stanbrook without expecting them to excel in doing as well as in being. You might question their vocation on the ground that they seem to have no religion nor to need any, having achieved excellence and being content to leave it at that; but the impression would be all the more astonishing. And that to those who served them fifty tons of solid stone seemed as easy to move and handle as a little water in a spoon, gets far beyond our miracles which are wondered at as miracles and taken as divine testimonies, and lifts us into a region in which the miraculous is no longer miraculous but gigantically normal, and immortality a thing to be achieved in a turn of the hand.

Under such impressions you find yourself in the Holy Land by night, with strange new constellations all over the sky and the old ones all topsy turvy, but with the stars soft and large and down quite close overhead in a sky which you feel to be of a deep and lovely blue. When the light comes you have left the land of Egypt with its endlessly flat Delta utterly behind, and are in a hilly country, with patches of cultivation wrested from the omnipresent stones, which you instantly recognize with a strange emotion which intensifies when you see a small boy coming down one of the patches, and presently, when he has passed away, a bigger boy of about thirteen, beginning to think, and at last, when he too has vanished, a young man, very grave and somewhat troubled, all three being dressed just as Christ dressed. (Here I break off, to resume on the night of the 20th, between Cyprus and Rhodes, at sea). The appearance of a woman with an infant in her arms takes on the quality of a vision. On this first hour you do not improve. It gives you the feeling that here Christ lived and grew up, and that here Mary bore him and reared him, and that there is no land on earth quite like it.

Later on the guides try to be more exact. This, they tell you, is the stable in the inn. This is the carpenter's shop. This is the upper chamber where the Last Supper was served. You know that they are romancing — that there is not a scrap of evidence for the possible identifications and that no inn or stable ever existed in a natural cavern in the limestone rock without light or fresh air. In Nazareth you know that Mary used the well in the street because there was (and is) no other well in the town to use; but the water she drew is gone, and the new water, with taps affixed by the British mandatory Government, is anybody's and everybody's water. Everything else in Nazareth except its natural beauty as a hill town is a fraud, meanly commemorated by an unattractive and unimpressive church. But for these frauds every stone in Nazareth would be sacred with possibilities. Because one muddy bend of the Jordan is labelled as the spot on which the dove descended, the whole river is desecrated to make trade for the stall that sells the mud in bottles. I swam in the lake of Tiberias with a pleasant sense that this, at least, was Christ's lake on which nobody could stake out the track on which he walked or the site from which the miraculous draught of fishes was hauled. It is better to have Christ everywhere than somewhere, especially where he probably wasn't.

The hills rise almost into mountains over the train to Jerusalem, which winds between them so sinuously that you can see its tail from the window. When you arrive you are surprised: the place has a flourishing modern suburban air, and the new fashionable villa-land is mentioned as The New

Jerusalem. When your very modern hotel has completed your disenchantment you make for the old Jerusalem and the church of the Holy Sepulchre. And the only possible comment on it is that of Dean Inge (he is with us on this trip) "Why seek ye the living among the dead? He is not here." (When Dean Inge says the right thing it is so very right that he is privileged to say a hundred wrong things that don't matter). A sort of case can be made for the sepulchre: it is at least possible that what remains of the chamber in the rock after its smashing up by the Moslem persecutions may be the family vault of Joseph of Arimathea; but when on the same floor a few yards off they show you Calvary (not a hill) with the sockets of the three crosses, it is irresistibly revealed to you that Saint Helena was a humbug who, when the court was ordered to turn Christian, was quite determined to outshine the Queen of Heaven by a galaxy of visions and miracles that would show the world that Roman queens would enter the new temples as goddesses and not as Syrian peasants cradling their infants in manglers. I know that sort of woman almost as well as you must. I have seen her court in the mosaics of Ravenna, where the attempt of the imperial court ladies to look pious is ludicrously unsuccessful.

The church of the Holy Sepulchre, to eyes accustomed to western architecture of the same period, is a second rate affair; and the squabbles of the sects over their "rights" in it are not edifying. I duly squeezed myself into the sepulchre, and tipped the queerly robed priest who touched my hands with oil to the extent of five piastres, looking as credulous as I could so as not to hurt his feelings; but my thought was that you would be disappointed. For the rest of the day I damned Jerusalem up hill and down dale; and when they took me to the Mount of Olives (practically oliveless) and showed me the famous view of the city my only comment was "Just like Buxton." But one's appreciation is more complex than that. When you stand on the stone from which the Ascension took place you feel at the same moment everything that the legend means you to feel and a purely comic amusement at the notion of Jesus going up to the highest attainable point as a taking-off place for his celestial flight. Your faith and your tourist's observation jostle one another in the queerest fashion.

Next day I discovered Jerusalem. I went to the great plain of stone on which the Temple stood, and on which the Mosque of Omar (who didn't build it) stands. And there I found the charm and sanctity of Jerusalem. Christ has been worshipped in both the mosques; Omar was a man after God's own heart; and Mahomet's horse sprang to heaven with him from the great rock which the mosque of Omar enshrines, and which is a nobly beautiful building in spite of the utterly anachronistic Co-

rinthian capitals of the red pillars of granite which bother one all over the Holy Land, and which are so Roman and common. The Kaiser gilt the Corinthian heavily so that they might hit you harder in the eye. Mahomet respected Christ and taught his followers to do the same; and it is perhaps the failure of the Christians to respect Mahomet equally that makes Islam and Israel more impressive in the east than Christendom. Still, the history of the place is such a record of iconoclasm, massacres, persecutions, spoliations, demolitions, and delendings (in Cato's sense) by Turks, Romans, and any conqueror who happened to come along, that the only general verdict possible is that of the King of Brobdingnag. God must feel sick when he looks at Jerusalem. I fancy he consoles himself by turning to Stanbrook.

You asked me for a relic from Calvary. But St. Helena's Calvary is only a spot on a church pavement, jealously guarded, and with nothing removable about it. Where the real Calvary is nobody knows; for the hills outside the city are innumerable. The alleged Via Dolorosa I traversed in a motor car hooting furiously at the children to get out of the way. The praetorium can be reasonably identified as in the palace of Herod, which Titus kept as a fortress for his garrison when he as nearly as possible left not one stone on another of the rest of the city; but as you cannot tell where Calvary was you cannot tell the way from the praetorium to it.

So off I went to Bethlehem, a beautifully situated hill town; and from the threshold of the Church of the Nativity I picked up a little stone, a scrap of the limestone rock which certainly existed when the feet of Jesus pattered about on it and the feet of Mary pursued him to keep him in order; for he was a most inconsiderate boy when his family was concerned, as you would realize if you travelled over the distance (at least a day's journey without a Rolls Royce) his mother had to go back to look for him when he gave her the slip to stay and argue with the doctors of divinity. In fact I picked up two little stones; one to be thrown blindfold among the others in Stanbrook garden so that there may always be a stone from Bethlehem there, though nobody will know which it is and be tempted to steal it, and the other for your own self. You shall have them when I return, unless I perish on the way, in which case I shall present myself at the heavenly gate with a stone in each hand, and St. Peter will stand at attention and salute the stones (incidentally saluting ME) when he has unlocked the gate and flung it open before me. At least he would if it were ever locked, which I don't believe.

I have been writing all this in scraps; but there must be an end to everything, even to a letter to you; besides, I finished with the Holy Land at Patmos three days ago, the intervening two days

having been spent among heathen idols in and around Athens. For climbing up that frightfully stony road to the top of the mountain where the Greek monastery stands I shall claim indulgence for every sin I ever committed and a few hundred which I still hope to commit. The man who wrote the Book of Revelations, who was *not* the John of the fourth gospel (the Dean assures me that his Greek was disgracefully ungrammatical) ought to have married St. Helena. I *know* he was a drug addict, as all the wickednesses of which he accuses God, all the imaginary horrors, all the passings of a thousand years in a second and the visions of universes breaking into three pieces, are the regular symptoms of drug action and delirium tremens. The book is a disgrace to the Bible and should never have been admitted to the canon.

I began this on the 17th March and it is now the 26th! You can spend a week of your scanty leisure in reading it, and then sell the manuscript to Cockerell for the Fitzwilliam and endow a chapel to St. Bernard at Stanbrook with the proceeds. The writing of it has been very restful to the soul of your brother

affectionately

G. BERNARD SHAW

"Brother Bernard's is a splendid document," was Dame Laurentia's brief comment, "the least merit being its brilliancy. I believe his criticisms are such as I should have made myself if I had been there, and his appreciations seem to me to be most just. The tenderness of some passages is beautiful and reveals, I imagine, the soul of the real G.B.S."

On June 12 he forwarded one of the two stones to which his letter refers with the cryptic remark: "This is for the garden. Your particular one will come later: the delay is not *my* fault; and the explanation will be satisfactory."

Meanwhile Dame Laurentia was quite seriously ill; overwork had affected both heart and blood pressure, and the doctor ordered complete rest. In September, therefore, a letter arrived to ask her if she were able to receive a visit as the Shaws were in Malvern for the Festival:—

Unless your unenclosed lady who opens the door for me telephones to the contrary before twelve tomorrow, we will call on our way back from Cheltenham. If at that moment you are tired and cannot bear us, it will not upset any of our arrangements: it will only shatter my hopes. I have just been in Russia—the oddest place you can imagine. They have thrown God out by the door; and he has come in again by all the windows in the shape of the most tremendous Catholicism. I hope they strapped you down in bed and kept the door locked until your overwork had been cured

by a spell of thorough laziness. Your affectionate Brother Bernard.

On the Saturday appointed, Mr. and Mrs. Shaw arrived, bearing with them the stone from Bethlehem intended to serve as Dame Laurentia's personal memento. To her delighted amazement she was presented with an exquisite example of the silversmith's art, almost a foot in height, constructed on the model of a medieval reliquary and cunningly devised to focus attention upon the small object enshrined, for which its own beauty is but a setting.

Dame Laurentia was enchanted with the beauty of the gift, and a fortnight later showed it to Sydney Cockerell. Noticing that it lacked any mark of its donor's identity, he suggested that it should bear an inscription to indicate its origin. Dame Laurentia accordingly wrote and asked Bernard Shaw to supply a text, assuring him at the same time that he had the gratitude and prayers of the whole community. Her request met with the following reply:—

London, Oct. 25, 1931

DEAR SISTER LAURENTIA

. . . Why can it not be a secret between us and Our Lady and her little boy?

What the devil—saving your cloth—could we put on it?

Cockerell writes a good hand. Get him a nice bit of parchment and let him inscribe it with a record of the circumstances for the Abbey archives, if he must provide gossip for antiquarian posterity.

We couldn't put our names on it—could we? It seems to me something perfectly awful.

"An inscription explaining its purpose"! If we could explain its purpose we could explain the universe. I couldn't. Could you? If Cockerell thinks he can . . . let him try, and submit the result to the Pope.

Dear Sister: our finger prints are on it, and Heaven knows whose footprints may be on the stone. Isn't that enough?

Or am I all wrong about it?

faithfully and fraternally

BROTHER BERNARD

P.S. I don't mind being prayed for. When I play with my wireless set I realize that all the sounds in the world are in my room; for I catch them as I alter the wave length receiver—German, French, Italian and unknown tongues. The ether is full of prayers too; and I suppose if I were God I could tune in to them all. Nobody can tell what influence these prayers have. If the ether is full of impulses of good will to me so much the better for me: it would be shockingly unscientific to doubt it. So let the sisters give me all the prayers they can spare; and don't forget me in yours.

(To be concluded)



CARLTON LAKE is the Paris art correspondent for the Christian Science Monitor. For the past several years he has been living on the Île St.-Louis in a venerable Louis XVI house. From this charming vantage point, he has been able to observe and chronicle the entertaining idiosyncrasies of the Parisians — American no less than French — on both the Left and Right banks of the Seine.

FOURTH OF JULY IN PARIS

by CARLTON LAKE

I

EVERY summer since I came to France to live, one of the things I have missed the most is an old-fashioned Fourth of July celebration, complete with fireworks and oratory. Bastille Day, celebrated ten days after the Fourth, is no substitute for it — it just doesn't have the same flavor. Last year, about a week before the Fourth, I read in the Paris edition of the *Herald Tribune* an announcement that Ambassador and Mrs. C. Douglas Dillon were holding a Fourth of July reception for members of the Paris American colony and any other Americans who happened to be in Paris on that day, in the garden at No. 16 Avenue Gabriel, not far from the main embassy building. I didn't rush right down to the embassy, however, to pick up my ticket. I had been to that sort of shindig before, under previous administrations, and come away quite unmoved. But a few days later, when a friend of mine who lives in the Rue de Seine told me that his neighbor Raymond Duncan was holding open house, too, on the Fourth, I decided to be a good American, impartial, and attend both.

Mr. Duncan, a brother of the late Isadora Duncan, is an 81-year-old American who, since about 1900, has been living, mostly in Paris, a life that incorporates some of the principles of ancient Greece with those of his pioneer American ancestors. He designs and founds the type with which he prints his own writings; he weaves his own clothes, tapestries, and rugs on looms he has designed and built; produces Sophocles in the original; interprets Bach, Beethoven, Chopin, and others in a weekly series of "dialogues on the problems of music" (now in its sixteenth year); holds symposia in which he discusses everything from love to cannibalism (including their interrelations); and, in general, acts as unofficial ambassador without portfolio from the American people to the French people — all this and considerably

more from a house on the Left Bank which, in his allegiance to the Greek ideal, he calls the Akademia.

On Monday morning I arrived at the Avenue Gabriel just after eleven. There was already a line extending fifty yards or so down the sidewalk, half-way back to the main embassy building. When I reached the entrance, the Marine guard and the plain-clothes man at the gate were busy scrutinizing the passports of a group who had arrived without tickets. No one seemed interested in claiming mine, so I put it back in my pocket and walked inside.

Behind the high grille at No. 16 Avenue Gabriel lies a deep, sloping garden, English in style, with tall, sweeping trees undeformed by the French passion for triennial trimming. Well over a hundred yards back from the gate stands the broad, three-story, early nineteenth century mansion which the Baron Edmond de Rothschild sold to the United States government in 1948 for \$1,900,000. That Monday it was draped with bunting.

I followed a shaded path which winds away to the left of the entrance, and when I rounded a bend and fell in at the end of the reception line I could see Mr. and Mrs. Dillon standing under a large chestnut tree about thirty yards further along. In front of me were three ladies, fiftyish, from somewhere out around Iowa I judged on the basis of their accent. As we advanced along the path, their necks bobbed back and forth like a gaggle of geese. Intermittently I caught glimpses of the Dillons. Mr. Dillon, I could see, had on the customary diplomatic uniform — striped trousers and the rest. Mrs. Dillon was wearing a relatively simple but undeniably *haute couture* light-gray dress, a tiny gray hat with a wisp of a veil, a two-strand pearl choker, black patent-leather pumps, and crisp white gloves.

"Isn't she a darling!" said one of the trio in front of me. "Now, I tell you, she's just precious," agreed one of the others. "Makes you feel happy to know

that they're *our* representatives, doesn't it?" asked the third.

The Dillons loomed just ahead. "Nice of you to come," I heard Mr. Dillon tell the lady in front of me as they shook hands. Then it was my turn. "Nice of you to come," he said. He has a rather sweetly ascetic face and he smiles gravely. Mrs. Dillon smiles with joy. Both their grips were firm, I noticed. But then, it was early. (I read later that they received 4200 before the gates were closed.)

"Just who *is* he, anyhow, and where's he from?" I heard a short, middle-aged man with a sturdy Tarheel accent ask a young naval ensign — on duty, apparently — as I walked on past the little groups of aides and photographers clustered around the chestnut tree.

"Well," said the young ensign, looking about him guardedly, "his home is New York City and he's Dillon, Read, the investment banker."

An enormous buffet stretched across the width of the lawn. The 679th Air Force Band was set up but, for the moment, inoperative. As near as I could judge, the crowd was composed largely of government employees — embassy and allied groups, officers from the various services and their families — and a sizable bloc of people who were clearly tourists.

The band, caps on and standing, began to play "La Marseillaise." Most everyone looked undecided. After a quick finish it went into "The Star-Spangled Banner." Everyone stiffened up, and the military and naval men turned toward the band and saluted. At the end there was a little ripple of applause. I walked back along the buffet and took a careful survey. The first flight of locusts had passed over, but there was still enough left to feed a few thousand of the Abbé Pierre's charges — fashionably, if not well. I edged along past several small mountains of bite-sized sandwiches to a tray of *petits fours*. I picked up a chocolate-covered one with a tiny American flag stuck in it. Then, thinking better of it, I removed the flag, put it into my jacket pocket, and handed the *petit four* to an attendant. He took it and thanked me. I looked at my watch and saw that I had been there over an hour. I hadn't seen a face I had ever seen before, I wasn't feeling at all hungry, and nothing was happening, so I decided to leave.

2

BY THE time I got home I was hungry enough to eat a good lunch — no party food. I read the paper, worked until a little after five, and then, because I didn't know how long or how fiery the evening's oratory might turn out to be, I lay down and took a nap until seven. Out of respect for Mr. Duncan, who is known to consider meat-eating a branch of cannibalism, I dined lightly and herbivourously: vegetable soup, fruit salad, and tea.

I reached the Rue de Seine about eight-thirty. The Akademia — which dates, in most of its elements, from the reign of Louis XIV — is one of the largest houses on the street. It is halfway between the river and the Boulevard St.-Germain, just above the intersection of the Rue de Seine and the Rue des Beaux-Arts. From the façade hung the French and American flags. On each side of the wide entrance portal, and set back behind a small portico, is a gallery with glass front. I walked over to the one at the right of the entrance. The window was filled with colorful scarves that appeared to have been decorated by a combination of block-printing and brush techniques. They were signed "Raymond Duncan." At one end of the display shelf I saw a pair of leather sandals blind-stamped "Raymond Duncan." A card beside them confirmed my assumption that they were designed and manufactured by Mr. Duncan.

Arranged in shelf corners and in a vitrine at one side were a number of brochures by Mr. Duncan: *La Parole dans le désert; Les Travaux d'Héraklès; Je chante et je dis: Poèmes; Pages From My Press; La Beauté éternelle*. Along the walls of the gallery hung tapestries signed with his name or initials. They, like many of the scarves, depicted nude figures in primeval settings. Next to the door stood a fair-sized loom. Since I know a girl who once took weaving instruction at the Akademia, I realized that this must be one of the Duncan-designed and -built looms I had heard about in years past, on which Mr. Duncan and his *compagne*, Mme. Aïa Bertrand, weave their clothes and instruct others in one phase of self-sufficiency. Sure enough, when I left the portico and walked under the archway that leads into the central courtyard, the first poster I saw — among a half-dozen or so pasted up on the wall — was one announcing free weaving courses on Friday afternoons at three-thirty and Tuesday evenings at eight, and next to it was one advertising the "Raymond Duncan loom."

After that came a larger one describing the program of the Akademia — "teaching the technique of life through a synthesis of work and art." It listed, among the courses offered, dance, music, theater, painting, weaving, and printing. Another poster announced a free course in the "new philosophy of Actionalism" given by Mr. Duncan on Wednesday evenings: "... a new vision of the ancient world. The message of ancient Greece for today's world from the Actionalist point of view."

Inside the courtyard, the walls were painted a bright yellow. The court itself was in great disorder. Stonemasons had been at work. Walls were being pierced along the north side to continue the picture gallery fronting on the Rue de Seine back to the main part of the house. Scaffolding set up along all four sides suggested more extensive work to come. Along the south wall of the court was ranged a series of gray stone bas-reliefs at least

four feet square and nine or ten inches thick. Stylistically they were related to some of the tapestries I had just seen.

As I stood there studying them, Mr. Duncan, clad in a wheat-toned, Duncan-woven chlamys, came out of his printing shop and walked over to a group of three Americans next to me. He stands just about five feet four in his Duncan-made sandals. I saw him first in profile; and with his lean jaw, aquiline nose, and silvery-white shoulder-length hair parted in the middle and held in place by a finely braided cord across the brow, he looked — in spite of his glasses and his pink-and-white unwrinkled skin — like a paler version of a distinguished American Indian now principally known for his services to a Boston bank.

"Haven't seen you in a long time," he said to one of the three. "What have you been doin' with yourself?"

The boy — he might have been twenty-five — grinned. "Just working. I don't have time for much else."

"Workin' at what?" Mr. Duncan asked him.

"Writing."

"Writin'? You call that work? That's play."

"It's work for me," the boy said.

Mr. Duncan threw back his head and laughed heartily. "You want to know what makes you think it's work?" he asked. "It's because you don't print what you write, yourself. If you did, it wouldn't seem like work." He pointed over to the printing shop. "I stand there by the hour," he said. "I compose in my head and I compose with my hand. And my hand has to move pretty fast. And then, before I know it, it's done and I run off a proof and I'm readin' it while it's still warm. Wait a minute." He stepped back into the shop and came out with what looked like a small tabloid newspaper. "Here, you look at this," he said. "I've got to go backstage for a minute."

I moved closer to the group. The paper was titled *Exangelos*. "Cold or Hot — How Will You Take It?" ran the headline. "Fear is a sure road to defeat and servitude. Cowardice is a greater danger than atomic bombs." Before I could read more the fellow turned the page. "Read. For Here Is Logic and Perhaps Truth," said the streamer. A modest and inviting claim, I thought. Underneath were an article on Tom Paine, another on "The Literary Sickness," and a few scattered aphorisms ("Truth is a fact — not an ideal"; "All men die, but few men live"). The type was a very readable sans-serif, all upper case.

3

SMALL groups were beginning to file through the courtyard into the house. Through the window at the rear of the court I could see that the hall was beginning to fill up. I decided to go inside. I en-

tered the main door and passed through an ante-room whose walls were covered with framed photographs into a large, high studio with a central skylight. At the south end was a stage. An American flag covered the backdrop. A concert grand jutted out from the left. The east and west walls of the studio were covered with large paintings and tapestries — all by Mr. Duncan, I could see. The chairs in the main area, under the skylight, were nearly all filled. I found an empty aisle seat, put down the book and papers I was carrying, to reserve it, and walked back into a relatively low-ceilinged extension at the north end of the room. Chairs had also been set up there, and these too were beginning to fill up. The bulk of the audience was French, obviously. In addition to the few Americans I could see and hear, there was a handful of British — in all, perhaps two hundred persons.

The three walls of the extension were lined with more photographs. I saw a hand-colored one dated San Francisco 1887, showing the four Duncans — Elizabeth, Augustine, Raymond, and Isadora — in their "Pantomime Dance." (They had made their own costumes, according to the printed legend underneath the picture.) There was a portrait of Isadora taken during her first month in Paris, in 1900 (wearing a dress made by Raymond); scenes from Raymond Duncan Paris productions: "Prometheus," a "noise drama," and "Oidipous," with Afa Bertrand in the role of Antigone; another, of Raymond seated before the Erechtheum; scenes of young *parisiennes* weaving. I was still studying the photographs when I heard, from the other end of the hall, the greeting "*Chers amis*." I turned and saw that Mr. Duncan was on stage. I quickly returned to my seat — apparently the only one unoccupied — and settled into it.

"For me this is the greatest day of the year," he was saying, in his own flavorful amalgam of French and prairie American, "because for me liberty is just about the sweetest word in the language. I guess it has been for most Americans, especially since that day in Philadelphia — that first Fourth of July — when, just like a little chicken that's been peckin', peckin', peckin' away, Liberty finally popped its head out of the shell." Mr. Duncan looked pleased with his simile, I thought. "We struck for liberty that day, all right," he said, "but the idea is — we have to keep on doin' it *all* our days. By liberty I don't mean the right to do as you please. That's not liberty; that's chaos. Liberty consists in not bein' hindered from doin' what you *should* be doin'. Ever since I was a boy in California, I wanted to be free. That's why I quit school at the age of eleven. That's why I've done everything I've done since then."

Mr. Duncan walked over to the flag and ran his hand up and down the thirteen stripes. "*They* shook off the yoke," he said. "That's what we all have to do. And we have to keep on doin' it." He

rubbed his cheek thoughtfully. "Of course, some of these European countries don't exactly love that flag, but that's because they don't understand it. That flag represents people, not a government. We're all one flesh" — he plucked at his bare left arm with the fingers of his right hand — "and there shouldn't be anything to separate us. There shouldn't be any separate nations, and one day there won't be. There shouldn't be any classes, either." Mr. Duncan looked around him defiantly. "We don't need any mildewed European ideologies to tell us that. Just good old American horse sense and a big beatin' heart. Why, that's the meanin' of the Declaration of Independence!"

He began to smile again. "Yes, sir," he said, "the Fourth of July means a lot to me. I guess I'm more American than I would be if I'd stayed home in California." Behind me I could hear one woman whisper, "*C'est vrai. Il faut le connaître.*"

"My ancestors helped make the country," Mr. Duncan continued. "My great-grandfather, General William Duncan, was head of the Pennsylvania forces in the War of 1812. His wife, Anne Claypoole Peale, was one of the paintin' Peales. She was the daughter of James Peale and he was the brother of Charles Willson Peale, and *there* was a man who believed in liberty so much that he freed his slaves more than seventy-five years before the Emancipation Proclamation! My maternal grandfather, Thomas Gray, was a captain in the Black Hawk War alongside Abraham Lincoln. He skippered one of the first paddle-wheel steamers on the upper Mississippi and it was on his boat — the *Gypsy* — that Dred Scott came out of the South. When the St. Louis fire wiped him out in '49, he went out to California and started all over again. And when the Civil War came, he went back East to serve under Grant and McClellan. And there were lots of others like those two," he said, "and the blood of 'em all boils in me."

4

By now, Mr. Duncan was boiling, but in a nice, proudly cheerful way. He walked back to the flag. "I see this flag as a visa," he said; "a visa with which the whole world is goin' to pass from servitude to freedom. It doesn't represent a land or a country; it represents an idea — the biggest idea in the world: the idea that man is born to be free. There's a lot of noise and fog and dust out there" — his arm reached out in a wide, sweeping gesture — "but they'll never be able to smother that idea just so long as we go on livin' it." Mr. Duncan began to grin. "Freedom's a long job, I know. I've been tryin' for fifty-five years to liberate Paris from tradition, habit, and shoes, and I haven't got very far. So it won't do to be in a hurry."

He looked off left into the wings. "Now I want you to hear what another American thought about

liberty — the speech Patrick Henry made to the second revolutionary convention of Virginia in Richmond on Thursday, the 23rd of March, 1775. The translation is by our dear Aïa." Aïa — Mme. Bertrand — a plump, smiling Lett of about sixty, dressed in a linen chiton and wimple, had been listening at the doorway. She waved and dropped out of sight.

Mr. Duncan introduced André Cottard, a tall, bald-headed, serious-looking man. Manuscript in hand, M. Cottard began to declaim Patrick Henry's speech. He was obviously a professional actor of considerable competence and it would be hard to imagine more fervor in the original than he put into his reading of Mme. Bertrand's French version. When he reached the point of pleading —

Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of Nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. . . . Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat but in submission and slavery —

I could hear a good deal of buzzing around me, and when he rolled out the climactic

Je ne sais quelle direction vont prendre les autres, mais quant à moi, donnez-moi la liberté ou donnez-moi la mort!

with all the fire it merited and with the classic Conservatoire gestures, the house began to stamp.

"*C'est tres beau, tout ça,*" I heard one little lady say, "*mais c'est tres fort!* What if those hotheads in North Africa talked like that, *hein?*"

As the applause died down, Mr. Duncan came back on stage. With him was a slender, bright-eyed young woman in her thirties, with shoulder-length blonde hair. She was wearing a strapless evening gown and what looked like a Navajo necklace. Mr. Duncan introduced her as "my daughter Ligoa, here on a visit from Arizona." Without accompaniment she sang, in a soft, sweet, untrained voice, a half-dozen American folk songs and spirituals, starting with "Down in the Valley" and ending with "Sometimes I feel like a motherless child." Toward the end, her voice broke and the tears came, but she kept on, and by the time she left the stage, she was bright-eyed and cheerful again.

Mr. Duncan returned to the stage. "I don't know if she cried because she's leavin' us on Friday or because she's just sent off one of her sons to the United States Navy, but I guess you'll forgive her," he said. "Do you know what she's been doin' ever since she came here to visit us? She's been goin' around to insane asylums and other places, like the Saint-Lazare prison, and singin' American folk songs to those people. Now you understand why I

love her." He paused for a moment, then said, "She never went to school a day in her life — *heureusement*."

"There's somethin' else I want you to hear now," he said. "This is a poem written by an American poet — the first really great poet since Homer. He had nothin' in him of Europe or of anybody else. It all came right out of his own breast. A friend of ours, Léon Bazalgette, spent a good part of his life translatin' his poems into French. His name is Walt Whitman, and Robert Le Flon will read him to you." M. Le Flon, a small, thin man who looked like a miniature, more vigorous Gide, read from the Bazalgette version of the "Song of the Exposition" an excerpt beginning *Et toi, Amérique*, and then Mr. Duncan was back again.

"Whitman was a printer, you know," he said. "He printed his own poems. Well, I'm a printer and I print mine. And now Jeanne Prévost is goin' to read one of 'em to you. It's called 'O You 48 States.'" But first I want to tell you how it came to get written. Right at the end of the war, as soon as we heard that the Americans were comin' and Paris was goin' to be liberated, I rushed over to the American Embassy with a big American flag. The Germans were withdrawin' but there were still pockets of 'em here and there. When I got to the Place de la Concorde I could see a bunch of 'em up on top of the Ministère de la Marine, next to the Crillon. I ran across to the embassy and finally got the guard to come out to the gate. I handed him the flag through the grille and told him, 'Run it up — *vite, vite, vite!*' He told me the Swiss were in charge of the American Embassy and he said he'd have to get their permission. I told him to call 'em up on the telephone and get the permission, then. He came back in three or four minutes and said the Swiss had told him he couldn't run it up till the American ambassador got here. 'By God, I'm the American ambassador,' I told him. 'Run it up!' And he did. Well, while he was runnin' it up I felt so proud I wanted to sing. I thought of singin' 'God Bless America' but I didn't know the words, so I sang 'Yankee Doodle' instead. And then I ran back across the garden to the river. And all the time those German snipers' bullets were goin' *ping, pong, pong* all over the square. All the way back this poem was writin' itself in my head, and when I got here I went right into my printin' shop and set it up."

Mr. Duncan went off stage and returned with Mme. Prévost, a middle-aged blonde woman. From a sheaf of manuscript in her hand she began to read Mr. Duncan's poem, "O You 48 States."

. . . . The world is in the making and
YOU are its MASTER BUILDERS

Ee-da-o, Take-zahss, A-la-ba-ma, Men-ne
Ee-lee-nwa and Ca-lee-for-nee . . .
Kahn-zahss and Oo-ta.

With Oo-ta, Mme. Prévost decided she needed her glasses. She rushed off and was back in a few seconds with them on, to sing the glories of Nort' Ca-ro-lee-na, Souse Ca-ro-lee-na, O-ee-o, and Ah-reed-zo-na. With the last word — America — she pulled off her glasses, threw her arms wide open, and ran off.

Mr. Duncan was back on at once with a cheery little brunette he called Stella. Stella sat down at the piano. "You know," said Mr. Duncan, "I got so excited that day singin' 'Yankee Doodle' that I couldn't talk above a whisper for three weeks. But I'm goin' to sing it again, anyway." And sing it he did. When he reached the chorus and sang "Yankee Doodle, ha, ha, ha," he threw back his silvery mane, held on to his sides, and roared out the "ha, ha, ha." The audience roared back at him. By now he was in a singing mood. He stopped just long enough to tell the story of John Brown and the raid on Harpers Ferry and then broke into "John Brown's body lies a-mould'ring in the grave." On the refrain — "Glory, glory, hal-le-lu-jah" — the audience joined in with such gusto after the first go-round that I looked up apprehensively at the cracked panes in the skylight above my head. Finally John Brown's body was reentered. Mr. Duncan thanked everybody for coming and said he hoped we had all had as good a time as he had had. "I have to let off steam once in a while," he said. "Otherwise I'd bust."

The audience began to break up into small groups. I threaded my way around several that were clogging the center aisle. "Terribly American, isn't he?" I heard a tall, bespectacled Englishman say to the woman beside him. When I got to the rear of the hall, Mr. Duncan had disappeared. I had reached the anteroom on my way out when suddenly the yellow courtyard was lighted up with fizzing, spluttering red, white, and blue flares. A big pinwheel in the middle of the court was shooting off stars in all directions. Mr. Duncan came scurrying in from the court, looking very pleased with himself.

"Where'd you get those?" I asked him.

"Made 'em," he said. "It's the only way." A few days before, I had seen the Paris revival of Thornton Wilder's play *The Skin of Our Teeth*, and it seemed to me now that Mr. Duncan was looking more like Mr. Antrobus every minute. I reached into my pocket and pulled out the miniature American flag I had picked off Mr. Dillon's buffet that morning. It was mounted on a brass pin. I stuck it into Mr. Duncan's chlamys, right over his big beatin' heart. I told him I had it from the ambassador — somewhat indirectly — but that I didn't think he'd mind a bit if I passed it along to him. He thanked me, and he meant it.

"Wouldn't you like to come tomorrow night?" he asked. "I'm givin' a talk on my reform of the alphabet. Do you know about that?"



With the advent of the 1957 models only a few months distant, automobile dealers are once again scrambling to find customers for the remaining '56 cars. New or used, the cars must be moved. Some of the inducements through which the dealer sets out to woo the buyer and at the same time protect his own margin of profit are analyzed in the article that follows. HARTLEY HOWE has written extensively in the scientific field, and this is his first article to appear in the Atlantic.

NOTHING DOWN AND A TRIP TO BERMUDA

by HARTLEY HOWE

I

LAST September in Detroit, Chevrolet dealer Saul Rose felt that customers for his remaining '55s expected something more exciting than just a plain brand-new automobile. As a bonus, therefore, he offered buyers a prospector's outfit, complete with Geiger counter, sleeping bag, hammer ax, boots, compass, maps of likely areas, a booklet on how to stake a claim, and — in case the buyer failed to turn up any uranium of his own — 100 shares of uranium stock.

Plump Detroiters, on the other hand, uninterested in the carefree life of a miner, may have preferred the proposition of one of Mr. Rose's rivals. He discounted Plymouths \$1 a pound for the weight of the buyer and his wife, raising the offer to \$1.50 a pound on Chryslers.

These were no isolated phenomena. For nearly a year the great American automobile industry has been hawking its wares with all the restraint and understatement of a runner for a Cairo rug merchant. Proclaiming abandonment of the profit motive, dealers have competed fiercely for customers. Some, for example, proposed vacation trips as lagniappe for coy buyers. Prospects in Denver, Colorado, and Portland, Oregon, were offered trips to Hawaii. Bostonians got their choice of vacations in Paris or Hollywood. A round trip to Bermuda for two was the bait for Cleveland Pontiac buyers.

Prospects with rainy days rather than sunshine on their minds have been offered bonuses in stock: three shares of Ford stock with each 1956 Mercury; uranium shares in Birmingham; Alcoa stock in Marysville, Tennessee; GM stock in Miami.

In Cleveland, buyers were tempted by an offer of two new cars for \$2999 — but they had to get there fast, for there were just two available at this price. Houston prospects were lured with an offer of 10 gallons of gas just for coming in to look,

while in conservative Providence, R.I., this past February, Chevrolet buyers were offered a bonus of 1000 gallons. In Los Angeles, items of optional equipment have been advertised for \$1 apiece. From New York to Portland, new cars have been offered for "10 cents down," "10 cents a day," or "at a one cent profit."

The most baffling proposition of all has been described by Frank H. Yarnall, past president of the National Automobile Dealers Association: buy a used car for \$595 cash, then turn it back to the dealer as down payment on a new car and drive away with \$1105 "change" in cash.

The dealers haven't depended on advertising alone to bring in the customers. An Atlanta salesman stationed himself by a traffic light on a main boulevard. As cars halted for a red light, he'd stick his head in the nearest window and deliver his sales pitch. According to *Automotive News*: "A few of his 'captive' prospects were so annoyed at this approach that they complained to the Better Business Bureau. Before he was forced back in the showroom, however, he reportedly sold nine cars at the traffic light."

Nor do dealers limit their aggressiveness to their own prospects. It was also in Atlanta that a young man was discovered on a roof with a pair of binoculars, watching cars being appraised at a rival dealer's lot. The license numbers he copied down were used by his employer to obtain the owners' names and addresses from the state license bureau. They were then telephoned and offered a better deal — which many of them readily accepted.

Known as "wheel and deal" or "blitz selling," these practices reached epidemic proportions in June, 1955, after dealers had stocked up against an auto workers' strike that never came off. While the blitz reached a peak in early fall when dealers rushed to shed their remaining '55s, it has con-

tinued grimly if somewhat less noisily to the present. The 1956 models have been discounted from the day of their arrival in the showrooms — an almost unheard-of phenomenon. Today some of the manufacturers themselves are advertising bonuses on a national scale. Where state insurance authorities permit, American Motors and Studebaker-Packard give a free accidental death insurance policy covering owner and spouse for the first year of ownership of their 1956 cars. Dodge started its 1956 model year with a nationwide lottery that anyone could enter merely by filling out an entry blank at a Dodge dealer's showroom, without obligation to buy. The prize: a new Dodge every year for the winner's lifetime.

2

THE big auto sales blitz has been accompanied by a little blitz of complaints from buyers, who have found themselves the victims of as weird a collection of sales practices as were ever developed by the sharp horse traders of the David Harum era. Better Business Bureaus recorded last year alone more than 75,000 "public contacts" — complaints and inquiries — about new- and used-car advertising and selling practices. Public authorities have been similarly deluged. In Chicago, according to the *Chicago Daily News*, nearly 4000 auto buyers filed complaints with the State Attorney's office in 1955.

For on closer examination some alluring offers are far from alluring. In Columbus, Ohio, a man complained to the Better Business Bureau that his new car ran out of gas before he got home, after he answered an ad offering 500 gallons of free gas with each car. The common "no down payment" come-on often turns out to mean no down payment only if the trade-in car equals the down payment or if the customer signs a note for a supplementary loan — usually secured by a chattel mortgage on furniture or other possessions — equivalent to the down payment.

Some "bargains" vanish entirely when a customer asks for them — they are just bait. Sometimes what sounds like a new car in the ad turns out to be secondhand. Other ads turn out to be ingenious combinations of one car's price, another car's picture, and a model name that may belong to either or neither.

In piling up this unenviable record, the unethical segment of the automobile dealers has enriched the American language. A rogue's dictionary of the trade includes some vivid cant: —

The Switch: advertising a notable bargain, then telling customers it has been sold and persuading them to switch to another car — and a less attractive deal.

Bushing: luring a buyer by offering a bargain price, then hiking the price. The original offer is

made by a salesman "subject to the manager's approval." The manager later indignantly disclaims it and persuades the buyer, by this time emotionally committed, to accept the higher price. In some cases bushing is cruder — the buyer is given a price, persuaded to sign a blank sales agreement. Later he finds it has been filled in for much more than he expected to pay.

Lowball: sometimes the same as bushing — a low price given verbally, later repudiated — but also used to describe the practice of giving an unsophisticated customer much less than the going trade-in value of his car.

Highball: a very high offer made verbally on a trade-in just to get the customer inside the salesroom, where he will be pressured to take less.

Would You Take? Cards are tucked under your windshield wiper in a parking lot asking "would you take" a fantastically high price for your car because the dealer "has a buyer." If the prospect goes around to try to collect, he gets the full *highball* treatment.

Unhorsing: lending a prospect a car while his own car is taken and held for sale in an allegedly rising used-car market. It turns out after a month or so that the market has inconveniently fallen and his car has been sold for considerably less than he expected — leaving the customer with no car and under obligation to the dealer.

The Pack: a simple method of luring buyers with nonexistent bargains. A group of dealers — sometimes only one — raise their list price for a new car by several hundred dollars. This permits all sorts of alleged bargain offers from "\$1 profits" to "double book value" trade-ins. In at least one case it recently enabled a dealer to offer customers more than they paid for their 1955 cars if they would trade them in on '56 models. The pack is facilitated by the fact that there is no real local list price: manufacturers' prices are quoted F.O.B. Detroit. This practice is sometimes called the *top pack* in contrast to a plain pack, in which various charges for mysterious accessories and services are packed onto the sales price.

The Finance Pack: a maneuver to increase the profit on financing of car purchases. Here the dealer can sometimes recoup profits that have been squeezed out of a sale. Using a rate chart supplied by the finance company, the dealer can set the rates so high that he can sell the time contract to the finance company at a discount and still receive an extra profit for himself. This "commission" to the dealer is of course paid by the buyer in his installments to the finance company. Sometimes overcharges for insurance are included. Where these charges are lumped together into a single monthly payment, as they often are despite a Federal Trade Commission order that they be itemized, the buyer has no real way of knowing what he is paying for.

Ballooning: drawing up a time contract with low monthly payments except for the last installment, which in some cases is so big the buyer has to refinance his note.

3

THE dealers themselves have become alarmed by the flood of complaints about these practices. The National Automobile Dealers Association, with the Association of Better Business Bureaus, has drawn up a code of recommended advertising and selling practices, which local dealers' associations are being urged to adopt. At the same time, however, even ethical dealers are inclined to blame the public itself for many sales abuses.

Looking out the showroom window, the dealer sees the average customer as a thoroughly unreliable character out to skin him of his last nickel of profit. Price and trade-in are this citizen's only concern; it is useless to tell him about car features or explain service facilities. This customer, say the dealers, traipses from showroom to showroom, telling salesmen highly imaginative stories of offers made at the last place and urging them to cut off another \$50. One New York dealer reports: "We can tell the minute a customer walks in if he's really interested in buying a car or just shopping around. I know one place where the salesman won't even answer a question about the car. He just says: 'Did you come in here to get an education or did you come in to buy a car?'"

Franchised dealers blame what they call "bootleggers" for turning the public into shoppers. The bootlegger is an independent dealer who quietly picks up his cars from overstocked franchised dealers. Even though he pays slightly more than wholesale for his cars, the independent dealer still sells them below list price — sometimes as "used: 200 m.," sometimes as new. He usually has no salesroom or elaborate sales organization, both required of regular dealers by the manufacturers. And, as his franchised rivals point out, the bootlegger is under no obligation to either manufacturer or customer to provide service facilities, keep a stock of spare parts, or build neighborhood good will.

On the other hand, the non-franchised dealer will tell you that he succeeds simply because the normal markup on automobiles is so great that he can shave it and still make money. Both positions are basically true. The independent is the discount house of the automobile trade, he is subject to the same criticisms, and he flourishes — when he does — for the same reasons.

In recent months the so-called bootleggers have faded into the background. The reason is simple: the regular dealers have been cutting prices just as noisily. One dealer replied to a questionnaire sent out by a Senate subcommittee: "We live in a

town that is 50 miles from a large city and the metropolitan newspapers are widely distributed in our city. The unethical and untrue advertising in these papers does more to affect our business than bootlegging."

For this situation the organized dealers put the blame on the factories. They charge that the manufacturer's desire for more and more sales and his determination to be Detroit's top banana result in the dealer's being so deluged with cars that he goes to extremes to get rid of them.

Last winter the National Automobile Dealers Association presented a stream of witnesses on dealer-manufacturer relations to subcommittees of the Senate Judiciary and Commerce Committees. While the dealers told only their side of the story, an aura of desperation hangs over much of their testimony even in cold print. A dealer's whole business career and often a large monetary investment in plant depend on his having a franchise from a manufacturer to sell a specific make of car.

In the auto industry, these franchises have been until very recently one-year contracts — and the company has had the option not to renew if dissatisfied with the dealer. The manufacturer's view of the dealer's performance is based on "penetration of the market" — selling the same proportion in his local market that his make sells in the national market. To achieve penetration, particularly in a low-income area, a dealer must really sweat it out. As a 54-year-old Pontiac dealer told a Senate subcommittee, describing how his manufacturer urged him to sell out to a younger man: "They liked young, lean men who could run faster."

Dealers claimed that manufacturers do not limit their pressures to sales but constantly tell the dealers how to run their business.

A persistent issue in the dealer testimony was "phantom freight": the practice of charging the dealer for the freight on his cars from Detroit even though they may have actually been shipped from some much closer plant. Another sore point was financing; dealers said they had to pay cash on the line — usually borrowed — for their cars when *ordered*, tying up their working capital while they waited for delivery. They complained also of having to take whatever cars the factory wanted to ship, rather than the kind the dealer wanted to buy. This usually meant higher-priced models, or cars so overloaded with accessories they did not appeal to budget-conscious customers. Other complaints involved the refusal of factories to pay for more than the basic cost (that is, without allowing a profit) of the service required to fulfill warranties.

Dealers also resented what they described as the compulsory purchase of heavy parts inventories, special shop tools that gather dust in their service departments, and advertising and promotional material unsuited for local use.

The consensus of the Commerce Committee

witnesses was that the manufacturers had lost touch with their dealers. The manufacturers, however, and particularly President Curtice and other General Motors executives, presented a vigorous rebuttal. They pointed out that a very small percentage of GM dealers lose their franchises, and these for cause, such as failure to set up proper sales facilities or to seek customers aggressively. The complainants, GM implied, were dealers who had waxed fat during the early post-war years, when cars sold themselves, and now lacked the stamina for competition. In this connection, President Curtice gave some interesting figures on GM dealers' profits.

The rate of return on net worth, he testified, was 27.6 per cent in 1940, 87.2 per cent in 1946 (first post-war year), and climbed to 97.5 per cent in 1947. From this high it drifted slowly down again to 24.6 per cent in 1951, and 9 per cent after taxes in 1954. At the same time Mr. Curtice pointed out that net worth of the dealers increased from \$249 million in 1940 to \$2200 million currently, so that these percentages in recent years were figured on a much higher net worth base. Mr. Curtice estimated GM dealers' profits for the first nine months of 1955 at \$414 million. In addition, the dealers pay themselves a large amount in personal salaries and bonuses. And he pointed out that General Motors had a waiting list of nearly 5000 applications for dealer franchises — almost a third of the 17,000 GM dealerships in existence.

But if the manufacturers made few verbal concessions, they have nevertheless moved swiftly to mollify their dealers — and in part, also, to head off proposed federal legislation outlawing some of the disputed practices and regulating dealer-manufacturer relationships. General Motors dealers are now being offered a choice of five-year and one-year franchises, both terminable only for cause. Clauses interfering with dealers' outside activities are being abandoned. All of the Big Three have sharply modified "phantom freight" charges, although simultaneously raising wholesale prices at many points to compensate.

Other concessions have been made on such matters as payment for warranty service and requirements for parts inventory. General Motors has appointed a vice president in charge of dealer relations, and has set up an impartial umpire in place of its Dealer Relations Board. GM is also increasing its share of the cost of dealer-factory coöperative advertising, and has written a clause providing for maintenance of high ethical standards in local dealer advertising. Ford has cut auto prices to dealers, and established rebates and lower advertising charges. In April, Ford announced a series of dealer conferences to fight bootlegging (while at the same time opposing a proposed federal act against bootlegging). In addition, the Ford Company has set up a dealer-relations board, offered

optional five-year contracts to dealers, and agreed to bill dealers for new cars on arrival in the showroom. Chrysler has agreed to take over the rent on a dealer's property when a franchise is canceled, and has given dealers permission to will their franchises to their sons and sons-in-law.

Most important of all in easing dealer tension, the manufacturers have cut back production and reduced the flood of shipments to the franchised outlets. Actually this has been necessary: sales have fallen, and even with a 20 per cent production drop dealer inventories remained at record levels in the first months of 1956. According to President Bell of the Automobile Dealers Association, the dealers' average profit per car sold in the first quarter of 1956 was \$40, compared with an average profit of \$141 per car for the first quarter of 1955. At mid-May, there were reportedly nearly 150,000 auto workers jobless.

Whether improved dealer-manufacturer relations will in turn mean fewer unethical sales practices remains to be seen. The amount of push the dealers themselves put behind their advertising and selling code will probably tell the story. Similar programs carried out in coöperation with Better Business Bureaus have been helpful in other areas of retailing, but nothing can be done unless local dealers' organizations are willing to move.

In some places, where auto dealers are licensed by the state or there are laws against false advertising, unethical dealers are being suspended or prosecuted. In Massachusetts two indictments have been returned for misleading "bait" advertising. Everywhere local Better Business Bureaus are waging a valiant war, and in Chicago they have succeeded in winning published retractions from some dealers with pledges not to repeat the dishonest advertising.

Better enforcement of state and local statutes on misleading advertising would help. So would better policing by newspapers and TV and radio stations of the advertising they carry. The development of a more sophisticated — and somewhat less greedy — buying public is certainly important. And the reduction of factory pressure on the dealers to sell at any cost should improve things.

There remains, however, the broader economic question that underlies the whole chaotic auto-sales situation. How can lower auto distribution costs be achieved without destroying the dealer as an ethical independent businessman? High sales and low unit prices are a fundamental American economic tenet — can the present distribution system supply them? Or does the future lie in some sort of auto supermarket, where all makes of cars are sold with a minimum of sales and service force? This pattern dominates the grocery business and has become extremely important in appliance retailing: can it succeed where the product is as costly — and mechanically complicated — as the automobile?



A MADRIGAL: FOR JUDITH

by JOSEPH LANGLAND

I

Mists that hung in the valleys trail their heads
Upward in amber crowns
Of lonely clouds.
All earth arises singing from its beds:
Lambs in the flowered leaves,

Goldfinches out of their sunstruck nest, the fox
Red in his limestone cone,
Freckled pheasants
Fluttering over tall grass, all sleepy flocks
Dallying into the daylight.

Praising the sun, a red-winged blackbird floats
Up from the gray horizon
On flaming wings,
While woodland lilies lift their yellow throats
Out of the thorny cliffs:

II

Full tide, how noon descends, the burning flare
Engulfing everyone,
A sea of sun
Washing the night-cooled earth with violet air
Still cupped in woven willows.

Grazing with hunger on that grass-cool face,
Tall sun embraces lawn
With shining hands,
The passive sunlight hungry in its grace
Among those silken limbs.

III

Smooth patios in shadow call us out
Further into the sun
Until our homes
Flower beyond our present laugh and shout
Into the southern woodlands;

As evening waits upon the sunlight there,
Dusk edges up the trunks
Of trees and moves
Across all hollows, draws, invading where
Frail copper bells of leaves

Dangle in pale designs. Skirting the long
Meadows open to sun,
One golden plunge
Over the precipice concludes this song
And all its shadowy loves.



An Atlantic Story



An engineer who studied at Harvard and the University of Tulsa, JOSEPH WHITEHILL two years ago turned to full-time writing. Moved by his Navy memories and by his respect for the work of Joseph Conrad, Mr. Whitehill wrote a sea story called "Able Baker" which won an Atlantic "First" award and was reprinted in the O. Henry Prize Stories, 1956. The following narrative is another high point in the life of Able Baker.

TERRY BINDLE

by JOSEPH WHITEHILL

TERRY BINDLE, Able's wiper this forenoon watch, leaned against the main engine guard-rail jigging one shoe and watching his Chief's placid stitching. Terry, a pale, slender boy in grubby dungarees which bagged at the knees and seat, seemed beset by an impatient anguish. He gestured and twitched; he started away from the rail, then hesitated. Then he lost his self-restraint all at once and bent over Able and jabbed with his finger at Able's work and shouted over the roar of the Main, "Chief, whadda you *do* stuff like that for?"

Able raised his head slowly and blinked at Terry through the circular lenses of his steel-rimmed spectacles. "Say what, boy?" Full-fleshed and elderly, Chief Engineer Baker was still a well-made man; his short, dark gray hair lay close about his big head like the stone hair of Greek statues. Tiny purple veins sported in his pink cheeks, giving him that "drunkard's face" which so commonly afflicts the man in his maturity who drinks little or not at all.

"All the time *making* things," Terry Bindle cried, screwing up his face.

Able looked down at the workpiece in his lap while he deliberated; then he heaved himself out of his canvas chair. This ear-plugging thunder of the main engine was too much to converse over. So he led the way forward into the quieter machine shop and rolled the fire door shut behind them.

Holding up what he had been working on, he said, "This here's a gallon Coke syrup jug, you see. I got it in the galley yesterday."

"Sure, but —"

Able Baker silenced the boy with a long, slow

blink. "Now, you see here? I've sewed a double layer of old blanket all around it — pulled it nice and tight. Old blankets make good padding. Now I'm sewing on this duck outside the blanket stuff to protect it. There. That way. That's the way it'll be." Able smoothed the canvas over the woolen jug-boot with his knowing, gentle hands.

"Sure! O-kay! But what's it for? Who's gonna use it?"

"Use it? What's it for?" Able shook the bottle slightly, as though prompting the bottle to answer for itself. "Well . . . you can always use a padded bottle for something." It now became clear to Able that he would have to begin farther back with this boy. "You mean, why do I make things I don't need right now?"

"Yeah. I mean for two months, ever since I come aboard, I seen you make all kinda things and then just put 'em away or give 'em away and not even *care*!" Terry said, twitching with adolescent tension.

"It's to keep me from fidgeting," Able said baldly. (Terry stilled himself.) "Like this, for example. Here's how the days go. We run in to Chilung harbor back there at Formosa to wait out a typhoon. We anchor. We secure the main engine. We change injection nozzles. We blow out the crank lube lines. We strip the water from the fuel filters. We clean things up all around. And then we sit. We sit for three days and then they say prepare for sea. So we hurry around running up the air tank and starting oil pumps and charring new glow starters and we get the Main running and we put power on the anchor windlass and they get the anchor in and we take power *off* the anchor windlass, and then we go

up speeds on the Main till we're clear of the jetty and the reefs; then we hang her on one-seventy engine turns and leave her there. And then we sit some more." Able paused for breath. "A man needs to feel useful in the sitting times. That's all."

"Oh. Well. Nice — uh — nice bottle."

"Thank you. . . . Where are you supposed to be right now?"

Terry looked scared. "What, Chief? What?"

"The shaft alley, boy. The shaft alley. When are you going to begin remembering?" Able slid the door open on the noise of the engine room and kindly shoved Terry through. He watched as the boy grabbed a squirt can, fished out his wiping cloth, and ducked through the tiny door abaft the main engine; then Able went back to his seat in the cool wind from the overhead ventilator duct and began again to sew.

2

ABLE was experimenting with a new tool he had bought two weeks earlier from a British Army cobbler in Singapore. It was a stitching awl, a tool of leatherworkers. It carried inside its wooden handle a bobbin of five-cord linen thread, and on the other end it had a needle like that of a sewing machine, with the eye down near the point. It was thus needle, palm, and thread all in one tool, and it made a closed lockstitch like a machine's. Able soon was lost in that amnesic reverie which attends men engaged in pleasantly monotonous, self-put tasks. To him, absorbed as he was in learning the new motions the new tool needed, it seemed only a moment before Terry was suddenly back.

The boy leaped screaming out of the low entrance to the shaft alley and ran skidding on the oily deck plates to Able and stood before him jumping up and down and babbling wildly. Able's head fell back and he stared; then he carefully set aside his work and stood up and planted his big hands on the boy's shoulders to anchor him. "What is it?" Able asked, shaking Terry gently. He feared to shake him too hard, lest the boy had been hurt in some way in the shaft alley.

"Chief! Chief!" Terry cried, squirming under the bigger man's grip and flailing his arms in the direction of the shaft alley. "Gotta get outa here! Gotta get topside! Ring the howler, Chief! Let — me — go!"

Able, deciding now that Terry had not been hurt, gave the boy a wrench that rolled his eyes up out of sight briefly; then Able asked again, "What is it, Terry?"

Terry's voice was a lost wail: "CHIE-EEF! THE PROPELLER'S COMIN' OFF! IT'S COMIN' OFF AN' EATIN' A HOLE IN THE BOTTOM!"

Able spun the helpless, terror-struck boy around and pushed him ahead into the shaft alley. When they were inside, stooping low in the narrow,

brightly lighted tunnel, Able swung the engine-room door shut behind them. Then he could hear the noise. Overriding the usual sound of the drive system — the squishy hiss of the shaft journals — was a strident, rhythmic *clang-scape, clang-scape* which echoed loudly down through the tubular compartment.

Prodding Terry ahead of him, Able hurried aft, avoiding the foot-thick spinning shaft, and feeling each bearing as he passed it with the palm of his hand, out of old, unconscious habit.

At the after end of the shaft alley, where it narrowed and where the tail shaft disappeared into the dripping stuffing box, the awful new noise did sound like the end of the ship; *CLANG-SCRAPE, CLANG-SCRAPE*, all in an ear-killing racket. Able had heard enough. He smacked the trembling boy sharply on the shoulder blade, turned and lumbered crouching and bearlike back the way they had come, with Terry close behind.

Able straightened up in the roaring engine room and hurried to the communicator handset hanging on the bulkhead by the stand-up log desk. He pushed the button marked *Bridge* thrice quickly and stoppered his off ear with his forefinger.

"Bridge" came down the thin voice.

"Bridge — Engine Room. That you, Henry?" Able's breath was coming fast, and his blunt fingers were aimlessly exploring the damp hair over his ear.

"Yes?" the First Mate said.

"We're into some trouble with the propeller, Henry." Able spoke rapidly: "Request permission to drop a hundred turns off the Main, and you or the Captain better get on down here."

The handset was saying "Very w — " when Able hung it up on his way across to the throttle. He drew the brass handle down slowly, watching the tachometer on the gage board, until the slim needle steadied on 70 rpm. The engine room quieted greatly when the Main slowed. As Able turned abruptly away, he collided with Terry and sent him sprawling to the deck. Able paused and looked down at him soberly a moment, and then said loudly, "You just *stay* there." He stepped over the obedient boy, rounded the main engine, and ducked into the shaft alley again. He closed the door and cupped his ears aft. He felt some relief to hear that the strange noise had slowed, and had softened to a metallic brushing sound.

Able went back to the log desk and presently wrote in his square-rigged Palmer script: "Trouble with propeller." He tugged out his big pocket watch and looked at it, then resumed: "1019 — Called Bridge. Dropped Main to 70 rpm."

While Able was blotting his sweaty face and neck with his bandanna, his eyes met those of Terry Bindle. The boy was still sitting sadly on the deck where Able had, so to speak, stationed him. Able beckoned to him and led him into the quieter

machine shop; and after rolling the door shut, he took a deep and wheezy breath and said with sententious anger, "Now, Mister Terry Bindle, let's begin at the beginning. The first thing you don't do when you find something's gone wrong is, you don't get sprained wits and begin hunting for your life jacket. For all you know, that propeller's been sounding like that for three hours, ever since the morning watch last checked the shaft alley. Just because the trouble is brand-new to you doesn't make it new to the ship. So don't get so flustered. And the second thing to do is use your head. If that propeller was coming off as you say, it'd be wobbling on the taper at the end of the tail shaft, and the wobble outside would whip that shaft in the alley like it was made out of rubber. Which that shaft isn't, so the propeller isn't falling off." Terry Bindle was draped over the bedways of the lathe, dallying with the cross-slide ball crank and looking foolish. Much as Able loved this boy, it seemed to him that Terry was forever *leaning* on something. "Straighten up, lad! . . . No, there must be something fouled on the propeller —"

The door to the machine shop slid aside and Captain Westchafer (called "Cockroach" by the crew) and Henry, the First Mate, entered. The Captain said, "So *here* you are!" Terry Bindle shrank around to the other side of the lathe at the sight of all this authority. The Captain, a thin dry man with a bristly little mustache, asked blandly, "Well, Able? What's all this?"

"We picked up something with the propeller, I think, Captain," Able said. "Something's fouled it and it beats on the hull every revolution."

The Captain raised his eyebrows, exposing more of his windshot eyes. "How could that be? I was on the bridge myself."

Well, you old fool, Able thought.

The Captain may suddenly have thought so too, for he changed course abruptly. He said, "I want to hear it."

Able said, "You two go on back in the alley and listen, and I'll run up the Main some so you can hear it." The Captain and the Mate, rightly obedient to Able's hegemony down here, filed into the shaft alley. When he thought he had given them enough time to reach the after end, Able advanced the throttle. He held it until the Main came up to speed and steadied there for a few seconds; then he retarded it again.

The Captain bounded out of the shaft alley with the jerky movements of a furious man. He came over to Able and blew out his pneumatic cheeks and shouted, "Of all the damn *damn* luck, sir!" He spoke over his shoulder to the Mate: "Lose four days in that rathole of a harbor in Formosa waiting for a typhoon to make up its stupid mind, and now *this*!" He faced Able again. "How fast can you run it, Able?"

"I wouldn't go any faster than we are right now,

Captain. About seventy engine turns. Any faster and we might beat a hole in the hull. Seventy turns'll give you about five-six knots, maybe. Uh — it's in your Turns-to-Knots tables — on the bridge."

"Thank you, Mister Baker," the Captain said with thick sarcasm. "I never would have guessed." He turned to the quiet Mate. "Well, what d'you say?"

The Mate looked down at his shoes, took off his salty officer's hat and scratched the part in his hair with his little-finger nail, and said, "Looks like we'll have to dive for it, Captain."

"At *sea*, Mister?"

"No, Captain. We'll have to put in at Okinawa. About ninety miles east or so."

"Yes," the Captain said. "That's just what I would do myself. Lose another two days at six hundred dollars a day."

"There isn't any other way," the Mate said, looking directly at the Captain.

"Very well," the Captain said, and he fired himself across the engine room and started up the steel ladder. The First Mate followed his superior briskly, with agile, practiced closeness.

Able, with his lips moving silently, stood at the foot of the ladder looking upward, watching the ascending bottoms above him sway from side to side in their khaki pants. "Well, just damn the Deck anyway," he said with soft petulance. He found Terry Bindle in the machine shop, occupying himself with raking curly bronze chips out from beneath the ways of the lathe, and said to him, "Terry, my boy, you write up the log this hour. I have to think." The boy smiled for the first time that morning, and nodded. Able carried his flapping gallon jug back to the canvas chair, paused a studied moment to break wind, and sat down.

3

AFTER noon mess that day, Able Baker, still bearing his jug, came out on the main deck and turned slowly around twice to mark the directions of wind and sun; then he went aft to the poop and sat down there on a faked-out hawser where he could lean his back against a bitt and be out of the wind but in the sun. He put his heavy legs out straight and crossed them, and began drawing a length of thread through his ball of beeswax. So warm and big was the smile that filled him over the outcome of Officers' Mess that a little of it escaped at his lips, and he began bumping his way through the melody of *Waltzing Matilda*.

He had worn out the tune, and had added four inches of fair, tight seam to his work, when he looked up to find his wiper, Terry Bindle, standing beside him. "Excuse me, Chief. Uh — hi, Chief." He was dangling a bucket of soap powder from his hand, twirling it by the bail. "I — uh — I had to

come up an' get some more soogee, an' the other guys ast me to look you up an' get the scoop on this course change an' all. Find out what's going on, sort of."

Able waved to a place on the hawser beside him. "Sit down, Terry boy, sit down. I was going to see you later anyway. That's right. Right there." Terry sat down gingerly, as if warily weighing the meaning of Able's sudden warmth. Able resumed his work with the stitching awl, saying, "That was quite a lunch at Officers' Mess, Terry. Quite a lunch indeed. There were a lot of what you might call hard feelings going around in the Deck Department." Able's stomach heaved with a chuckle. "Soon as we were all sat down at table, in comes the Captain very angry, so of course we all get up again. Out of respect, you know."

"Well, the Captain, he sits down with never a word, and he stares around at everybody, and nobody dast say anything at all, you know, and then by and by he says, 'Gentlemen, I suppose you all know what's happened *now*.' Sparks, he was in the sack all morning and missed everything, so he shakes his head like a damn fool, and the Captain says to him, 'Well, gentlemen, *somehow* out here free and clear in the East Chinee Sea, with eight hundred fathom more or less under us and the nearest land ninety mile off east, *somehow* this good luck ship has gone and got her propeller fouled with flotsam.'

"Right then," Able went on with relish, "the Third Mate chooses to spill his water all over the tablecloth, so the Captain, he looks over at him and he goes on, 'That is, it *must* have been flotsam. I say it *must* have been flotsam even though I myself was on the bridge this morning, and *I* didn't see anything — nothing at all. It *must* have been flotsam because I am *certain* that no one in *my* deck force would heave anything *overboard* from up *forward*, where it might run back and foul the propeller!' And then he stares at the Third some more, and the Third starts talking low to his left and his right, and then he looks at the Captain and he says, 'Well, now, Captain, I'm afraid I wouldn't go so far as to say that.'

"And the Captain bears down with his eyes and he says, 'What do you mean, sir?' And the Third, he ahems a few times and then he says, 'Well, sir, there was this rusty old cargo bridle up in fore stores, sort of a barrel sling it used to be; it was too far gone for greasing again — wasn't safe any more, if you see what I mean — so I told Ikky and George to haul it aft and give it the deep six.'

"And the Captain's eyebrows go right up into his hair and he says, 'Oh, you told Ikky and George to haul it aft did you? Mister Mate, did you tell those knuckleheads how *far* aft?' And the Third says, 'Well, no sir. I thought they knew.'"

Able shook his head seriously. "The Third has worked too long amongst baboon intelligences to

make a mistake like that. Poor Ikky, he's all right when you remember he's honestly pretty feeble-minded, but George! George is a plain smart-aleck fool. He couldn't pour bilge out of a boot if the directions were on the heel. Did you ever hear what George did, oh, three-four months ago, before you came aboard, Terry?"

The boy shook his head and shifted edgily on the hawser, as though he could not make out the real drift of Able's long and egalitarian gam with him.

Able resumed, "Well, this George, he had the midwatch one night, lookout up forward on the fo'c'sle deck, and there was a strong beam wind blowing. He thought he could get away with this, you see, on account of the wind and all, so instead of hollering 'The lights are burning bright, sir!' as he was supposed to do, he sung out, 'I'd like to screw your wife, sir!' and right then the wind lulled away down and the First Mate heard him exactly and clearly from back on the bridge. *Well!* After the sand had all settled down again, George was stuck with the midwatch for a month, until he'd turned in to the First Mate **THE LIGHTS ARE BURNING BRIGHT, SIR** written out two thousand times. So George griped about how unjustly he'd been treated and he went to the Port Commissioner at Singapore and told him about it and the Port Commissioner said if *he'd* been on the bridge it would have been *ten* thousand times." Able paused to chuckle, then presently added reflectively, "But, considering that George can only barely write at all, maybe he did get it a little stiff. Still, he was a bad, bad sport about it."

4

ABLE threaded his awl needle again, a process which called for a good deal of peering and head-tilting and groping for the right focus range. "Where was I? Oh yes. So anyway then the Captain says to the Third Mate, 'Very well, sir. Since it's your barrel sling that's wrapped around the screw, you have a diver ready at nine hundred tomorrow morning to go over the side after it.' And the Third, he throws up his hands like this and says, '*Diver!* Oh, no, Captain. Ain't any of my boys can *swim*, let alone *dive!*' So the Captain gives the Third a look that shoves his License Examination six months farther off, and he looks around the table at the rest of us. Everybody but me is face-down in his food."

"So the Captain looks at me, Terry. (I've been waiting for this, you understand.) 'Well, Mister Baker?' he says to me. 'Well, Captain,' says I, 'far be it from me to criticize the Deck for not having any swimmers. It just seems odd, is all. You see, we in Engineering have taken some pains to see that *every* one of the snipes is a good swimmer.' Now, right here all three of the Mates turn red. They just hate to get caught out, Terry."

Able Baker hugged his arms about his stomach and rocked forward in pure joy. Terry, very silent, was looking at Able's padded gallon jug. Able noticed. "You want to see that, lad? Here. Look her over a while. Let's see, now . . ." Able stared up at the truck of the signal mast high overhead. "So then — so then I say, 'Don't you worry, Captain. I have a diver. He's young,' I say, 'but he's a good diver.' And the Captain says, 'Who is it?' and I say, 'Why, it's my wiper, Terry Bindle.'" Able took a small breath and held it; then, after an empty pause, he peeped at Terry over the edge of his spectacles.

The boy had turned paler than his normal engine-room pallor; he squinted and his lips moved. He carefully set aside Able's jug and rose swaying to his feet. He walked bemused to the bulwark and climbed completely over it and stood on the edge of the sheer strap outside, holding on to the caprail and looking down at the sudsy water rolling swiftly past the stern run of the ship.

Able was unprepared for this. He got up as quickly as his stiff legs would allow and went to the rail too, and inoffensively took hold of the slack in the seat of Terry's dungarees. "What is it, lad?" Able asked softly.

"I think I'll drown myself," Terry said in a weak liquid voice. "I'll drown myself out here right now in the nice sunshine. I ain't gonna wait for tomorrow to get drowned down on the end of a hose!"

Able, slightly frightened, sucked his plump underlip and wondered whether anyone was watching this tableau. Then he decided it did not matter whether anyone was or not; with his free hand he caught the boy by the shoulder and with one swift wrench levered him back over the bulwark into the safety of the ship once more. Then he sat on him. "Now you just listen to me a minute," Able began angrily, but the sight of Terry's tears melted him inside. He got off the fallen boy, saying, "Now you just sit there a minute and listen to me."

Terry sobbed haltingly, "Sure, Chief, sure! I'll listen — to you all you want. You *do* — talk a lot, but I'll listen. But I ain't gonna — *dive*!"

Able, though inwardly offended by Terry's allusion to his loquacity, remained unruffled as he continued, "Now give me credit for some sense, Terry. D'you think I'd send you down if there was somebody else better qualified? No, of course not. But there isn't. You can swim fine. I've seen you jump in from clear up here. And swimming is almost all there is to it. All you need now is a little practice with the mask and the breather, and you'll do perfectly fine! . . . That's all you need. You're a born mechanic, Terry — the best wiper I've had in a long, long time. It's a *mechanic* has to go down there on that propeller, not a moron deck ape!"

Terry's tears were coming freely now. He was on his stomach with his elbows propping him up and his head hanging low, snuffling loudly. "Chief . . .

Chief, I ain't any diver. I ain't any mechanic even," he blubbered. "You say that all the time. You say how stupid I am and how I never learn anything right, and it's *true*. I don't. I'm a dummy an' I wish I'd never come to sea."

"Terry, Terry," Able said softly, putting his hand on the back of the boy's neck and gripping it firmly. "You don't understand. You've got it all wrong, lad. Down there in the engine room when I call you stupid, that's sort of just to let you know you aren't perfect yet, and there's still room for improvement. When I call you stupid, I don't mean you're *stupid*. You'll never be stupid like a deck ape." Able sighed gustily. "Lord, boy, everybody makes mistakes. Don't think I don't make my share too!" Able paused, noting that the sobs had slowed down. "Terry, just think of it! You're an *engineer*! You're the one keeps the ship going. And when the ship gets in trouble and the Captain doesn't know what to do, why, it's the *engineers* he turns to. And just think this over, too; if the Captain had to radio for a diver to come down from Tokyo, d'you have any idea what it would *cost*? We'd be laid up there at Okinawa four days anyway; that's twenty-four hundred dollars. Then the diver's fee and his passage both ways, that's another thousand dollars; why, Terry, you're worth thirty-four hundred dollars to the Captain!"

Terry's sobs had stopped (whether because Terry was listening or because sobs always stop after a time, Able was not sure), and Able continued warmly, "And just think, Terry. When you're over the side there, the whole ship will turn out. Even the baker won't miss it, and he never gets up before noon for anything. Everybody'll be at the rail watching — watching the *engineers* — watching *you* — get the ship ready for sea again. All by yourself."

Terry lifted his head and blew his nose on the sleeve of his greasy chambray shirt. "Old Cockroach wants a diver at nine o'clock tomorrow morning, Chief. I couldn't practice before then anyway. I can't do it, Chief."

Able rolled over to his hands and knees, then stood up. "You let me worry about that. I'll think of something." Terry got up too. "You get on back down there with your soogee. I'll think of something. You meet me up forward by the booby hatch tonight after chow. Now get going."

Terry scrubbed his eyes firmly on his shirt shoulder, drew a deep and calming breath, and departed wailing, "It ain't any *good*, Chief! It ain't any good!"

5

AT TEN o'clock that warm dark night Chief Engineer Able Baker was thanking the sea for being flat calm. Well forward in the ship and twenty feet below the main deck, the busy, sweating man was

standing straddle-legged on the great hatch of Number One Deep Tank, vigorously working the long vertical handle of the air pump back and forth, while trying at the same time to peer down into the dim brown light which came up through the manhole beside him. Had the sea been rough tonight, Able would not have dared open that manhole; tons of salt-water ballast would have surged out with the roll of the ship and flooded the deck of the gloomy hold in which he stood.

Able and Terry, struggling silently in the dark with the bulk of the two-cylinder bronze air pump, had lowered it on a burton and planted it by the manhole in the Deep Tank hatch; then they had rigged a light through the manhole to illuminate the watery interior of the compartment below. Able had shown the naked boy how to spit in the mask to keep the glass plate from fogging and how to bite the rubber mouthpiece of the respirator, and had then driven him with threats and enthusiasm down the ladder into the water.

Ten minutes of this strenuous pumping nearly exhausted Able; his shoulders were commencing to cramp. Mercifully, the boy just then hove into view, his white body silvered with a hoar of bubbles, trailing a pulsing stream of exhaust air from the check valve at the nape of his neck. Terry found the ladder and climbed up through the manhole and stripped off his mask and respirator. His body was streaked with rusty slime and he was trembling. "Wow!" he panted. "Wow-de-dow-dow-dow!"

"What?" Able asked, shrugging out the cramps in his shoulders.

Terry grinned. "That's real spooky down there . . . but it's . . . not so bad."

"What'd I tell you? Get your clothes on, you'll catch cold. Remind me tomorrow morning to get some mineral oil from the medicine chest. That pump leaks at the leathers. You can't use anything but a little pure mineral oil in these pumps. You go and use regular oil or grease on the valves and leathers, and you know what? You start pumping oil vapor down to the diver and make him sick."

Terry had dressed. "We gonna haul this rig back topsides again now?"

"Us? Don't be silly. We'll let the deck apes do it tomorrow."

The ship made land later in the night, passing safely through the difficult tide race at the harbor entrance, and anchored in Buckner Bay. Able had been spared the ugly chore of turning out with the anchor detail to manage the securing-for-port of the engine room, and had slept heavily and late.

At eight o'clock he found Henry, the First Mate, finishing his breakfast in the saloon, and sat to take his coffee beside him. "What d'you need, Able?" the First Mate asked.

Able gave his glasses their morning cleaning on a napkin. "Well, Henry, first I want the small boat over the side, frapped around under the counter

where it'll be handy to the propeller. We'll pump from there. Oh, and you'd better put over one of those balsa life rafts, too. We'll float that between the small boat and the hull sort of as a fender, and to give the boy something to hang on to if he wants it. And let's see. . . . Oh, I want those two fine seamen of yours, George and Ikky, I want them to go down in Number One Hold and bring up the diving rig and put it in the small boat, just forward of the boat's engine, and secure it there. If you don't mind, I think it'd do them good to do the pumping for the lad."

Henry swabbed around on his plate with a bit of toast to clean up the ruptured egg yolk, then popped it into his mouth. He did not look at Able as he nodded. Able went on: "And we'll need a hundred feet of one-inch manila ready; we're going to try to unwind that cable by hauling from up on deck."

"That all?" Henry asked sourly.

"Yes. . . . Well, no. No, there's one more little thing. A personal favor. When that cable comes off the propeller and comes up to the deck, and when Terry gets out of the water, I'd like it if you'd lead the rest of them in a hand of applause for him. He'd like that. It'd mean a lot to him."

Henry scowled and jammed on his limp officer's hat. "What d'you want, Able, blood? Even General Grant let the Rebels keep their horses."

Able shrugged. "It's just a personal favor. Never mind. Don't do it if you don't want to. I just thought Terry would appreciate it, is all. Skip it."

The First Mate rose from the table and said, "Wel-l-ll, God damn!" and left the saloon.

Chief Engineer Able Baker grinned mightily into his coffee mug.

6

TERRY's final briefing took place a little later in the machine shop. Able showed him how to bind in his dungaree trouser-legs tightly with marline, to prevent their flapping and snagging something under water. Then he said, "All set?"

Terry's head twitched nervously. "Yes. I guess so. *No!* Did you oil that pump?"

Able patted his skinny shoulder. "I oiled the pump all right. It works just fine now." Able led the way out of the machine shop and over to the ladder; then he paused and turned back to the main electrical distribution panel. With a pair of red fiber pliers he extracted two cartridge fuses from a block on the panel and put them in his pocket.

"What'd you do then, Chief?"

"Jerked the fuses in the main engine starter circuit. I don't want anybody starting up the Main with you under the stern."

"Wow," Terry breathed, and started up the ladder.

On deck everything was ready. Able looked around at the barren, mountainous shore of the bay where they had anchored, and he looked down over the counter at the milky green water below. He patted Terry on the bottom, starting him over the bulwark and down the Jacob's ladder toward the small boat below. The boat was straining at its mooring lines. "That's rather some current down there," Able said to the First Mate, who was standing nearby, a little apart from the crowd of ship's company who had gathered here on the stern to watch the diving.

The First Mate said, "It is. There's always current in here. The whole place is too shallow."

Able, with the circumspectness of the elderly, hoisted himself carefully over the bulwark and descended the rattly swaying ladder. Down in the small boat, as he tucked in his disarranged shirt, he said coldly to the two sheepish ordinaries, "Boys, when I say pump, you pump. And you *keep* pumping till I say belay. I'll mark your time by the numbers." To Terry he said, "Get in the raft, and then in the water from there. Get your face and head wet. I'm right behind you." Able pulled off his shoes and followed the boy into the life raft and kneeled on its wet, wood-slatted bottom.

Terry was in the water and hanging on to the edge of the raft. He said, "Looka, Chief. Looka how my legs swing out. There's a current in here."

"Of course there's a current in here. Tides, you know. If it's too stiff we'll have to wait. If you can swim against it, it'll be all right. Ready?"

Terry sighed. "Okay, I guess."

"You two," Able said to the ordinaries, "*pump!* Ah-one and ah-two and ah-three; ah-one and ah-two and ah-three! Smartly there!" Air came hissing from the respirator mouthpiece in Able's hand. Terry's face was pale and small behind the glass of the diving mask. Able settled the yoke of corrugated hoses over the boy's head, and the boy bit onto the mouthpiece. "Now *go!*" Able said. The boy pushed off and dived and swam out of sight under the stern, disappearing around the great brown shadow-shape of the rudder. Able found himself empathetically holding his breath as he listened to the sucking clatter of the air pump intake valves and watched the rising bubble stream.

The boy was gone less than a minute; he returned in sight and surfaced at the raft by Able. The seamen, absorbed with watching, stopped pumping. Terry choked and had to spit out the mouthpiece and pant for breath. Able shouted, "I said *pump*, you goddam doughbrains!" The pumping was hastily resumed. "How is it, boy?" he asked Terry.

Terry pushed the mask up onto his forehead. "It's easy, it looks like. There's—there's an old rusty cable wrapped around the outside of—of the bearing—in front of the propeller."

"The boss, you mean?"

"Yeah, the boss. Well, there's four-five turns around this here boss, and the end is sort of hangin' out loose in the water. There's a big shiny spot on the hull up above the propeller where that end's been beating. . . . Gee, Chief, that prop's a monstrous big thing! . . . Gimme that line there, Chief."

Able handed Terry the end of the manila line. "How's the current?"

"It's stiff, all right. You gotta swim into her all the time. But it's not too bad."

"You sure? All right, then. You take this line down and bend it onto the end of the cable. Use a becket bend like I showed you."

Terry went under again, towing the manila line behind him. Able fed it lightly through his fingers as the boy drew it out, feeling the numerous small jerks on it as the boy worked at the other end. Then the remote activity stopped and presently Terry reappeared and surfaced among roiling bubbles. He clung to the edge of the raft breathing hard, resting the side of his head on his arm.

Able put his head down close to Terry's and examined his face intently. Then he asked, "You all right, boy? What's wrong?"

"Nu-nu-nothin'. I made a mistake, is all. I looked straight down under me. There's *nothing* there. The biggest chunk of nothing I ever seen before. Just *green* going down forever."

"Didn't you ever look up at the sky? It's the same nothing."

"Sure, but you can't fall *up* into the sky."

"Oh. . . . Did you get the line bent on?"

"I think it'll stay. That wire is hard to bend in a close bight. You better have 'em lead their end on deck farther forward. The wire'll unroll easier from there. . . . Gee, just look at all those faces up there!"

"Don't mind the faces," Able said shortly; then he called to the deck, "Lead your end forward twenty feet and take an even strain!"

The men on deck did so. When the manila line came taut slanting forward and the men stood waiting, Able called, "Haul gently now." They hauled, and the line ascended jerkily, flinging drops of water darkly against the chalky gray paint of the hull as it came. The frayed and rusty end of the wire cable appeared. Then the ascent stopped, and as the men hauled harder the well-made becket bend revolved once. "Vast hauling!" Able called. "Veer your line two feet and haul again!" The line came slack, untwisting, then grew tight again. About three new feet of wire cable were gained before it fouled. Repeated veerings and haulings brought in no more cable.

Able called, "Vast hauling and give us some slack!" Then he said to the silent boy. "You'll have to go down again. It's got hung up on something."

The boy licked his lips, which were beginning to

get somewhat blue, and cleared his teeth in the nervous simulacrum of a grin. He settled the mask on his face, accepted the mouthpiece, and went under.

"*Pump*, goddam it!" Able cried angrily. The seamen, who were already pumping at the time, looked seriously over the pump lever at each other and began pumping a little faster. Able stared down into that big green nothing where his lad was, someplace. Even in the cool shade here under the stern, Able was sweating freely.

Three minutes later one of the pumping seamen called in a confounded voice, "Say, Chief, there's his breather afloatin' away off there an' bubblin' without him in it!" And before Able's very eyes a relaxed shape drifted into sight a little below the surface of the water. Able's arm drove down and caught the boy's shirt just as he was about to disappear beneath the small boat.

Two hours later the ship was at sea again, rolling easily and alive. Able Baker, as soon as he decently could, had left the engine room in the care of an oiler and had climbed to the ship's hospital to be with Terry. The boy in the bunk was deeply buried in a nest of white blankets and towel-wrapped hot-water bottles.

Able sat by the bunk nervously squeezing drops of sea water from the cuffs of his khaki trousers. His voice was close to a wretched whine when he said, "Terry, I *knew* something was wrong when you came up the second time. Why in heaven's name didn't you *say* the propeller was turning over down there?"

To Able, the boy's voice was surprisingly strong: "I don' know. I didn't want to make a kiddy fuss, I guess. It wasn't turning fast."

Able shook his head slowly, feeling the twisting of his saddened soul. "Oh, I'm sorry, boy . . . I can't tell you how sorry I am. . . . I should have thought . . . I should have known . . ." *The current.* "Of course a current like that would roll an unlocked propeller over. . . . And I — and I

was worried so about somebody maybe starting the Main that I forgot all about the current outside."

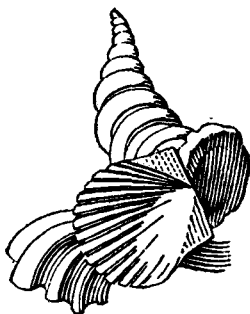
"It's all right, Chief. You didn't even know about it till we got up on deck."

"It was all my fault," Able said in a small voice. After a silent pause while he thought on this, he smiled a little. "But Terry, you should have heard them. Everything was so quiet while you were lying there on the thwart of the small boat, and then all at once you moved, and right at the same time the wire cable came free and swung out into sight in the current. How they did cheer then! And how they clapped! Why, I'll bet the gooks heard it ashore. You should have heard them cheer, Terry."

The boy in the bunk grinned. "Did they really, Chief? I thought I heard something, but there were other noises in my head at the same time."

Able said, "Ah, it was a fine moment, Terry. The whole deck force cheering for an engineer. . . . Well." Able rose to go, steadying himself on the keeper rail of the boy's bunk. "I'll tell you a secret. I'll tell you a new joke on me, Terry. When we tried to start the Main just now, it wouldn't go. She wouldn't even turn over. I called Lars a knuckle-head oiler and sent him off to read his starting manual again. And it wasn't till then I remembered I still had those fuses in my pocket! I stuck them back in place when Lars wasn't looking, and of course then the Main wound right up and started. Lars thinks I'm a magician." Able went to the door filled with thanks for the blessed gift that was Terry's weak laughter. At the door he said, "Oh — I almost forgot. Here. See here? This is for you. I want you to have it, Terry." Able held up the glass gallon jug he had labored so patiently to finish. The canvas cover around it was drawn taut now, and neatly stitched at the seams.

Terry's eyes were closed. "Well," Able said choking, "you — you lie still and rest now, and I'll be up to see you later." Then Able left, sniffing a little, and went to his own cabin to be alone with his fatigue.





A graduate of Clark University who served as a navigator in air-sea rescue during the war, BEN H. BAGDIKIAN has been a reporter and columnist on one of New England's ablest newspapers, the Providence Journal, since 1947. In April of this year he received a Sidney Hillman Foundation award for a series of articles on the national effects of the internal security program; and he is now in Europe, where, as an Ogden Reid Fellow, he is engaged in a year's study of the party press.

HOW THE LEGIONNAIRES WERE DUPED

by BEN H. BAGDIKIAN

1

FOR most of its thirty-six years the American Legion has been issuing strident alarms against extremist minorities who might work their will against the national interest. These years of vigilance reached a climax at the convention in Miami last year when the Legion condemned the United Nations Educational, Scientific, and Cultural Organization.

That the Legion would have an initial bias against UNESCO, or any international agency, is not unnatural. The heart of the organization is in the rural and small-town Midwest, an isolationist region. Only during war and in rare instances in peacetime have its conventions encouraged international coöperation. Its most common attitude is one of supernaturalism at home and acceptance of the devil theory that whenever anything international goes badly for the United States some traitor or "dupe" is responsible.

In 1950, for example, its Foreign Relations Committee condemned the State Department for the loss of China and for general Communist advances. The man who drafted the original paragraph of censure was Ray Murphy, an Iowa lawyer and national commander of the Legion in 1935.

In 1951 the Legion became concerned with the United Nations' Covenant of Human Rights. The national commander at the time, Donald R. Wilson, a man with serious doubts about the United Nations, felt confident in appointing Murphy chairman of a Special Committee to study the United Nations matter. With Murphy were two past department commanders (each state is a Legion "department"), a past department chaplain, a national executive committeeman, and a past national commander of the Legion Auxiliary (the women's branch). In 1953 when UNESCO was criticized by the Legion's national executive committee, Murphy's Special Committee was given the

job of studying that agency to see if it violated American principles and interests. The majority of the committee, including its chairman, said they expected their study would prove the allegations that UNESCO promotes world government, atheism, and Communism.

UNESCO, good or bad, is not a big issue in the American Legion or, for that matter, the nation at large. One poll showed that only 15 per cent of Americans knew what it was. An observer at the Miami convention said, "The eggheads thought UNESCO wrote the 'Roumanian Rhapsody' and the average guy thought it was a cookie." So when the Special Committee gave a preliminary report on UNESCO in 1954 asking for another year of study but indicating it had found nothing subversive in UNESCO so far, the rank and file paid no attention to it. But some Legionnaires with special interests did. In 1954 the inherent isolationism of the Legion was being exploited on a local level by extremists agitating against the United Nations, the State Department, and the Eisenhower Administration, and promoting a number of rather unattractive movements.

In Illinois, the Legion's biggest department, a fight for power was in progress. Irving Breakstone, then department commander, a moderate, was being attacked by what is known as the "*Chicago Tribune* Wing" of the Illinois Legion. A powerful figure in that wing is Edgar Bundy, of Wheaton, an evangelist minister who attended the 1954 state convention wearing a necktie emblazoned "I Like McCarthy and I Like His Methods." Later he boasted that he engineered the Illinois resolution condemning the *Girl Scout Handbook* for being too "internationalistic." He also got through a state resolution calling for United States withdrawal from the United Nations.

Bundy and the rest of the "*Tribune* Wing" over-

turned the moderates in Illinois in 1954, and went to the national convention in 1955 determined to put the entire Legion on record against UNESCO and the United Nations. Although retiring department commander Breakstone, by long-standing Legion custom, should have been chairman of the powerful Illinois delegation to Miami, the new state hierarchy broke tradition and named an anti-United Nations man.

In California, most noticeably in Los Angeles, the Legion became involved in the UNESCO mess in the Los Angeles schools. A woman possessed with a violent hatred of anything international, Florence Fowler Lyons, was a source of widely publicized errors about UNESCO and about its role in the schools. Certain Legionnaires in California acted as publicists for these allegations.

In Florida the department commander, Joe C. Jenkins, was propagandizing against UNESCO and the United Nations and using the full state Legion machinery for it. He sponsored a bill in the Florida legislature that would have denied public funds to any educational institution teaching anything about UNESCO. The bill died in committee. But Jenkins was chairman of the delegation to Miami.

2

ON MAY 5, 1955, the national executive committee of the Legion met in its special room at national headquarters in Indianapolis. The committeemen had in their hands the 140-page report of the Special Committee on UNESCO. It represented eighteen months of study and was the most exhaustive investigation ever conducted in the history of the Legion. Murphy's committee had read every word ever uttered in congressional testimony on the subject of UNESCO, and literally thousands of primary documents, all at their own expense in travel and time. They catalogued every charge against the agency and narrowed these down to twenty-three allegations. The report is probably the most comprehensive treatment of UNESCO criticism ever compiled.

The Special Committee found the anti-UNESCO charges baseless. The agency did not promote world government. Nothing promoting atheism could be found, and the participation of Catholic leaders and the Holy See in UNESCO programs belied atheistic control. No pro-Communism was found; in fact, satellites had left it because they claimed it was pro-Western.

What's more, the investigation showed that all twenty-three charges against UNESCO appeared to originate with material disseminated by the American Flag Committee, of Philadelphia, headed by W. Henry MacFarland, Jr., which, it said, "is hardly more or less than the successor to Mr. MacFarland's Nationalist Action League, a title MacFarland abandoned after the League was designated

as 'fascist' by the Attorney General of the United States." The committee also quoted House Un-American Activities Committee reports that MacFarland participated in activities of Gerald L. K. Smith, the country's noisiest race-hate agitator, and the National Renaissance Party, the organized remnant of the Nazi movement in the United States.

Murphy's oral summary to the seventy-nine members of the national executive committee of the Legion that Thursday in May took two hours. When he sat down the entire assembly rose and gave him an ovation that is unprecedented in the history of national executive meetings. If there was opposition to the UNESCO report in the Legion's top leadership, it was hardly in evidence in May.

In the days that followed, the work of the Murphy Committee was heard among newspapers, magazines, and civic groups. Men who for years had regarded the Legion as little more than a comic assembly for dumping grand pianos out of hotel windows took a fresh look at the organization. Words of respect and hope came not only from the Legion's friends but from some of its severest critics of the past. Among some Legion leaders there was open talk that this might signify a shift in Legion direction, and that the Legion might at last draw upon the civic and intellectual leadership of the country, where its attraction had always been negligible. Almost no one pretends that there was much rank-and-file reaction one way or the other.

But one group of men was intensely interested. This was the band of propagandists whose hobby-horse had long been fighting the United Nations. They formed the anti-UNESCO lobby at Miami. In the months preceding the convention they conducted a propaganda and organizational campaign against the UNESCO report which was unknown with Legion issues of this kind.

Jenkins, of Florida, sent telegrams to department commanders reminding them that a congressional "evaluation" of UNESCO could be obtained for only one and one-half cents a copy, and sent out under congressional frank. Congress, of course, had investigated UNESCO and given it a clean bill of health. But the "evaluation" Jenkins pressed was, in effect, an attack on UNESCO by an individual Representative.

Legion officers in every state began to get literature on UNESCO from the Washington office of the Legion's national Americanism Commission. This was not an official action of the Americanism Commission, a distinction lost on most state officials getting the literature. The material just happened to come from the *office* of the commission. It was all anti-UNESCO literature. The chief work of this mailing was a copy of the August 15, 1954, *Florida Legionnaire*, whose lead article was headed: "Warns Peril for U.S. Lies in UNESCO." It was by Joe C. Jenkins. Past department commander Jenkins began his article: "Folks, I was terribly disturbed a

month ago on discovering that a whitewashing report on UNESCO . . . was filed by a special committee of the American Legion. . . ." Jenkins offered below his article an eleven-column presentation by what he called "the best authority on UNESCO I know of in America." The "authority" was Florence Fowler Lyons of Los Angeles.

In the meantime, Murphy's official report remained outside the official distribution machinery of the Legion. Murphy had to pay \$700 of his own money to help defray printing costs. It is doubtful whether 100 delegates and alternates of the 6400 ever saw the Special Committee report. A poll of the 454 delegates and alternates of the New York delegation — which *was* interested — showed that two had read the Murphy report.

When the Legionnaires gathered in Miami, the streets were full of the usual high jinks with electric canes and squirting rosettes. But in the smoke-filled hotel rooms some of the political high jinks were unconventional even for the Legion.

For the first time in Legion history two major convention committees, Foreign Relations and Americanism, were joined, and it was noted that many persons appeared on the joint committee for the first time. Offered as chairman of the joint committee was Joe C. Jenkins, but he stepped down in favor of Rogers Kelley of the Texas delegation. In the important job of secretary of the joint committee there appeared Edgar Bundy, of Wheaton, Illinois. A ten-man subcommittee was named to issue a UNESCO resolution, and on it were familiar faces in the anti-UNESCO circuit. One member of the Murphy Committee was on the subcommittee.

The subcommittee heard testimony. Speaking in favor of UNESCO were three members of the Special Committee and a state senator from Wisconsin. It was generally agreed that their presentations were restrained and unemotional.

A succession of delegates spoke against UNESCO. A major witness was Colonel Owsley, the Legion's ranking orator. "I know the foreigner and I know what the foreigner thinks of us," he told the subcommittee. He said he would "throw the United Nations into the sea." In a burst of indignation he cried that a UNESCO scientist had reported that there is no difference between the blood of the white man and the blood of the black man.

Supporters of UNESCO say that defeat of any temperance in the matter was a foregone conclusion from the moment the convention gathered. The anti-UNESCO lobby was in complete control at all times and so dominated the committee that it was seriously suggested that the Murphy Committee should be officially censured.

Some measure of the level of thinking in the lobby that dominated the joint committee can be gained from the proposal made by its secretary, Edgar Bundy, that when Secretary of State John Foster Dulles rose to deliver the keynote address, the en-

tire convention of Legionnaires should walk out. He also attempted to have the committee pass a resolution calling for United States withdrawal from the United Nations. These were more than the committee was prepared to do. But the lobby had its way on UNESCO. Bundy wrote the final resolution that flatly asserted charges which eighteen months of investigation had shown to be invalid.

Getting quick convention action was not hard. Rogers Kelley read the formal resolution condemning UNESCO to the convention and moved for its adoption. By prearrangement, another member of the subcommittee, Roane Waring, of Tennessee, was at a microphone on the stage and immediately seconded the motion. National Commander Seaborn Collins then intoned rapidly, "All-those-in-favor-say-'aye'-the-vote-has-carried." Observers estimate the call to vote and closing of the matter took no more than thirty seconds. All agree that there was no call for discussion or for a negative vote.

Immediately after this sleight of hand, Churchill T. Williams of Oelwein, Iowa, commander of the Iowa department, rose to say that the 109 Iowa votes wanted to be cast against the resolution. He was ruled out of order. There seems little doubt other delegations would have fought the resolution if a democratic vote had been taken. John D. Sullivan, of the New York delegation, reports: "Upon the record it will appear that the New York delegation cast an affirmative vote for the report. Actually, the few members of the New York delegation who were present sat in stunned silence and did not vote at all."

Neither the gaveling through of the vote nor the committee-room machinations are unknown to other national conventions. Certainly the Legion is no different in this respect from many labor unions, political parties, and fraternal orders where a hot issue has to be disposed of. But although the UNESCO vote itself is of little importance as such, what it represents in the future of the Legion *is* important.

Many thoughtful men in the Legion are convinced that in the coming years the Legion is in danger of becoming in reality what it is thought to be by its critics: a fraternity of aging hell-raisers who pause each year to make wild statements on national affairs.

To thousands outside the Legion, the Murphy report on UNESCO was an eye-opener to the latent talent and wisdom that actually reside within the American Legion. The report was a tough-minded, judicious consideration of a complicated issue that brought to the Legion a respect among national leaders it had never before enjoyed.

By permitting a zealous band of extremists to frustrate this work, the Legion did more than make itself look ridiculous. It lost a rare opportunity to gain new stature in American democracy.



*What one sees through the portholes of the Marine Studios a few miles south of St. Augustine on the East Coast of Florida is the subject of *Window in the Sea*, by RALPH NADING HILL, which Rinehart will publish in the fall. In this second of two installments, Mr. Hill discloses some of the extraordinary techniques of maintenance and feeding developed by the Oceanarium, and describes how diverse specimens live together without mutual destruction. Mr. Hill is the author of several books about river boats and his own native state of Vermont.*

MARINE HOUSEKEEPING

by RALPH NADING HILL

1

THE chief problem of the biological staff of the Marine Studios during its first years of operation was to find by trial and error which of the more interesting and spectacular marine forms would live in the oceanarium and which would not. Feeding was one of the main factors to contend with, and another was temperament. The collecting staff has never brought in a live tuna. Spirited sailfish have always failed to survive capture because of the exhausting battle they put up when hooked.

As the result of a continuing personality clash between the porpoises and California sea lions, the aquarists concluded that the latter would have to go. Arriving from New York aboard the Florida East Coast Railway prior to the opening of the Marine Studios, the sea lions had joined the original porpoises, mother and calf, in the circular tank. Much to the misery of the mother porpoise, the sea lions, which are equally good swimmers, took almost perverse pleasure in pursuing her cub. The tables were turned, however, by two large bull porpoises subsequently brought in. Butting the sea lions away from the feeding table and outdistancing them for thrown scraps of fish, they made life so frustrating that the sea lions dejectedly withdrew to the side of the tank. They did not recover their spirits until they were removed to a canal cage. Here one of them named Butch caused the aquarists more trouble than all the other specimens combined.

Butch was a rather accomplished performer who seemed quite conscious of his talents in entertaining visitors with a variety of tricks. Growing tired of over two years' confinement, he escaped in October, 1940, and made his way leisurely down the Florida coast toward Key West. Near Oak Hill he overtook a fishing boat. To the astonishment of its crew, he climbed aboard and before their eyes devoured a whole mess of freshly caught mullet. This made him groggy. Easily lassoed, he was taken ashore. Here

he found himself the center of attraction and gave his identity away by doing some of his old tricks. Soon he was again back in his bayou pool at Marineland.

Five months later he escaped again. Nine days after his disappearance, news reached Marineland that he was in Miami, 300 miles away. Incredible as it may seem, he had swum the whole Florida coast via the Inland Waterway — a fact explaining alarmed reports of an undulating sea monster from various places on his itinerary. He chose as a home the area on the Miami waterfront where the charter boat captains tie up their craft. He had discovered that the boats returned every evening with fish and that the skippers were not niggardly about sharing them. The skippers in turn had learned that Butch, by drawing crowds to the pier to watch him eat fish they had just caught, was the best possible advertising agent for their business. They would have no part in helping to capture him and return him to the Marine Studios.

Early on the morning of March 23 a Marine Studios truck containing a double-sectioned cage arrived on the Miami waterfront. The charter captains were distraught as they watched the keepers place the cage on the low float of the dockmaster's office, for in one section, barking irresistibly, was Butch's mate, Fanny. Butch stuck his head out from under Pier 5. Swimming over to the float, he thrust his head through the door of the unoccupied cage. He was about to enter when the frantic charter captains appeared in the sterns of their boats with armloads of fish, shouting: "Butch! Don't go in there!" They quickly surrounded him with a ring of floating fish. Butch hesitated for a moment and then, casting an almost guilty glance at Fanny, plunged back into the water. The Marine Studios keepers realized now that they were undone, for they were well aware of Butch's enormous

appetite. Gobbling fish as long as he was able to swallow, he heavily made his way under the Water-front Restaurant Pier and went to sleep. Nothing would bring him out again. Not even Fanny. "It looks hopeless today," admitted his keepers. "We'll try again at dawn tomorrow."

But hostilities could not be renewed until Butch recovered his appetite. The weary keepers of the Marine Studios at last succeeded in recapturing him with Fanny's help. But the management and biological staff had had enough. Both animals were shortly sold. Porpoises, sharks, rays — yes. Sea lions? No.

2

WHEN it was decided to reopen the Marine Studios after the war, it had to be restocked, and the directors engaged Captain William B. Gray to conduct what was undoubtedly the most ambitious expedition of its kind in history. Gray, one of America's foremost game fishermen, well understood the difference between merely catching fish and catching them so that they would live in captivity. In an aquarium of his own in Palm Beach he had long maintained a number of rare specimens. The holder of several records, he had helped establish the International Tuna Tournament in Nova Scotia and had cruised the Central and South Pacific with the William K. Vanderbilt Expedition in the successful quest for new species of fish.

Gray's Marine Studios task force consisted of a 36-foot cruiser, the *Beau Gregory*, together with several smaller power boats. Since captured fish had to be quickly brought in and transferred to the oceanarium, Gray's expedition was not just one long marine safari, but a series of shorter ones. In six months he caught literally thousands of fish for the oceanarium, certainly a record from the standpoint both of quantity and of variety. The gigantic haul included a number of jewfish, none weighing under 100 pounds, five hard-won sailfish (which failed, as usual, to survive in the tanks), eight 6-foot barracuda, two tarpon, a dozen moray eels, sea turtles weighing up to 200 pounds, three tiger sharks all over 12 feet in length, a sawfish, a 2200-pound manta ray, and six porpoises. Also octopuses, sea horses, and hundreds of other pounds of assorted tropical fish from the Caribbean.

Gray had enough experiences of the kind that are found in sporting magazines to fill several issues. The giant manta fought for seven long hours before he could be hauled near enough to be anesthetized. In the capture of the large sawfish Gray, after reeling him in to within a few feet of the *Beau Gregory*, entrusted his pole to a crew member. Then he seized a coil of hemp rope and made a lasso, which, when the sawfish was brought alongside, he dropped over the 5-foot saw. The sawfish lunged off as if this were his first run, and it was all Gray

could do to hold on. When at last he tamed the creature he realized that he had nothing to put him in to take him back to Marineland 150 miles away. He had some seagoing trailers, but they were not big enough. While considering what to do, he tied the sawfish to some offshore pilings and continued fishing.

There was, it seemed, only one solution, and this required going ashore. Buying the hull of an old boat and riddling it with holes, he towed it out to sea, tied the sawfish in it so that it would not beat itself to pieces, boarded over the top, and started off on the long haul to the Studios. A storm overturned the old hull en route and the sawfish, for perhaps the first time in the history of his species, spent an hour upside down while the crew labored to right the boat. To prevent this peculiar accident from recurring, two empty oil drums were fastened to each side of the boat for the remainder of the journey. The sawfish arrived in good condition, but since his saw made him just too long to fit into any of the transfer tanks, a major engineering effort was required to move him from the Inland Waterway landing to the oceanarium. An amphibious vehicle had to be rigged up to carry him across the highway to the foot of the tanks. Here he was hoisted up and lowered into the flume by means of the usual boom, block, and tackle.

Gray had rather good luck capturing sharks, but the drugged sharks, once deposited in the tanks, would lie in a corner and die of suffocation. Swimming greatly facilitates the breathing of all pelagic sharks, for it forces water across their gills from the moment they are born to the moment they die. If they are anesthetized they of course cannot swim; and without swimming, breathing is difficult. For this reason many of the early sharks died of suffocation in confining live wells. This difficulty was corrected by directing a stream of water through the well, the theory being that if the shark could not pass through the water, the water could pass through the shark.

To augment the shark's recovery, Curator Arthur McBride evolved a system which is amiably called "walking the shark." As soon as one of Captain Gray's sharks was lowered into the flume of the oceanarium, two divers, one on each side, would grasp the shark around the middle and literally walk him back and forth, like a New Year's Eve victim, until the oxygen from the water flowing across his gills had sufficiently restored his metabolic processes to permit him to fend for himself.

Because he is busy surviving, the shark is neither fearful nor hungry, so the diver is in no danger. Even under ordinary conditions, when he is making his daily circuits of the tanks with his feeding basket, the diver is relatively safe.

Part of the fascination of diving, whether in the oceanarium or in the sea itself, is the otherworldliness of it, a feeling imparted by the pressure of the

cold water, the drumming of the air pump in the diver's helmet, the clumsy lightness of his body, and the strange floating world outside his helmet. A diver entering the Studios tanks is quickly surrounded by porpoises, rays, and jewfish looking for food, and he soon gets to know and enjoy the peculiarities of all the creatures in his marine barnyard. From his vantage point in the center of the circular oceanarium the many portholes look like tiers of prison cells.

It seems almost inconceivable to the public that the carnivores do not immediately devour the other fish within the confined quarters of the two tanks. One reason seems to be that they are well fed. At intervals throughout the day, divers descend into the circular and the rectangular tank with wire baskets full of the food most cherished by the various species. Fish soon become accustomed to eating this way, with the result that chasing live fish and devouring them actually becomes unnatural.

But there is another, and perhaps equally important, explanation. When a new fish enters the tank he is as scared as any other animal in new surroundings and shows it by darting about nervously. When he does so he is almost certain to be chased by the barracuda, jacks, tarpon, and other large carnivores — and perhaps eaten. Enjoyment of the chase is found everywhere throughout the animal kingdom and seems to be a strictly psychological phenomenon. A dog chases a scared cat; a cat chases a scared dog. A new boy in a gang is hazed. However, if the new fish is able to survive the first few days and behave normally by acclimating himself to his strange surroundings — lo, he is no longer chased. When two or three hundred fingerling mullet were put into the circular tank their chances were considered very slim, since they are a favorite food. Many were pursued and eaten at the outset, but there remain today several dozen very much larger mullet with a life expectancy that improves annually with their size.

At the Marine Studios the curious phenomenon of adaptation to strange surroundings may be observed not only in the rectangular but in the circular oceanarium, where to amuse themselves the porpoises chase new red snappers, grunts, and triggerfish around the tank, even toss them out of the water and sometimes eat them. After a few days the novelty wears off and the newcomers are ignored. How the porpoise, or indeed any other species, is able to tell the new residents from the old, unless it is because of their slightly different behavior pattern, is not known. A porpoise was once observed passing by one old-resident sheepshead to pursue a newcomer almost exactly the same size only a few feet away.

It should not be implied that old residents are never eaten, for they are occasionally. A giant grouper was photographed swallowing a sting ray,

a favorite food in the sea. So big was the ray that for two days his tail stuck out of the grouper's mouth. In the light of the moon, barracuda have been seen attacking mullet with a single savage thrust and severing their bodies neatly from their heads, which sink lifelessly to the bottom of the tank. Sharks have been seen doing the same. On several occasions porpoises have ganged up on and killed tigers in the circular tank while ignoring other kinds of sharks. They had their reasons for doing so. In the stomach of a 12-foot tiger shark which failed to survive capture, McBride found the greater part of the skeleton of a bottle-nosed dolphin. However, if cannibalism were not unusual in the tanks the whole idea of the oceanarium would be unworkable. To pay for a continuing large-scale replacement of casualties would be ruinous.

3

THE only segregation of species is that made necessary by the physical structure of the Marine Studios with its two tanks, circular and rectangular. The porpoises, because of their size and number and because they are active animals requiring ample swimming space, now share the circular tank with only a few other species — groupers, loggerhead turtles, and a variety of small reef fish. The reef fish stay close to protective niches in the rock at the bottom of the tank, the groupers congregate near the windows like the stag line at a dance, and the portly turtles navigate about with supreme indifference toward the porpoises with their trail of waves and bubbles. If the porpoises try to turn them over, butt them about, or otherwise worry them with their games, the turtles have only to retire to the bottom of the tank for a while.

Because the turtle is one of the most durable of animals, surviving almost unchanged from the armor-plated reptiles from which he sprang two hundred million years ago, the question of his life span is a fascinating one to ichthyologists. It is possible that land turtles, another group entirely, may live much longer, although again probably not as long as is commonly thought. While the scales of many fish, like the rings in tree trunks, closely indicate their ages, what of the age of the scaleless porpoise, the whale, and the shark? There is no exact knowledge. The moray eel is reported to have reached the age of fifty-five, the fresh-water catfish sixty, and the lowly sea anemone, surprisingly enough, one hundred.

The age which the giant grouper or jewfish can attain is not known, but observation at the Marine Studios has at least added this much to the store of knowledge of this species: that just as it is possible for a human being to die of obesity, so may a 500-pound, eighteen-year-old jewfish. Ever since the deceased specimen in question had been placed in the tanks two years previously, he had made himself

obnoxious by parking directly in front of the window most cherished by photographers for obtaining pictures of life in the circular oceanarium. Early on an April morning in 1949, Drayton Capo, the night pumpman, heard a great commotion in the tank and upon investigating found the jewfish crashing into the walls of the tank and caroming around at an astonishing speed. To the amazement of Capo, not to mention the porpoises, the usually torpid fish kept this up for some time until, at the end of his last strange pirouette, he died. An autopsy performed the same day revealed a liver so riddled with fat that it could not possibly function. Death was pronounced as due to overeating and lack of exercise. The fish had gained 50 pounds in two years, which brought his weight to within a mere 51 pounds of the largest specimen ever brought in on rod and reel — 551 pounds.

The Marine Studios giant jewfish had been brought up from very deep water in a commercial fishermen's net. The jewfish, although edible, is not a delicacy. Deciding that their ugly prize would be far more useful as an exhibit, the fishermen had hailed a Marine Studios collecting barge, which took him ashore.

While apparently in good condition when placed in the circular tank, the great fish could neither right himself nor submerge, and started swimming around the surface on his back. Apparently he was having trouble with his swim bladder, for it had expanded enormously during his sudden withdrawal to the surface in the net, and now would not deflate. Curator McBride therefore procured the largest syringe in his laboratory and, taking a station on a platform overhanging the surface of the water at the side of the tank, waited until the jewfish swam within reach of his needle. When he did, McBride thrust it into his side. Lunging away from the platform, the grouper started off on a dizzy marathon of the tank, the broken needle still protruding. But the operation was successful. The massive fish sank below the surface and soon righted himself. Long before the needle worked loose he recovered the enormous appetite which spelled his end two years later.

In his slovenly eating habits and disdain for exercise he proved no different from other groupers. They do not seem to exert themselves in the pursuit of food even in the ocean. Instead they are accustomed to hover in one place, and when a fish swims by they open their mouths and in a split second the prey disappears, like a coin cylinder in a pneumatic tube.

The jewfish that swallowed the sting ray at the Marine Studios had not been seen eating for a month until the day shocked spectators saw him "inhale" the 50-pound ray, which had swum too close. In one gulp he swallowed all except the tail! On another occasion, when a whip ray was having young, the jewfish stationed himself nearby and

ate the young as fast as they were born. When *Ebiddella* infested the South Florida coast and gained entrance to the oceanarium it temporarily blinded one jewfish. Until his sight was restored with applications of Silvot solution to his eyes, he was fed by merely waving a fish in front of his nose. The diver who fed him once came a little too close. Before he knew it, most of his arm had disappeared into the creature's mouth. When he landed a heavy blow on the head of the grouper the fish opened its huge jaws and released the arm unharmed.

A tame cormorant, one of a group brought to the Studios as a pet, while diving for scraps of fish one day, also came too close to the blind fish. Spectators were appalled to see the bird disappear in the maw of the grouper. In the second or two before he could be swallowed, however, the bird so pecked and jabbed at the interior of the grouper's mouth that the surprised fish disgorged him intact. To the amusement of observers the cormorant popped up to the surface like a cork, apparently none the worse for his experience.

4

UPON viewing the thousands of specimens in the rectangular tank, fishermen are somewhat saddened to think what lovely sport some of them would make on the end of a line. From time to time there has actually been some fishing in the rectangular tank, but purely for scientific or emergency reasons. On one occasion Curator McBride wanted to remove eight sheepshead. Fishing for them, he decided, would not only accomplish this more quickly than trying to net them, but perhaps add something to the general knowledge of how fish bite — and how they manage to steal the bait.

Spectators crowded the portholes as lucky members of the staff dangled fiddler crabs before the sheepshead in full view early one morning. By late afternoon four of the eight had been caught but four more, filled with fiddler crabs, were still at large. The technique of the surviving sheepshead was to approach the bait, examine it warily, then bite off the claws and feelers without exerting more than the slightest tug on the line. Having accomplished this, they would again approach and, without as much as touching the hook, remove the crab, so that when the fishermen raised their lines, all they had was a bare hook. The staff was at length reduced to the exasperating task of netting the four from the midst of thousands of other fish.

Of the great number of sharks that have lived in the rectangular tank, a few have been cannibals and hence have had to be withdrawn and carted away for fertilizer. Circling the tank slowly with their convoy of pilot fish, the vast majority appear almost oblivious to the galaxy of creatures within fin's length. They seem perfectly contented with

what they are fed and ordinarily cause no more concern to the divers than the tiny angelfish. There is always the exception, of course, which for unknown reasons goes on a rampage. A lemon shark went for weeks without eating anything, then suddenly devoured a sting ray and a spotted whip ray 5 feet long — but not before both rays had succeeded in sticking their poisonous barbs into his head.

The hard-shelled sea turtle is one of the few creatures that are more or less invulnerable to the shark, and in this connection Douglas Burden has reported a most remarkable circumstance. He was watching attendants feed a very large tiger shark, which was done by suspending half a tarpon, weighing perhaps 40 pounds, on the end of a wire. For a few minutes the shark cruised about, as was his custom, in a series of figure eights. Viewing his prospective meal from every angle, he at length turned and started for it in a beeline, opening his mouth wide as far away as fifteen feet.

At this point a big green turtle swam leisurely into the shark's path, completely unaware of the impending danger. He did not discover his error until the shark was a scant three feet away, and it was then too late to paddle to safety. With a deft and astonishingly fast motion he flipped himself up on his side, presenting his broad carapace to the cavernous mouth of the shark. When it snapped shut the spike-like teeth merely grazed the surface of the shell. The turtle then righted himself and with powerful strokes of his flippers left the vicinity. As for the shark, he made a new series of maneuvers and then swallowed his intended meal with one gulp. The feeding habits of resident sharks at the Marine Studios have disproved the old saw about a shark having to turn on his side to eat. He swallows his prey quite like any other fish.

Of the very few exceptions to the statement that sharks live peaceably on the food given them, perhaps the most notable was the case of the "deranged" sand tiger, whose eyes one morning started rolling about. He suddenly began to attack everything in his path. Advancing upon a sea turtle, he opened his mouth wide and closed it on the shell of the turtle with a crunch that sounded in the water, according to a diver, like hail on a tin roof. The shark broke off some of his front teeth in this unsuccessful assault, then proceeded to pursue other specimens in the tank. With his eyes still shifting about wildly he approached within six inches of the diver, who fended him off with his wire feeding basket and hastily made for the ladder leading out of the tank. Since neither he nor the other divers were anxious to go down again, the aquarist decided that the shark must go. Grappling hooks were secured; and as the fascinated public stood by, the aquarist, with the aid of the divers, lowered the hooks and waited for the "deranged" shark to pass over them on his next tour around the tank. When

he did they quickly pulled up their stout line and managed to sink the hooks into his soft underbelly.

A fearful struggle ensued as the shark, with powerful lashes of his tail, tried to free himself. With a lunge he suddenly got away. As he took off on repeated circuits of the tank, he was swimming so much faster that it was much more difficult to hook him. At last they succeeded, however. Dragging him toward the gate to the flume, they managed to pull him through and to attach their line to the cable of the hoist. So great were the shark's struggles that it was some time before they could draw him out of the water with the winch and lower him into a truck waiting below the outside wall of the flume.

An interesting sidelight to the departure of the troublesome shark was the failure of two remoras fastened to his head and body to disengage themselves when he was hauled out of the water. Loyal to the last, like officers of a sinking ship, they accompanied their host to the boneyard, although they might easily have fastened themselves to one of the other sharks in the tank.

Unlike the lamprey, which sucks the blood of its host, the shark remora uses his adhesive disc only as a means of transportation. When the shark attacks his prey the remora loosens his grip and swims forward to pick up scraps of food resulting from the fray, then hurries back to reattach himself and ride forth to his next meal. A single shark may carry three or four remoras one to two feet long without discomfort or annoyance since his passengers are streamlined and offer little resistance. If the adhesive disc, whose interior structure resembles the slats in a Venetian blind, remains in one location long enough, however, it may affect the skin of the shark or the tarpon, to which they also attach themselves. So great is the adhesive power of the discs that they have occasionally been employed in catching turtles. This is done by tying a line to the remora's tail and releasing him in the water in the vicinity of the turtle. The peculiar fish will quickly orient himself and with no delay swim to the turtle. So powerful is his hold upon the shell that the line attached to the remora's tail may be drawn in slowly, bringing both remora and turtle to the boat.

This affinity of one marine creature for another dissimilar in every way is one of the most intriguing phenomena of the sea. In small tropical aquariums set into the walls in the corridor a number of these relationships may be seen. In the same tanks containing tiny sea horses are small red sponges that seem to have legs. Close examination reveals that the legs belong to small crabs which carry the sponge around on their backs and in so doing greatly diminish their chances of being seen and eaten. The traveling sponge is at the same time far less likely than a stationary one to be covered with sand.

Another species of crab, the hermit, improves his natural defenses by carrying sea anemones around on his shell. The migrating anemone has a far greater opportunity to satisfy its appetite than one which must wait in one place to trap an errant fish. In return for providing the anemone with a more fruitful hunting ground, the crab may exact a fee by appropriating and eating some of the prey trapped by his consort and at the same time gain security from enemies such as the octopus through the anemone's stinging tentacles. Lumbering about with the added protection of a conch or whelk shell on his back, the hermit is one of the more familiar examples of "cohabitation." The Marine Studios collecting staff brought in one crab whose borrowed shell also sustained five sea anemones, two slipper shells, eight small barnacles, a dozen tube worms, a large flatworm, and a pink porcelain crab.

Perhaps the strangest relationship of all is enjoyed by the sea slug and small members of the anemone family. The sea slug or nudibranch, a snail that has no shell, can without difficulty swallow stinging cells like those with which the anemone kills its prey. The cells are not digested but in some manner migrate out to the surface of the nudibranch, where with the slightest stimulus they may be set off to poison predators. How the sea slug manages this feat of acquired protection is a mystery no less remarkable than how the eel finds his way thousands of miles to spawn in the deep Sargasso Sea, or the salmon his tortuous route to the tiny stream where he was born. Someday the myriad forms in the sea may be understood as thoroughly as life on the land. Meanwhile it is refreshing to think that there are many natural mysteries for which an increasingly scientific world has no explanation whatever.



MORNING DRAWS NEAR

by JOHN HALL WHEELLOCK

MORNING draws near. Already watery gleams
Seep through, diluting darkness; premonitions
Of dawn run on the air; imminent light
Wells fire along the horizon. Day is waking!
By shore and dune, in meadow, marsh and wood,
To the old torment, to the bloody task
And tragedy of being, to the delight,
The longing and the wonder, life is waking!
Faint pipings prick the dusk, preludes to joy
At the coming of the god; the robin first
With frenzied caroling gives thanks; the wren,
The oriole, chewink, flicker and chat
Sound jubilant assent; the thrushes last
With solemn chant antiphonal proclaim
Resurrection and return. Spirit is waking!
The spirit that sleeps in metal and in stone,
In flower and tree, in water, earth and air,
And in the spinning demons of the atom,
And in the stars, and in the beast in man
Sleeps, but is growing restless and shall win
A way out of its prison. Hope is waking!
All time present and all time to come,
All time past — the past, which has been the future,
As the future shall be the past — all spirits living,
All spirits that were, all spirits yet to be,
In this brief moment, this eternal now,
Wait on that hope: we are all here together.

Collision?

If pilots have only split seconds for correcting a collision course at today's fantastic speeds in the air, how can military and commercial flying be protected from the ever-growing hazard of the mid-air crash? It takes a minimum of three seconds for the pilot to see and react to danger, and this interval at speeds ranging from 600 mph to the supersonic devours a half mile and more of distance. COLONEL H. G. MOSELEY, a Flight Surgeon, is Chief of the Aero-Medical Safety Division in the U. S. Air Force's Directorate of Flight Safety Research.

THE CHALLENGE OF HIGH-SPEED FLYING

by COL. H. G. MOSELEY, USAF (MC)

1

FLYING has become a challenge: an exquisite challenge to man's ability to design, to engineer, and to build; a provoking challenge to his skill and daring in a realm of new and formidable frontiers. In meeting this challenge, he has been amazingly successful; so successful, in fact, that like a precocious youth he is hurtling past all known concepts and confounding his professors by asking the solution of thermal barriers, cosmic rays, and other riddles which are not yet included in the textbooks.

However, an unexplained complication has arisen that is causing him to pause in his bludgeoning progress. It is a matter of tolerances which cannot be improved and of design which cannot be changed. It is the design of man himself, who must fly these fabulous products of his ingenuity. And the limitation of concern is not his physical frailty, but an unexpected inadequacy in the very method by which he has been able to survive through these many millenniums.

The human animal has survived by virtue of his ability to perceive, decide, and react. He perceives existing conditions, decides whether they are hostile or friendly, alluring or distasteful, and reacts in the way best calculated to ensure his survival. From prehistoric times to the present, this basic behavioral sequence has not changed, not even when man solved the riddle of lift and energy and undertook the conquest of space. This is the more amazing because man is placing himself in competition with ever more awesome machines and dangerous environments. Were the modern pilot placed side by side with Cro-Magnon man and confronted with a mutually understandable situation such as the sudden appearance of a saber-tooth tiger, both would perceive the situation with the same speed, interpret it as being hostile at approximately the same instant, and react by withdrawal with about the same alacrity. However, in modern high-speed flying, man is pitting himself against opponents that

are immeasurably more hostile than a saber-tooth tiger. These are gravity, space, and velocity.

Of the three, velocity is emerging as the most implacable foe. Gravity and space are rather effectively held at bay by aerodynamics and by man's ability to carry his necessary environment in the bubble of his canopy or the enclosure of his cabin. But in the velocity of flight, man finds himself continually pitting his wits against a course of events which transpire with unbelievable rapidity. And here, perhaps for the first time in all his occupations, man finds that he has placed himself in a true enigma, and that his physical limitations are completely inadequate for the demands of the game. As a result, he is frequently in jeopardy, and even slight errors can be attended with results that are enormously traumatic.

Successful flight is absolutely dependent upon the pilot's ability to 1) perceive his world and cockpit about him, 2) recognize the meaning and significance of what he perceives and decide from such observations the course of action which will best guarantee unhampered continuance of his flight, and 3) react in a manner that will not only make the aircraft respond to his decisions, but maintain it in flight during his preoccupations and distractions. In modern high-speed aircraft, he frequently finds himself performing these tasks while he is traveling at speeds slightly below Mach 1, or approximately 600 miles per hour. At this speed he is traversing space at 880 feet per second.

Here is where it is quite appropriate to contemplate a small measure of time — one tenth of one second, to be exact. This is the amount of time it takes, on the average, for the optic nerve and its ramifications to carry any image the retina of the eye picks up to the brain. In other words, we "see" an object approximately one tenth of a second after our eye beholds it.

This delay, so insignificant in our normal lives, obtains startling stature in the occupation of flying.

While flying at 600 miles per hour, the pilot traverses 88 feet in that instant. Thus he is 88 feet closer to an object in front of him than he thinks he is when he sees it. And this is as unchangeable as the laws of nature, because no known drugs or electronics or forces can reduce this lag. It is an integral part of the human design.

Yet visual perception is one of the fastest processes upon which man depends for his survival. Reaction is much slower. It takes on the average four tenths of a second before a decision from the brain can be transmitted into useful action. Four tenths of a second for the nerves to carry the impulses and to stimulate the hands or feet into effective movement. Four tenths of a second before the pilot, having decided to turn his aircraft, can put such a decision into action. At 600 miles per hour, this can be converted into an absolute forward displacement of 352 feet.

But the most confounding of all are the requirements for interpreting and deciding. When the pilot's eyes behold an object before him in the sky and the message is carried to the seeing center of his brain, it takes a definite measure of time for the significance of that object to be catalogued. Is it a star or a spot on the windshield, and thus unimportant to the course of his flight? Or is it a weather balloon or another aircraft, and thus a potential threat to his survival? In other words, what is seen must be recognized and evaluated. Even with the maximum of alertness and the greatest of familiarity with objects to be encountered in the sky, such recognition is computed to take at least one-half second, and probably takes longer.

The decision of what to do after the significance of an object or event is understood is the most variable of all. Ordinarily, decisions which must be made when life and death are at stake require a profundity of reflection, a weighing of factors, and the eventual distillation of a choice. But the pilot who holds his own life and often the lives of many others in the balance has no time for reflection. When a hostile object appears in the sky before him, he must decide instantly whether or not he should turn his aircraft, and if so whether he should turn up or down, or right or left, and whether he should slow his speed or accelerate, and even whether or not his plane can structurally stand the maneuver he is about to attempt. His decision must be correct. It is difficult to compute the minimum time in which a pilot can conjure up the important factors to be considered in making such a decision, weigh them, and arrive at a choice. It is probable that four or five seconds will elapse. It is possible that he can decide within two seconds, although such instant decisions must be attended with an element of luck to be successful.

Thus, in the alert and fortunate pilot we can expect a minimum of two and a half seconds for his recognition and decision. When we consider the

added time of his perception and reaction, we are faced with an absolute minimum requirement of three seconds of time. During this period, while flying at 600 miles per hour, he irrevocably traverses 2640 feet of space or one-half mile, regardless of impediments or danger, regardless of desire, decision, or action to avoid it.

If he is on a collision course with another aircraft, this space deficit will be doubled. The significance of man's inability to cope with such rates of closure was dramatically illustrated last year by two young pilots. They were flying high-performance jet fighters and had been practicing simulated air-to-air combat maneuvers. Apparently tiring of chasing one another, they announced that they were going to separate a few miles and try a head-on pass. Another pilot who heard this statement immediately warned them against such a maneuver. Whether they did not hear him or whether they simply disregarded instructions will never be known. The only certainty is that it was their last mortal decision. They collided with the explosive impact of two gigantic bullets. Yet little else could be expected. Their closing speed was over 1700 feet per second! Paradoxically, it was their acuity of vision and sureness of action which allowed them to establish their tragic course. They simply failed to reckon with their own physiological inertia.

2

THIS brings up another consideration which is difficult to compute, but which is growing in significance as the speeds of flight increase. This is the probability of perceiving the warnings of instruments or of seeing outside obstacles which are detrimental to flight. It is obvious that instruments telling of the flight path, fuel reserve, and other items cannot all be watched constantly or thus interpreted instantly when dangerous situations or levels are reached. Therefore, the pilot sometimes finds that he has placed himself in an untenable position, such as running out of fuel, through oversight or while having his attention diverted to other things. But of greater concern and of ever-increasing magnitude as the speeds of flight increase is the probability of seeing a collision object outside the aircraft. It is obvious that the pilot cannot see a mountain in front of him while flying in the clouds, or unlighted obstacles while flying at night. However, less obvious is the improbability of seeing an object outside of the cockpit even on a clear day. The following event is revealing: —

A pilot of a jet bomber was recently flying at 30,000 feet at eleven in the morning on a clear day. He made a slow turn and was startled to see three other jet bombers approximately one mile away and on a collision course toward him. He did not have time to react or alter the course of his aircraft during the three or four seconds of closure, and shot

through the formation, missing the nose of the first aircraft, flying under the second, and flying over the third. As he went over the third bomber, one of his engines hit the upper portion of this bomber's tail and knocked it off. The pilot who flew through the formation then returned to his home base, landed, and recounted his experience. Inasmuch as no report had been received from the formation he had flown through, it was called and requested to land. When it landed it was found out that the formation consisted not of three aircraft, but of six. The aircraft whose tail had been hit was not significantly damaged; it was a matter of small concern. However, of great amazement was the fact that neither the pilot, the co-pilot, nor the observer in any of the six aircraft of the formation had seen the other bomber fly through them!

How is such a phenomenon explained? It is partly explained by the fact that modern flying requires a great breadth of attention to a great many instruments and objects, and it is not possible to be constantly on the alert for a collision object. But mostly it is explained once more by the lag of the human mechanism. It is seldom that an image falls directly upon the fovea or the central visual point of the eye. Instead, the stimulus falls on some off-center area and the eye responds by turning toward the stimulus. This takes time. And then after the eye is directed toward the stimulus, it must be focused. Like a camera lens, the eye needs time to bring the image sharply upon the fovea. And in the vastness of space where there is little in the outside realm to command attention, eyes tend to become focused on recognizable things in the cockpit or to be relaxed and follow the effortless pattern of looking at the nothingness that lies a few feet ahead. For in the concealment of the cockpit it is impossible to grasp the magnitude of conditions outside. Only an occasional individual such as test pilot George Smith, who ejected at 700 miles per hour and miraculously survived, can give us some clue as to the real meaning of flight, and of nature's monstrous resentment.

These events signal an era of new and changing conditions. And when conditions change, life must adapt or die. Fortunately man is a highly adaptable animal, and it is his ability to adapt which will undoubtedly allow him to inhabit the missiles of the future and survive. But inasmuch as the penalty for error is extremely harsh in the occupation of flying, we might do well to anticipate some of the future requirements and lower the cost. Although all of the dangers which lie ahead cannot be foreseen, a few at least are obvious.

The most apparent of these is that as speeds increase and as the number of aircraft multiplies, the age-old method of survival by seeing and evading will become completely obsolete. Closing speeds

will be so great that a pilot will be committed to a mid-air collision even as, or before, he sees another aircraft. Uninterrupted flying will thus become completely dependent upon strict, accurate air traffic control. And unless man soon makes these laws, and keeps them inviolate, nature will exact the death penalty.

Another fairly obvious conclusion is that the speeds of future flight will commit an aircraft and its occupants to a definite and unalterable course that will involve irrevocable miles of distance in the few seconds required for the human operator to perceive, to decide, and to react. These requirements are absolute and can in no way be eliminated from the occupation of flying. However, there is an evasion which is not only possible but highly practical. This is taking the requirement of decision and accomplishing it *before the flight takes place*. It is current practice to plan carefully the anticipated course before each flight. This is the only sensible method of avoiding fixed obstacles. However, there are countless additional decisions the pilot still must make in flight, and he sometimes errs and accidents result. If the majority or all of such decisions could be made before he leaves the ground, they could be attended with greater thought, be more accurate, and not demand the irrevocable block of space which accompanies in-flight decisions. Although this may seem to deprive the pilot of much of his independence, it is nevertheless highly practical. Successful flying operations, both commercial and military, are resorting more and more to this rigid discipline. Furthermore, it is the gospel of test pilots. More than anyone else, they endeavor to preconceive every hazard or hazardous condition before it arises. Then when emergencies occur, they only need to perceive them and react. The decision has already been made, and their immediate reaction is unequivocal and life-saving. And this is a peculiar twist in the pattern of survival, for the life-saving decisions do not come between what man sees and what he does, but the decision comes first of all. This altered sequence might well become the law of future flight.

However, if airborne man is to survive, the greatest responsibility of all falls upon those who design and engineer and produce aircraft. For the man in the cockpit is mortal and he is limited. Therefore, aeronautical science must understand him well and adjust the miracles of progress to his slow chemistry and his propensity for error. Thus the challenge. It is a challenge to develop and provide simplicity of perception, clarity of interpretation, and ease of manipulation, even as the aircraft themselves become ever more complex. And the requirement is absolute. If design should neglect or complicate the human lot, man cannot help destroying the fabulous machines of the future, and all who occupy them.



An Atlantic "First"

A STORY



A veteran who served in the Infantry in Italy during World War II, RICHARD YOUNG THURMAN is a graduate of Utah State Agricultural College. For the past three years he has been doing editorial work for a trade magazine and he is now living in Seattle, Washington. This story of the trials and tribulations of a bill collector marks Mr. Thurman's first appearance in the Atlantic.

THE CREDIT LINE

by RICHARD YOUNG THURMAN

WHAT did you say you studied in college?" I was hoping to avoid that question. On the basis of principle I was proud of what I had studied, but I knew it would have made a more effective impression right then if I could have said fly-tying or welding.

"English."

"Ah, English."

I didn't look up at him, but I imagined there was that smile on his face that showed how quaintly he regarded my four misspent years.

"English. Oh, how I envy you. Studying the poets, the great writers — Longfellow, Jack London, Emily Post, and the rest. I, too, have wanted to do all that, but I have had to work hard all my life. Be that as it may, we cannot possibly lend you any money. Personally, I'd like to. But you have no job; so how could we hope to get our money back?"

"But I am hungry. Doesn't that make any difference?"

"To me it makes a great difference, but it's not my money to lend. It's the Company's money. But maybe I have something for you better than money. Maybe I have a job for you that you'd like. In this job, I promise you, you'll meet people you've never even heard about in your books."

He described it to me. I gathered that I was to be called a Field Representative; I also gathered that this title was merely a shield I carried before me into the field while collecting delinquent payments.

"Well, it doesn't sound bad," I said, quite stunned by the horror of the job. "But how do I go about getting money out of people if they don't want to pay?"

"You just go out and pick it up."

"If it's that easy, why don't you already have it?"

This, I could see, hurt him. He looked at me gravely, making it apparent that I was too light-hearted about all of this for his taste. Then he asked me, implored me, never to strike any of the customers while collecting money.

"Feel free to let them beat you up a little, but, please, never hit back. Sometimes it works, but more often it just gives the Company a bad name."

"All right," I promised. "But I still don't know how to go about it. Where do I start?"

"I really don't want to tell you," he said after some thought. "I could tell you how I do it, of course, or how Leonard, our other Field man, does it, but I'd rather you found your own way."

He begged me a few more times not to hit anyone. I am big enough to kill a man without much trouble, and I guess he had some serious thoughts about turning me loose on the public. When I finally left his office, I left him with the pleasure of thinking that only his good advice would hold me back from breaking bones and drinking warm blood while in the field. Actually, of course, the thing holding me back was my paralyzing innocence at asking anyone for money, a thing I had always considered the grossest breach of good taste. I thumbed through the cards containing the case histories of my delinquent accounts until I came to one that stirred the most response. Compassion was what I had most of right then, and it was evident from the case history of Sam Deaks that everything but compassion had been tried and had failed.

While driving out to the Deaks place I drafted a rough speech in my mind, an eloquent apology, not only for my coming for the money they owed, but for the whole sad state of Man that made such indignities necessary.

My banging on the paint-peeled door of the apartment house finally brought out a small woman.

"Mrs. Deaks?"

She grunted a little and glared.

"Mrs. Deaks, I want you to know that I am not here to bully or harass. I am not here to continue the torment to which, judging from your case history here in my hand, you and your family have been put. I am here to help you in whatever way I can. In short, Mrs. Deaks, I am here to . . ."

By this time I was way off the script I had prepared. I had hoped to take her by sympathetic storm, but all I had done was to make her face harder with every word. Then she slammed the door on the foot I had moved into it.

"Now just a minute, Mrs. Deaks. You don't even know who I am."

"Oh, don't I? You're from Thrifty Finance, that's who you are. Last time it was a Cadillac I'd just won. Lord knows what you're pretending to sell or give away this time."

"Please, Mrs. Deaks, I didn't come for anything but to help you if I can."

"Okay. You can start helping me by getting your damn big foot out of the door."

She tried to slam it tighter against my foot. We were looking at each other through this small opening and there must have been something quite disarming in what she saw. The door opened just enough for the blood to start up again in my toes.

"You're lying to me," she said. "You're not from Thrifty Finance."

"I never said I was. But I am. And why would I say it if I weren't?"

"That's right. That's certainly not a thing you'd go around saying just for the sake of lying."

Then she looked at me very closely for a minute. She opened the door and looked at me all the way from my shoes up to my hat.

"Well, you may be with them, but you haven't been with them long."

"Just three hours."

"I knew it. You're too fine a looking boy to have been around that place more than a few hours. It will get you. Watch and see. But right now, why don't you come in for a cup of coffee?"

"All right," I said, and she took me by the hand and led me down a long dark hallway lit only by a foggy skylight high above.

"Three hours, eh? Then I guess you don't know much about how they make their loans down there. Well, I'll tell you how they made this one. They snatched Sam right up off the street. They saw him walking past the office, and there was never

a man looked more like he needed a dollar than Sam. So they smiled at him through the window. They even went over to open the door for him. And in he went, and they asked him where he worked, and how much furniture we had, and they wrote all of this down and handed him a hundred dollars and out he went, drunk for three days. And you know when I first heard about it?"

"No. When did you first hear about it?"

"The first time I heard about it was three months later when they backed the truck up in front of our house and moved out all the furniture. They took the couch right out from under Sam when he was down with the arthritis again. But that made me happy for a time, seeing him lying there on the floor after doing such a fool thing."

"Didn't they send notices?"

"Lots of them. But they didn't mean anything to me, and Sam kept saying they didn't mean anything to him."

I let my eyes drift around the room we had just come into at the end of the hall. I looked at the big television set, and at the couch and chairs, and at the bright green rug on the floor. Everything was so shining new that I could barely see beyond the glare to the shabby walls of the apartment.

"Oh, no you don't," she said. "I know just what you're thinking and you better stop it. Everything here's ours or being paid for, just like it would be with you if you weren't such a crook."

"But, Mrs. Deaks, I . . ."

"But Mrs. Deaks nothing. Every time I think of you dragging poor Sam in off the street. And that moving van . . ."

She picked up a dish of fruit and came halfway across the room at me. "Don't you dare sit on that couch," she yelled, pushing me back against it. "You vulture. Waiting till my back's turned to steal the rest of what we have. Now you just get out of here and never come back or you'll get hit in the face like that other one."

I made a grab for the fruit dish, and while I was holding it above her head she kept pounding me on the chest with both her fists. That's when I got a little mad and took her by the arm. "Now you just listen to me. I came here to help you, and I'm going to help you, no matter how nasty and uncoöperative you are."

I put the fruit back on the table and flung the door open and slammed it shut as I left.

2

I WALKED around the block a few times, choked with a righteousness so enormous that I hardly recognized it as mine. Then I went back to the apartment and pounded on the door again. Nobody came. But when I tried the door it pushed open and I walked quietly down the hall toward the living room. "I'm coming in for that cup of coffee," I said,

standing close to the door and getting ready to dive for the bowl of fruit.

She looked at me; then she shrugged her shoulders and brought out the coffeepot from the kitchen. For more than an hour she and I and her son, a small boy who kept bumping into things whenever he moved more than two feet from his chair, sat around and talked about a little of everything, except the money I had come for.

"I can see it hasn't been easy for you."

"Take Will here as an example of how easy it's been. Will's a fine boy, but just look at him, trying his best to get some idea of what you look like across the room."

Will was about twelve years old, and he kept squinting at me and apologizing with his smiles for having to screw his face up so.

"Can't he wear glasses?"

"You ought to see them. As thick as diamonds and costing twice as much. We're saving for them, but as long as Will's without glasses for want of money, I'll not pay a blessed cent to a robber like you."

That's how it went during that hour. For a while she would forget that I was anyone but just me, and then she would go on and on, filling my ears with tales of unimaginable suffering and hard luck. But there was never a whine in the telling — only a fierce, towering pride in recounting all her family had borne up under. I found myself envying the Deaks family their heroic battle, and I left her apartment with no money but with a deep conviction that Thrifty was indeed the den of thieves she said it was.

I told the head thief about that part of my experience with the Deakses which I thought consistent with good taste and diplomacy.

"Phony baloney! They've been pulling that 'We've got it too tough to pay' routine ever since they hooked us for the money."

"Mrs. Deaks said you hauled Mr. Deaks in off the street and forced the money on him."

"That whole family, kids and all, came in here walking on their knees to get that money. She's plain crazy. How else you going to explain someone like that? Coming in and borrowing money with never a thought of paying it back! Well, I'll tell you what we're going to do. They think we're so tough, so we'll just show them they're right. We're going to get that money if it takes twenty-four hours a day."

From that time on the Deakses were never given a single day without some calculated reminder that Thrifty was on the job and determined. Sometimes I would make the telephone call, clutching my Adam's apple to disguise my voice; sometimes it would be the manager or the assistant manager. Taking our tip from other masters of terror in our time, we would usually make our calls at night so that the Deakses would have our warnings to sit

up with the rest of the sleepless night. The manager took great delight in the strategy and energy of this campaign. "No one," he told me one morning after making a 3 A.M. call to them, "can stand up under this sort of pressure. You watch. They'll be breaking."

During this time, what with the coffee and the occasional lunch or dinner shared with them, I had become their good friend, and it was far beyond Mrs. Deaks's essential innocence to imagine that I might have been the one who had phoned the night before.

"They phoned me again last night," she would say to me, "and just as I was about to go crazy with Helga's poor leg. It's a funny thing, you know, but I've come to enjoy talking with that poor man at night. He seemed so desperate that it comforted me a little just trying to calm him down a bit."

What the manager, with his good salary, his trim wife, and the childless simplicity of his modern apartment, would never understand about the Deakses was the insignificance of a Thrifty threat when piled on top of the mountain of troubles they always had upon them. What could it add to the agony of the leg Helga had broken while bowling, or to Will's near blindness, or to Mr. Deaks's growing arthritis, or to Mrs. Deaks's gallstones, or to their married daughter's threat to return home with her three and a half children if her husband didn't stop beating her?

But even though I came to know intimately the cluttered landscape of the Deakses' life and knew that credit extended and credit withdrawn, purchase and repossession, were as impersonally regarded by them as the air I breathed, I still shared with the manager a certain blindness in regard to the way they really felt, or didn't feel, about the money they owed us. I had inherited from my father, and he from his, the black sense that debt was the gravest of all sins, beside which murder was no more than a high-spirited lark. And so I imagined the Deakses must have felt that way, too, even though they pretended not to. And I suppose that is why I did what I did.

3

THE idea hit me one day just as I was coming away from breakfast at their house. I had seen the old man hobble off to work, his arthritis almost killing him, he said, but not nearly so much as Mrs. Deaks's badgering him to get out of the house and get to work.

"He's a good enough worker," she said. "But it don't come natural to him. It takes a prod now and then to remind him of his duties."

I guess there was something about the way he hobbled down the hall, or the way she said what she had, that gave me this idea of assuming the

whole burden of the Deaks' debt to us, along with what I imagined to be their consequent guilt.

Down at the office I was a hero, of course, when I proudly announced that the Deaks had finally paid off in full. It took everything I had saved to pay it off, but it was worth every cent to hear them all wondering how I had done it. The manager inclined toward his midnight calls as an explanation, but the assistant manager reminded him that they had tried those same tactics several times before I had come to Thrifty, all of them unsuccessfully. So they wondered and I gloated. But my pleasure then was nothing compared with my excitement that evening when I went up to the Deaks' apartment.

Sitting around in their living room after our first cup of coffee, I pulled out the note the Deaks had signed so long before. Neither of them seemed to recognize it, so I explained what it was and then showed them the "Paid" stamped across the face of it.

"But how . . ."

"Now you won't have to worry about midnight calls or any more stupid letters."

I felt I must have overwhelmed them with my own joy, for there was none on their faces and no one said a word.

"You paid it," she finally said. "You paid it with your own money. Without even asking us how we felt about it, you went and paid it. Why? This way it makes it look like we really owed it."

"You did owe it, Mrs. Deaks."

"We never did. All I know is that Sam was drug in off the street, made to take that money, and then the furniture was moved away. What he did was to sell them the furniture as far as I can see. We never owed them a cent after they took that."

"Just like I've told you before, Mrs. Deaks, the furniture was just security for the loan. When the loan wasn't paid, the security was taken and sold and the sale price was applied to what you owed."

"So we ended up owing them almost as much as when Sam got it. That don't make any sense to me."

"Well, sense or not, it's behind you now."

"Willie," she said, her face harder than I had ever seen it, "go get me the cup. We'll take care of this right now."

"Get the cup? What'll we do about . . ."

"We'll do. We'll just do. Get it."

Will backed out of the room and into the kitchen, his eyes shooting out at me like wet peas from down the long barrel of those incredibly thick new glasses of his. He brought the cup back and handed it to her — a quite ordinary-looking cup, distinguished only by the flight of ducks that started near the handle and flew in wild abundance all around and back.

Mrs. Deaks reached into the middle of that flock of ducks and pulled out some money.

"Here's fifteen dollars," she said. "You'll get that much next week, and the week after, and so on until you're paid. Now I think you better go."

"Mrs. Deaks, please, listen."

"Don't talk now. Just go."

4

THE next week was a busy one for me, but I thought of them often, mainly because I began to feel the pinch of putting out money I could ill afford. Then Mrs. Deaks phoned me on Friday and asked if I could pick her up at her place and ride over to the plant to get Mr. Deaks.

"We'll never get the money if he gets out of there with his check. He stops off for a while before coming home, and that's when he'll spend your money."

"Let him spend it, Mrs. Deaks. You know that what you're asking is not what I want. I did it simply because I'm fond of you folks."

"I didn't notice your caring about what we wanted when you went and paid. You be here at four-thirty. No later."

That's the way it went for the next few weeks. Every Friday she would phone me and I would pick her up and we would go over to the plant to wait for him. Innocent and unsuspecting at first, he became increasingly hard to find. But under Mrs. Deaks's generalship, and with the aid of Will, Helga, and the married daughter with her oldest boy, we were always a few moves ahead of him. With his new glasses, Will showed a particular flair for this sort of hunting, and found Mr. Deaks one Friday hiding beneath a pile of rope in the back of a truck that was pulling out of the plant.

During all those weeks when the Deaks were paying me back fifteen dollars each Friday, I imagined they must be undergoing some hardship, of course, but I was shocked sick when I called on them one evening and saw that all their bright, brassy new furniture was gone.

"I know this is all on account of me, but why do you put yourself through so much to pay me back money I don't want?"

"You're a smart boy. You can figure that out."

This, coming from Mr. Deaks, was a shock. His face ordinarily was a little loose, hanging in some vague halfway state between jolliness and petulance. But now he looked like Mrs. Deaks. In fact the whole family looked to me like some steel engraving from seventeenth-century New England; only the flintlocks, the hats, the buckled shoes, and the white bibs were missing from that tableau of fierce rectitude.

"I just came to tell you I won't take your money tomorrow. I absolutely refuse. I want you to wait at least another week before paying me anything."

"What you want and what you'll get are . . ."

"That's right, Sam. They're two different things."

We'll go right on paying until we don't owe you a cent. How much do we owe you now? Fifty dollars? Sixty?"

I was shocked once more, and then it was just like being with old friends again. With their grim program of paying me back as soon as possible, I had naturally thought that Mrs. Deaks was keeping an exact accounting of what was owed me. But here was this new glimpse into the innocent, riotously disorganized soul of the Deaks family.

"You owe me just ten dollars," I said, telling about a ten-dollar lie.

"Good heavens! That little? Why, we can pay that easy tomorrow."

"Sure, we can pay that easy," he said. "I've made it this far, and who'll say I can't make it tomorrow?"

He was looking around and beaming with what they had done, and no one bothered to mention all those Fridays we had spent looking for him.

"You just tell me where you want the money brought tomorrow and I'll be there."

"Why not bring it here?" I said. "Why don't we have a little celebration tomorrow night? We've all earned it."

"Here? That's just the ticket. How about coming for dinner? We'll get a pot roast."

By the time I arrived the next evening the place was transformed. There was a new couch, a modern two-section affair with resplendent gold metallic thread shooting through the red frieze, matching chairs, two new tables, and new table lamps with shades like the swirling skirts of ballerinas.

"How do you like it?" she beamed. "Everything's here again."

"Everything but Pa," said Will. "And he won't be here. You can bet on that."

"Supper won't be a minute," she said. "Can I get you a glass of beer?"

"Please," I said, and when she had left I turned to Will. "What makes you think he won't be here?"

"What makes you think he will?"

"He said he would, didn't he?"

"So, he said he would," and I swear I could see the light come way down deep in his eyes before the phone even rang.

"That'll be Pa," he said. He answered the phone and held it out to me.

"Mr. Grishell? How the hell are you, Mr. Grishell? This is Sam Deaks talking. I just wanted you to know I hadn't forgotten about tonight. No, sir. In fact I was on my way home when I got dislocated a little and ended up here."

"Don't apologize, Mr. Deaks."

"Who's apologizing? I'm just telling you why I won't be home. I got this bottle, thinking it might be nice to have around tonight. And . . . Well, here I am. But I don't want you to do any worrying, Mr. Grishell. You'll get that money

next Friday. You can count on that . . . this is Sam Deaks talking."

No one mentioned either him or the money for the rest of the evening, but with food costing what it does, and with what I ate that night, I made a pretty good nick in their balance with me.

Aside from a few other meals with them, all of them comfortably free from any talk about money, that was one of the last times I saw the Deakses except at a distance. I've seen them walking down the street a few times and I've waved at them and they've waved back. But then one day, just a few days ago, I was walking along on my collection rounds when a car pulled up alongside me. It was a Buick, shining and chromed from bumper to bumper. It wasn't the latest in Buicks, but it was new enough to move with inconspicuous respectability along any street in town. And there at the wheel was Sam Deaks, and there were all the rest of them.

"Mr. Grishell," they called out.

I walked over to the car.

"What do you think of it?" he beamed at me. "Isn't she a beauty?"

"It sure is. What did you do? Rob a bank? Find a better job?"

"Neither," she said. "Sam lost his old job, in fact, and we're going down now to see about an ad for a job in the paper. But what do you think of the car?"

"It's a real beauty. But how . . ."

"How'd we get it?" she laughed. "Well, just a while ago, a little after we'd gotten paid up at your place, we got a letter from the manager at Thrifty telling us that our credit had now been established and for us to drop in any time. They're not really such bad folks down there. I guess we just had a misunderstanding. But it sure is nice having a car that really runs."

"Can we drop you anywhere, Mr. Grishell?" Mr. Deaks asked.

"No, thanks. I'm out for the exercise as much as anything."

"Well, all right," he said, more confident and more relaxed than I had ever seen him, and with all of them paying him more attention than they ever had. "But why don't you drop around and see us? Any time. There's always coffee, or a beer, or a bite to eat."

"I'll do that. I'd like to visit with you folks again."

"Well, you know how we feel about you, Mr. Grishell," she said, and then they were off like a rocket.

I watched them down the street, and fast as they were traveling, they were still in sight by the time I had decided to get another job. I couldn't afford to pay for that car, and I certainly wasn't up to taking it away from them.



*Professor of History at Harvard and an authority on the blood streams that have poured into this country, OSCAR HANDLIN went to Europe last summer to work on his new book. While there, he kept an eye out for those Americans — the twice-uprooted — who had left the homeland to find their fortunes in the New World and then returned. What does the village make of these lost sons? Are they as disruptive in their return as in their departure? Professor Handlin's book *The Uprooted* won the Pulitzer Prize for History in 1952.*

IMMIGRANTS WHO GO BACK

by OSCAR HANDLIN

1

AS THE road turned and began to climb the hillside, we could look back down toward Olympia. There in the valley, where the fallen columns speckled with gray the green of the meadows, was the ancient site of the Hellenic games. There, for a thousand years, the Greeks had gathered from every end of the Mediterranean world to renew in sacred rites the ties that bound them in kinship and in devotion to the ancestral gods. Jolting upward along the dirt road, we soon lost sight of the smooth-flowing Alpheios and of the whole universe of settled men. Only now and then, the flocks grazing on the stony slopes gave a hint of human habitation.

Our destination was a mountain village. On the map, we had located its name, Tropaia, dangling as it were in empty space a little north of the road we followed, a small place and inconsequential. This was the seat of the George Washington Greek-American Association. Here the emigrants who had once turned their backs upon their native soil had returned; like their remote ancestors they had been drawn back to the place of their birth. Yet the proud letterhead of their association let us know that they had returned to their village not merely as Greeks but as Americans also. And we wondered whether we might not find in their experience some clue as to the nature of the loyalties involved in the shifts of masses of men by migration.

From the start, the currents of transatlantic migration had flowed in both directions. The larger movement had been toward the New World's opportunities, but a lesser drift had also borne back to Europe those men who had tried American life and then returned to their former homes. The number mounted steadily as the time, the danger, and the cost of the Atlantic crossing all decreased. Of the sixteen million immigrants who came to the United States from Europe in the three decades

after 1900, almost four million went back in the same years. In the easy times of a twenty-dollar ocean crossing, some may well have drifted back and forth again and again, drawn to America by prosperity and high wages in some years, pushed back to their old homes by depressions and unemployment in others.

The First World War and then the end of immigration reduced the volume of this transatlantic traffic. The cost of passage rose, and men everywhere were more fixed in their places. But the hard times of the Depression revived the movement. More than one hundred thousand left the United States in the harsh months of 1932 alone, and in the whole decade of the 1930s about a half million returned to their homelands. Since then, the tide has declined. Now, some twelve thousand aliens and as many more American citizens annually return to Europe.

How many of these people now live in Europe is difficult to estimate. It seems likely that there are scattered across the length and breadth of the continent about three million Americans — that is, men of all conditions who have had some experience of life in the United States. In Poland and Norway, in Ireland, England, Italy, Greece, and Yugoslavia, these little islands of the twice-displaced radiate the influences of the New World into the surrounding society of the Old.

So much for history.

Only, the history is not quite over. Even now the tourist draws to a stop before the gasoline pump in a remote village and is greeted by a voice rich in the intonations of Brooklyn or Chicago or South Milwaukee. As the car pulls away from the huddled cluster of little houses, the driver may wonder in passing how such familiar phrases came to be heard in such strange settings. What brought back the neat little elderly figure to sit for hours

in the hard sunlight of the café terrace? After forty years in the fruit store on Halsted Street, how do the aging legs find the pace proper to the rutted lanes of the Old World? And what does the village make of these lost sons? Are they as disruptive in their return as in their departure?

2

THOSE who have come back are a various lot, reflecting in their condition and in their motives all their differing experiences. Some are men who have never come to rest and are always in transit. On the bus riding into Athens from the airport we fell into conversation with a toolmaker from Lansing. We had seen him first standing bewildered in the monumental confusion of the customs shed and had noticed later his halting efforts to answer the inspector's questions in Greek. Now he stared eagerly through the window as the bus sped by the dark suburban streets, straining for a token of recognition. It was all strange to him.

No, he had never actually seen Athens before. When he had left his Macedonian birthplace more than forty years earlier, he had gone by way of Trieste, he thought, although he was not sure. Athens was more like Lansing than he had expected; and he wondered what Salonika was like, where he would visit his sister. No members of his family were left in the native village.

He was probably older than he looked; there were only a few flecks of gray in his hair. Still, he must have been no more than a lad in his teens when he set out for America, alone, to join friends. A good worker, he had not had too hard a time of it; and for some reason he had never married — which made it easier to get by. He knew Lansing well and had often been in Detroit. But he was the eternal lodger, nowhere really at home. And as we rolled into the lights of Constitution Square, he was the first to be out of his seat, and stood impatiently at the door when it swung open.

We encountered others like him. These men have never overcome the shock of emigration. They had stayed in the United States two years, or twenty, or more, and with greater or lesser facility had mastered the concrete details of American life. They had earned a living and kept out of trouble, watched the movies and paid taxes. But they could not regain what they had lost by coming away — the sense of belonging, of participation in a community. Passive in their attitudes, some numbing apathy kept them from joining in the activities that made other immigrants feel at home. Instead they looked backward and, in their longing, fancied they might fill, back there, all the lacks of their empty lives.

Sometimes they put their dreams to the test of actuality and retraced their steps. More often than not, they found that they had brought back the

emptiness with them. The villages had changed and they themselves had changed; and everywhere they seemed to carry with them their own particular bleakness. As they leaned shyly at the bar, listening to the other men's jocularities, it might be one world or the other outside the curtained windows; it was all the same to them.

We had lunch in Tropaia's only restaurant. The hot afternoon sun pouring into the dreary room as we entered emphasized the monotony of the line of bare tables down its center. Bustling forward in a show of enterprise, the proprietor led us to our places. I sat down and the wobbly chair collapsed beneath me. The man stood by in helpless indecision, his eyes shifting nervously from the symbol of his futility on the floor to his indignant wife glaring from behind the counter.

He too was an American, although English now came slowly to him. In Seattle he had been a long time in the restaurant business. But it had not gone very well, and in 1930 there had been hard times. He thought he might as well come back where a man could at least live off the soil. Only, the bit of inherited land was not so good, and he was out of practice in the farming business. And so he thought he would try a restaurant again. Times were not too good here either, although he managed. Of course, he had a son over in the States who helped him out once in a while. He lingered as the woman set the plates before us; but his conversation ebbed away, and his thoughts wandered off to some inner concern of his own.

The official in Naples told us of a harder case still. Naturally, the names were confidential. But there was this Italian who had lived a long time in a big city, say like Cleveland. He had worked hard and raised a family — three daughters and a son, all married now and with families of their own. After a while his wife died and the old man got so that he could not hold a job any more; by then he was nearing seventy. It was a problem. The children were considerate, but they were not wealthy and they had to think of their own children. Besides, the old man would not be happy staying with any of them; he had his own ways and was always criticizing and just did not fit in. Anyone could understand that.

Then again, there was all this talk about the Old Country. He was always telling them how nice it was, how kind the people were, how they always stuck together. When the idea first came to them, it seemed so simple they could not understand why it had not come sooner. Let the old man go back to live happily ever after with his sister who had kept up the family place. They would help out, of course, and would miss him. But surely he would be better off. At the jovial farewell before they drove him to the airport they made a little ceremony of handing him the ticket — one way.

Now he was a case. To the sister in Italy he had

become a nuisance; he was not at all her picture of an American as he wandered aimlessly about watching other men at work and with hardly a lira in his pocket. He himself was no longer sure that he wanted to stay. But neither could he determine to go back to the children who had no room for him.

At last there was a falling-out with the sister — some petty quarrel that left him quivering with rage — and he resolved to leave. Penniless and with no place to go, he was at his wit's end when he turned to the consulate for advice. Months later when we left he was still a case.

Among these emigrants to America, there were some who never managed to win control. They had left in the first place because home ceased to have room for them. They had not been able, in resettling, to fix roots firmly in the new soil. On either side of the ocean they were doomed to remain uprooted.

3

MORE numerous were men of quite another type, for whom the return was the culminating reward of their success in the United States.

We came out into the afternoon brilliance of Easter Sunday and remarked the two-toned Chevrolet with Virginia license plates parked before the hotel in Tripolis. When we drew to a stop at the little park on the outskirts of town we saw the same car. The youth in the uniform of the Greek Army who sat idly at its wheel proved to be the nephew. His two American uncles had just come back for a visit, and with them his aunts and an American cousin his own age.

The Americans were eager to have us linger; they welcomed our presence as a momentary relief from the excessive intimacy of relationships which had been long suspended and then were suddenly renewed. Perhaps also it was reassuring to speak English again and thus to establish a contact with home. On the other hand, they were anxious that we should think well of Greece, of the town, and of their relatives. If we would come with them, they would show us something really worth seeing.

We strolled ahead with the elder of the uncles, a slender little man well into his sixties. His small-businessman's neat dark suit and sober tie with matching socks and handkerchief decisively set him apart from the motley holiday crowds we passed in the narrow streets. This, he repeated, would be worth seeing; they had planned their whole trip to be here on Easter Sunday. In fact, he confided in us, during all those years in the States, his most poignant memories were of this occasion. His brother and he had done well with the laundry — they had a big plant now with forty employees — but, to tell the truth, every time the month of April went by, they really felt they were missing something.

At the head of the street, we halted at the

threshold of a small building. It seemed by its structure a garage; but this day it served another function. The gay crowd within overflowed into the street and we were at once made a part of it. We found ourselves sipping little glasses of resinated wine; and although the babble of many voices was incomprehensible, the laughter and good feeling were not. From the back there was singing, a kind of measured chant vaguely Oriental in its quality. We edged inward to see.

Over the floor were spread the glowing embers of a fire; and across it, dressed on sturdy wooden poles, were spitted four whole sheep. The animals revolved slowly among the thin wisps of smoke, turned lovingly by eager helpers on either side. We looked for the uncle who had guided us. He was already surrounded by a circle of well-wishers. Jovial, without self-consciousness, he had dropped back into an experience deep in meaning for him. It was the goal of his coming back to be able to recapture a memory. For, in doing so, he gave a wholeness to his life, so that his satisfactions as an old man were made one with his aspirations as a boy.

The same longing for wholeness brings some emigrants permanently back to the place of their birth. In a small town on the way south from Florence, hardly a fair day passes but finds a vigorous old man fishing dreamily by the lakeside. In his youth, to sit thus was the prerogative of the gentry; and he had often thought how fine it would be to lounge there grandly without a care in the world. He had gone away and moved from place to place, become the maître d'hôtel of a well-known dining room in the United States and observed all manner of important people. All the while, he still thought how fine it would be to take one's ease with a rod by the lake. And it was fine, now that his work was behind him and he had his competence, to make a placid familiar figure in the hard bright sunlight at the water's edge.

Such fortunate ones among the returned emigrants themselves put it simply. There are friends or relatives they wish once more to live with; they long to see again the cherished sights, to repeat again the precious acts of their earlier days. Or else, they explain, their dollars go a longer way in the Old Country. Through all the variations of the particular explanations runs a general theme. The ability to come back for a visit or to stay is a precious reward for making good in the United States.

There are difficulties of course. "What a country," said the little man in the Piazza di Spagna. "I order coffee. Comes a little cup of tar. I want soap. Never heard of it. I buy some; they want to eat it. A bath? Sure! They take me outside, stand me over a hole in the ground, and pour water on me from a wine barrel. Some people!"

Minor but nagging annoyances heighten the unexpected nostalgia of the returned emigrants for

the American persons and places they left behind. Relatives known for years only at a distance prove at closer acquaintance deceitful or avaricious. Again, almost all who return nowadays are elderly and have imperceptibly become accustomed to American standards of comfort, sanitation, and medicine; they are distressed by the deficiencies of the Old Country. Occasionally advance calculations turn out to be overoptimistic; the cost of living is higher than expected for those who insist upon their usual brand of American cigarettes. A few returned emigrants worry about their citizenship; if they are less than sixty or did not live twenty-five years in the United States, they may lose their passports after a three-year absence. Yet even these genuine problems rarely diminish the satisfactions of having returned.

4

THE lingering attachment that draws back the emigrants, the successes and the failures, abruptly and permanently disturbs the villages to which they return. In widening circles, the influence of the Americans ripples outward until it touches upon every aspect of the old way of life.

Part of that process we were able to observe in Tropaia. In the square before the church, the little group of loungers regarded us with suspicion. But we had no difficulty in locating the Americans. The small boy sent scurrying off was soon back, and following him, at a dignified pace, was the President of the George Washington Association, a sturdy man who bore his seventy years with confidence.

For a while we chatted idly and commented on the difficult road over which we had come. He smiled and pointed with his stick. It was over that same way that he had gone almost fifty years before, a youngster really although already married. There were many others like him who had nothing to do at home, and he had wandered over to Pyrgos on the coast in search of something with a future. He had not found that promise running errands for a local shopkeeper, and before long he made the longer move to America. He had tried his hand at selling fruit and groceries in a number of Middle Western cities and finally settled down, a dealer in fish on Cape Cod. (Come to think of it, we in Cambridge had practically been his neighbors.) He had lived in the same town the largest part of his life and had done well, if he said so himself; someday, if we wished, we could see his name still carved over the entrance to the business block near the railroad station. But now he liked it back here in his own house. He had thirteen grandchildren in the States and flew across to visit them every few years. Still, he had the feeling he would like to spend most of the days left him here.

Of course, they had had terrible times in Tropaia. You could see the land was not much good, and

the young people still had nothing to do. While the new hydroelectric plant was being built over on the Ladhon River, some of the men had found work and a cash income there. But the plant was now finished, sitting silent in the wilderness with only a few engineers to tend it. There was much talk of emigration, and some villagers had left for Australia and the United States. But the laws were not encouraging, and this course promised no immediate relief to the economic problem. The people were pitifully poor and they had not much faith in the government. What could you expect?

That was one of the reasons the American-Greeks had started the Association. It was curious, over in the States he kept being reminded he was a Greek; here he could not forget that he was an American. The village had many needs and it made him mad sometimes to see how folks accepted things as they were, how they listened to false ideas and were misled. It was necessary to do something.

The Secretary had now joined us and took up the discussion. In a little village, everyone has to help out anyway. When a neighbor has trouble or the church needs a new window, nobody says anything; but they look to the Americans. Who else has anything left over to spare? Right here, around Tropaia in the district of Cortynia, there were almost fifty Americans and they would see each other once in a while, elderly men all of them, from Beloit and Milwaukee and Canton. Then they thought it would be a good idea to form a society through which they could organize and work for improvements. They had in mind not only improvements that would make the towns more decent but also such as would give the townspeople better ideas.

They were rather vague as to what they meant by the latter point. They had not mixed much in politics back in the States; and if you asked them about Republicans and Democrats they only knew what they read in the papers. Anyway, most of them were American citizens and they had no desire to get into trouble with the government here. Still, there was surely no harm trying to straighten out the other villagers or in showing them something about American methods. The old-timers who wanted everything to stay the way it was were against them, as were some of the younger hot-heads, who perhaps were Communists and suspicious of the United States. But the Association was doing some good, the President hoped.

A boy of ten hurried by, balancing on his head a tray with the family dinner hot from the communal oven. "Look," the President said, "we are teaching them English." The lad stopped, ready to display his abilities, and the President beamed in pride.

Tropaia is not alone in feeling the effects of the return. On the island of Khios a retired beauty-shop operator of seventy comes back from Pittsburgh and wants to do something. Soon he has the

school remodeled and a new road built. Elsewhere it is a church or a waterworks; a new mill or an olive press; or, as in Tripolis, a splendid modern hospital constructed out of the voluntary contributions of Greek-Americans. The Americans, moved by the contrast between their homes on one side of the ocean and on the other, are a continual irritant that will not let the village rest.

In the poorer countries of Europe — and few countries on the continent are not poor — their presence is of incalculable importance. In Greece, one in three families is officially registered by the government as poverty-stricken. A succession of earthquakes while we were in the Peloponnesus showed how uncertain was this society's bulwark against disaster. Almost no one had the resources to survive unaided. It could scarcely be otherwise. After all, one eighth of the population is employed less than one hundred days a year and family incomes are correspondingly low. In Italy the percentage of poor may be somewhat smaller, but not enough to reassure those who fear that the unrelieved burdens of misery may overwhelm the bewildered people with despair from which only the Communists would profit. Everywhere, the most bewildered and the most depressed are the peasants, the very group from which the bulk of the emigrants were once drawn.

The returned emigrants demonstrate that there is an alternative to the despair in which Communism breeds. In that sense they are partners with the American government in an effort that has already expended billions of dollars in Europe. But it is not simply the money they bring and the material changes they help effect that give importance to the role of the returned emigrants. They supply also the stimulus of a more significant kind of help. Their own way of life is continuing proof that there is an alternative to despair. They repair the old cottage or build a new one which they fill with mechanical devices. They have a kind of nostalgia for the old customs, but when it comes to practical matters they are altogether intolerant of tradition and are everlastingly suggesting improvements. They are loyal to the old faith but impatient with popular beliefs, at which they sneer as superstitious. They seem ready to change the whole order of the universe with their ceaseless talk of how things are done in the United States. After all, who can deny the force of the argument from the experience of America?

The returned emigrant stands, in his own person, the most effective argument of all. He may be elderly now, with long years of hard work behind him. But he wears the respectable suit, the white shirt and tie, of the middle class and he expects as his right a comfortable home. Who can persuade him there is no hope!

He will not even hear through the evasive com-

plaint, "Well, in America it may be possible, but here . . ." He knows that there was no magic to migration. America itself solved no problems; it only offered men the opportunity for creating solutions through their own striving for improvement. That, in the last analysis, is the doctrine he sets endlessly before his old compatriots — that change for the better is attainable through their own efforts.

Put in concrete terms they can understand, the villagers often find the argument enticing. If only it were true! When we were invited to dinner in Tropaea our driver, as was his custom, prepared unobtrusively to disappear. The President noticed and read him a lecture. In America we do it differently. Why should you not be good enough to dine with us?

Such questions raised repeatedly rock the ancient assumptions and habits of the village. The activities of the returned emigrants in their American Legion posts and in a host of other voluntary societies show the men around them undreamed-of means of social action. Even those who never saw the United States become members of branches of such American associations and begin themselves to explore the potentialities of democracy.

That is why the returned emigrant is often resented by those who resist change and prefer the settled order — by the gentry who profit from it, by the radicals resentful of any but the revolutionary change, and by the peasants bound to the status quo through inertia. To the gentry he is a nuisance who has moved out of his class without acquiring the values of their class. He may have wealth, they say, but he has no standards and remains a peasant without the peasant's virtue of submissiveness. To the Communists and their allies he is the advance agent of Yankee imperialism covering over the corruptions of capitalism and impeding the cause of the revolution. Meanwhile, the mass of peasants remain suspicious of his rise in station and not altogether certain that his wild schemes can be trusted.

Generally, he is not himself aware of this opposition. In his eagerness to be liked, in his longing for identification with a community, he assumes that all will think like him. It comes as a surprise to see sullen faces, to overhear snatches of malicious gossip. He can hardly conceive the mistrust aroused when he furthers what seem to him self-evident propositions.

That surprise is a product of his situation. He is a man not altogether like the other villagers, nor yet like the other Americans, but one who has lived in two worlds. He is not always capable of adjusting to the strains of that effort. But often enough he does succeed and thus draws together in his own experience and thinking the qualities of both worlds. That is his most useful role.



English novelist and master of the short story, H. E. BATES has had a loyal readership both here and abroad. In his best work, nature is a force hauntingly present, wherever the story takes place. This is particularly true of his most recent novel, The Sleepless Moon, and of his new collection of short stories, The Daffodil Sky, to be published this month by Atlantic-Little, Brown. In the following essay he tells how he reclaimed a grove of chestnuts, beeches, and oaks, which had been ravished by time, weather, and the greed of men.

TREES AND MEN

by H. E. BATES

I

ON THE very first evening I came into Kent, more than twenty years ago; on a dark February night, I was struck by the intricate pattern of its deep lanes and, in one place, by the flashing length of a piece of oak fencing, half a mile or more long, about a park.

Today, after a quarter of a lifetime, the fence and the park, or at least thirty-five acres of it, belong to me. Spread out on a series of slopes and indentations that give it something of the appearance of a huge round and battered hat, this piece of land was once part of the domain of a great house.

In 1929, in the great slump, disaster fell. In a series of sales that summer, farms and woodlands, cottages and orchards, the park and the great house itself, were split and sold. The familiar, modern destructive pattern spread out. Timber merchants arrived and, locustlike, swarmed on the vast eighteenth-century design of oaks and beeches and sweet chestnuts. Trees were felled with the pointless and wanton abandon of an invading army. Trunks were tossed about the slopes of grass and left where they lay. Soon, and not surprisingly in an era of bankruptcy, a timber merchant here went out of business and another forgot the timber lying on a Kentish hill. Already, two years later, when I first knew it, time and nature were well at work. A group of twenty-five sweet chestnuts, tall as steeples, exposed by the felling of surrounding trees, had been bitterly withered by the terrible winter of 1929, so that their tender tops were now nothing but skeleton belfries for flocks of roosting starlings. Felled beeches, soft with fungus, were crumbling to orange pulp in the grass. Brambles were smothering dead stumps. A few beeches, exposed to wind by ruthless felling, had fallen naturally, yellow roots sticking up from watery craters. The fence, beautifully made of patterned cleft oak — an art now as dead as the painting of primitive pictures in caves — was

falling down. Nettles were spreading everywhere under the remaining trees, and rabbits were settling down, in their ugly fashion, into vast warrens on the slopes of grass.

A second war for freedom had not then taught the English the high value of the land on which they live; and slowly, inevitably, desolately, thirty-five acres of land began to decay into useless dereliction, into fungoid weedy ugliness, the grave of a man of taste and ambition who had walked about it, no doubt with joy, two hundred years before. Here was a man who planted, nearly everywhere, trees of slow and sturdy growth. His selflessness could only have been in direct proportion to his courage, and his courage, I hope, to his happiness at the thought that in succeeding years whole generations of Englishmen would be able to extract the greatest joy from the things he had done. But Time, two centuries later, put up a dirty finger at him; and by 1940, when an antiaircraft battery stood camouflaged under the decaying bony chestnuts, his picture had nearly finished its long slide into decay.

It went on, in that way, for another seven or eight years. I watched it most of the time. War gave a long holiday to nettles and brambles, thistles and rabbits, docks and briars. Bright orange fungus, together with long blue-gray veins of delicate netting, the spores of a decay as beautiful as the veil of a woman's hat, ate a crumbling pulpy way over fallen beech trunks. More trees fell down. The fences became hidden in vast prickly cushions of bramble, purple and white in early summer, black with fruit in August and September; and gradually, under the weight of them, the fences fell down.

On the south boundary were two little ponds, on one of which moor hens nested in clumps of sedge among white-eyed ferns of water ranunculus. Gradually more trees fell into the ponds. Then hot

summers dried the ponds, revealing desolate basins of brown cracked mud littered with tin cans. The two gates fell down. A great arm of the most magnificent of all the beeches split off in a gale, and in the fissure caused in the trunk a blackberry took root and helped in the process of eating it away. The soil, impoverished, thinning like a balding head, under the poison of rabbits, gave every autumn its crop of elegant brown-spotted fungus, gilled and hooded like things from a fairy tale. Above it all, the tall dead skeletons of the chestnut trees, ugly and infinitely desolate, stood like stag horns, to be seen for miles and miles about the countryside, gaunt trophies marking, as it were, the death of a great herd.

Not less amazing than this long unchecked decay were the reasons that caused it. The park, or that seventeen acres of it that I was to buy first, had belonged, astonishing though it may seem, to a lady who loved trees. Into her head had at some time penetrated the notion, never afterwards to be removed, that trees were untouchable things. In health, in decay, in age, in the air or on the ground, they were to be left, evidently, as God shaped them. The English countryside is heavily populated with an infinite number of old ladies, living alone or in pairs, whose lives are just such engaging contradictions of ugliness and love. Surrounded by hordes of cats, by hosts of tea-drinking dogs, by goats whose uselessness is only equaled by their incomparable astringent goatlike odor, they drape their fading lives about strange houses, in strange ways, and are an eternal and incontestable part of our sometimes queer and inexplicable rural background.

But in time even old ladies, like trees, drop down. So it happened at last that the first acres of parkland came into the market, and I became, in the most modest sort of way, and not too expensively, a landowner.

It was now April: cold and dry and unfriendly, without a leaf of green on the trees. Winter drought and hard spring wind had dried old grass into yellow tussocks tangled with drifting dead chestnut leaves. With the wind blowing easterly, away from the road, we set fire to the grass, letting it burn where it would. The fires rambled in blue and orange drifts, leaving black patterns, and while they burned we contemplated our assets, living and dead, on this piece of England.

We had, it seemed, something like this: twenty-five standing sweet chestnuts, very tall, all dead at the tips; eight standing beeches, of which one was a shaky and magnificent ruin, six dead beeches, and one fallen; three hornbeams and two ash trees and two elms, each gigantic and wonderful; six turkey oaks, all sound and three superb, and two maples, one shapely and delightful, an unspecified number of elderbushes and hawthorns, all old, crabbed and witchlike, and a still greater number

of blackberries, briars, and seedling ashes. Of the dead beeches some stood like skeletons, some were crumbling fallen masts of orange and black and purple fungus. There were two ponds, half-filled with the junk of wartime, two broken gates, and about a mile of derelict fencing.

We brought fire, hawsers, tractors, and trucks to the dead trees, which went up on a fine windy April evening in a hell-red exploding bonfire. It was shortly afterwards that I heard of Mr. Kimmins. Spring now began to warm slowly into what was to be an exquisite summer, and on a golden day of oak flowers and May blossom, with tender hand-dappling wind, Mr. Kimmins, a reticent, gentle-spoken Cockney of about fifty-five or sixty, came down from his native Wadsworth, filled with lifelong affection for and ripe knowledge of trees.

Mr. Kimmins and I had a cup of tea together and then I took him to the park. Mr. Kimmins, patient and possessed, looked up at the impossible chestnuts. I, in fear, looked at Mr. Kimmins.

Mr. Kimmins, continuing to look at the chestnuts, which were just leafing in the spring sun, did not speak. I, anxiously, began to say once again how I should like them topped; I explained that I knew how very high they were and how very difficult it all was. There had, I thought, been quite enough trees destroyed in England, and in Kent especially, of late years, and it seemed to me quite time that a few were preserved. Cuckoos called in the quiet air while Mr. Kimmins cogitated these matters.

It is notable that all your pet ideas, which in the homely warmth of your own brain seem so beautifully fresh, original, and practical, seem at once appallingly clumsy and stupid and impossible as soon as you bring them out for appraisal in the cold air of expert opinion. This is especially true in matters of gardening, carpentry, building, and architecture and had been so, as far as my experience went, in arboriculture. No timberman I had ever met knew anything more about trees than that they ought, as soon as possible, to be cut down. Nothing delights a certain type of male mind — women are entirely excluded from these remarks — more than the possession of saws, axes, ropes, and a good sound healthy tree in an awkward place.

2

As I stood under the chestnut trees with Mr. Kimmins, I was aware that an unconscionable and increasing amount of daylight had been let in, not only in my own village but all over England. Daylight was something we were not short of; trees, everywhere, were the price we were paying for it. The long and beautiful inheritance of English trees was being squandered, if that is not too harsh a word, by the two essentially destructive games at which modern man is so adept: war and taxation. Through them, by painful labor, we were now well

on the road to the evolution of a type that had free false teeth but nothing to eat with them, supersonic planes but no fire on his hearth, and who might well end up, as a cabinet minister so aptly pointed out, sitting by a television set, starving.

I do not go quite so far as this; but it has long seemed to be an arguable proposition that if we go on translating trees into taxes and taxes into teeth, or into wooden legs or wooden heads or whatever it may be, we may well devise for ourselves a state in which man is state-protected, in sickness and in health, from the cradle to the grave, and will be forced at the same time to spend his days staring at a treeless landscape of petrol pumps and pylons. Impossible to deny that this is a fanciful exaggeration; impossible to deny, also, that in the last ten years England has lost, at the most random estimate, some millions of her trees.

So as I stood with Mr. Kimmins in the park my anxiety was that not a tree of my own should, if possible, be cut down.

"I know how difficult it is," I said to Mr. Kimmins again. "I know they say people might get killed. But if—"

"*Killed?*" Mr. Kimmins said. "*Difficult?* That — up there?"

"Yes, but isn't it?"

"Good gracious me," Mr. Kimmins said, "we come from London. We're doing it every day. *Difficult?* In London we have to take down trees a yard at a time — bit by bit, every bit slung on a pulley. *Difficult?*" Mr. Kimmins laughed. "Bless me, I fink this a nice straightforward little job."

"You mean it can be *done*?"

"Yus," Mr. Kimmins said. "It can be done."

It now seemed to me that Mr. Kimmins was filled with sudden warmth and affection for the trees. Walking about, pointing, explaining, he became enthusiastically eloquent.

"Now I tell you what we'll do. We'll have 'em all orf darn to the green wood. Yus: that's what we'll do. Have 'em orf nice an' clean darn to the green wood. Then they'll make new heads, see? In two-free years you won't know they bin cut orf." Now and then Mr. Kimmins paused to lay a large, friendly, expert hand on that peculiarly twisted pleasant bark that is characteristic of the Spanish chestnut in maturity. "Very nice trees they are. Very nice. Be a fahrsand pities to let 'em go. Now there's a tree there. Take 'im. He's wurf saving. He don't look much. But we'll have a limb orf there an' another limb orf there and another bit orf 'is top an' in a couple o' years you won't know 'im."

Mr. Kimmins, genial, friendly, and infinitely intelligent, warmed my heart. Steadily, with care and affection, we diagnosed the troubles and needs of sixty trees. The chestnuts needed deep surgical operations at the tops; here and there a beech,

far gone with fungus, would have to come down; there would be a few loppings of ash and elm. We even attended to a stag-headed maple and an ancient hawthorn. Trees I had considered hopeless, too far gone with split and water-rotten trunks, were put down in Mr. Kimmins's casebook as patients that could still be saved.

But before I said good-bye to Mr. Kimmins in that first interview there was something else I wanted to ask him. I was still troubled by the chestnuts; I wanted to know exactly how that lofty surgical operation, sixty or seventy feet from the ground, was done: whether there would be fire escapes or cradles or pulleys or steam saws, or what peculiar paraphernalia and devices these experts from the city, faced with country projects, would employ. "How do you get up there?" I said.

"We climbs up," Mr. Kimmins said.

"Yes, but what with?"

"Ladders."

"What sort of ladders? Special ones? Fire escapes?"

"Just ladders."

"And then the sawing part," I said. "How is that done?"

"Wiv saws."

"Yes — but what sort of saws?"

"Ordinary saws."

"Crosscut?"

"Panel," Mr. Kimmins said.

Humbled and silenced, I gave up. Later I was to be further humbled; but that day, as I said good-bye to the modest, friendly, tree-loving, and knowledgeable Mr. Kimmins, I was reminded of the truth that not all countrymen live in the country. And the thought of Mr. Kimmins, Cockney-born and Cockney to the heart, about to perform a countryman's job in a way countrymen had thought impossible, was something that gave me a special kind of pleasure.

"When will you start?" I said.

"In a fortnight or free weeks," Mr. Kimmins said. "The wevver should be nice by then."

3

DULY, in a red truck piled with ladders, ropes, saws, and suitcases, Mr. Kimmins and his men arrived. There were four of them, and they looked rather like the committee of a Working Men's Club out for a day in the country. Neatly efficient, cheerful, and in some curious way taut and confident, they lacked all rural gaucheness of bearing and attitude. Beside the surrounding countrymen, slack and slovenly and with that plummy rolling gait that work on the land so often gives, they had a look of being really emancipated, of politely and simply not caring a damn.

This, as it turned out, proved to be entirely correct. Time, in the sense of clocking in at a

doorway at eight in the morning and clocking out at five in the evening, did not exist for them. They were, in the best sense, manual artists, and as artists they worked: not to time or to rule, with eyes on the clock or the timetable, but entirely according to the physical demand of the job. On Mondays they did not appear much before lunchtime and on Fridays they left by early afternoon; it was a short week, but within its limits they performed what I thought were exceptionally interesting wonders.

The essence of a first-class woodman engaged in the business of high tree-logging is that he shall be able to climb. It is essential also that he should begin young. Once he learns to climb, acquiring something of the poise and confidence of a steeple-jack at the same time, his art consists to a great degree in what he learns about trees. They have peculiarities which can kill him if he is a fool. Much of what he has to do with trees is concerned with weight, and intelligent assessment of weight has everything to do with a job that afterwards, in good hands, seems simpler than pruning a rose.

Sam, Mr. Kimmins's foreman, a smallish, compact, dark-haired Londoner, was a man who had learned to climb expertly as a boy and had been climbing ever since. His methods looked peculiarly simple, almost amateurish and offhand. His procedure was simply to climb halfway up the tree by ladder, and then up to the top of the tree, exactly like a boy birds'-nesting, by hand. He took a rope with him. This rope was presently lowered so that his saw, an ordinary carpenter's panel saw, could be sent up to him. It was lowered again for a second rope, and this second rope was tied to the top of the tree.

All this looked so ridiculously simple that it was some days before I noticed a highly important thing. Sam, who climbed the tree in two minutes, often spent nearly an hour looking at it. Walking round and round it, assessing and cogitating, he went into the problems of weight with the expert's care. Only when he was satisfied with that would he begin to climb.

Thereafter, as Mr. Kimmins had so rightly seemed to declare, the thing was child's play. Sam, alone and unhurried, sat in the tree and sawed. He sawed for perhaps twenty minutes: first through the tree trunk one way and then for twenty minutes, according to the size of the tree, the other. When the trunk hung by no more than a couple of inches of its center Sam sat back, directed his mates down below on the end of the rope, and gave the order to pull. The treetop, partly carried by distribution of weight, described a long and graceful arc that took it quite clear of both tree and Sam, and the whole thing, with a bouncing crash of bony timber, was suddenly all over.

In that way Sam dealt with about twenty sweet chestnuts and three turkey oaks, two of which were

eighty feet high, and only twice, when extra poundage was needed on the end of the rope, did he trouble to come down to earth when the treetop was felled. Small, confident, calmer than any bird, he sat half hidden by rapidly leafing branches and watched each tree shed its gaunt antlers in safety.

No local countryman had ever seen such amazing curious acts in trees, and the whole procedure remained, for three weeks, a springtime wonder. In their true slow Kentish fashion, intensely cautious, partly dubious, half suspicious, filled with consistent unadventurousness, they sat back to marvel greatly. This marveling included me. Writers of books being in any case not quite of the sanity of other people, it was, perhaps, not altogether surprising that I was trying to preserve trees instead of cutting them down and chopping them up, as any sensible person would, for firewood. But to have trees lopped, at the tops, by men from London, and no doubt at great expense, was something hard to understand. To this patent proof of the natural insanity of writers was added, as always, with unflinching consistency, the wails of the ever-present old ladies for whom, in the country, it is so difficult ever to do the right thing. "Oh! but we shall *miss* the old tops. We *loved* them, they'd been there so *long*. They were such a landmark."

4

MAY flowed warmly into June. Large and thick and shining, the leaves of the sweet chestnuts unfurled to full pattern, hiding the pruned treetops, so that the trees, in their new neatness, were pyramids of brilliant green. Vast piles of cordwood had accumulated. Two trunks, one of which had lain for twenty years or more in beds of bramble and nettle, had been sent off to the sawmill and now came back in the form of an almost orange-colored, still sappy timber. Wreck and ruin were everywhere being cleared away; the splendidly beautiful shape of the remaining beeches, deprived now of dead boughs and general muck, was fully revealed, and to me, at any rate, no trees had ever looked more lovely or more worth possessing. Mr. Kimmins and Sam did a last roundup, stopping holes, painting cut limbs, cementing gullies, and, in Sam's case, catching a last rabbit for the missus among the brambles. Mr. Kimmins, sound and knowledgeable and pleasant as ever, declared once again, perhaps for the fortieth time, that in "two-free years you won't see where them tops is bin cut," and today his words of modest prophecy are coming true.

We acquired, about this time, quite by accident, in a casual way, the services of another admirable character, no less pleasant and sound than Mr. Kimmins and the wonderfully efficient Sam. He came to us originally for the simple purpose of

putting up a gate: a man of medium height and age, roundish and yet in some way square, pleasant, droll, cryptic, slow, and given to occasional bursts of bright invective, all the more devastating because they were, generally, monosyllabic, Saxon, and exceedingly short. William was a carpenter utterly removed from the rest of his tribe by the fact that he never grizzled, never blamed the tools or the absence of them, never criticized any of the timber — in this case mostly the despised chestnut — we had to offer. Soundly, complaintlessly, in his own time and way, William set about the business of repairing what was to prove, eventually, about a mile of cleft fencing. Some long and hopeless sections of our broken-down fencing had been so long hidden by brambles that we had given them up completely as irreparable and lost. Here and there sections were flat on the ground. Posts were, or appeared to be, quite rotten. But the durability of oak, and especially of cleft oak, was such that when we set about the business of removing whole sections for replacement we found it entirely unnecessary, a situation summed up with grim and final brevity by William, who said: —

“Lumme, if them soddin’ posts ain’t arf in there.”

William continued to come to us from then onwards with what I can best describe as consistent irregularity. Time, hours, instructions, orders were things that did not come between us. He came, went, and worked in his own peculiar time and way. Timber and fence being there, close together, it was only necessary to marry them, restoring order and decency — a task for which William was admirably gifted, with his unhurried skill and temperament, without interference from me. Only now and then would he deliver to me, in cryptic and crushing terms, a lecture on the necessity of remembering that, after all, material things do sometimes matter: —

“If you want your bloody fence mendin’ you better git them nails.”

“I know. I’m sorry — I forgot.”

“You keep on forgittin’. You goo orf to bloody London and you forgit.”

“I’ve been terribly busy.”

“Well, you don’ wanna be so busy. You wanna remember them nails.”

“All right. I’ll get them tomorrow. Now what sizes and how many?”

“I writ it all down for you on a bit o’ paper and now you bin orf to bloody London again and forgot it, ainyer?”

“I’m afraid so.”

“Got ’eads like bloody sieves, some people.”

All this, profoundly true as it was, I could not deny. It was delivered also with a drollery, a sort of dry richness, not without a certain sadness, that was

quite without offense. And how true it was, in a sense, that gooin’ orf to bloody London was not to be compared with the sensible and necessary business of getting the nails without which even the most good-natured and accommodating carpenters cannot work. I will not deny, either, that there were occasions when I forgot on purpose, solely for the pleasure of hearing that droll, withering, yet tolerant voice tell me: —

“If you don’ want that bloody timber o’ yourn to goo rot and warp all over the soddin’ place you better let me git it seen to and turned over.”

“All right, you see to it.”

So, through the long, hot, almost unblemished summer, William helped to restore final decency and material soundness to the park. Not the least of his many virtues was adaptability. He made us, in our modest way, self-supporting. We spoke, on one occasion, of buying gates.

“Gates? *Buying* gates? You got the damn timber here, ainyer? What th’ ’ell’s the damn timber for? Buy gates? Good God!”

A good part of my life having been spent in apologizing to workmen, both young and old, for the primitive nature of the materials I have to offer them, I had hardly dared to suggest to William that he should make gates.

“You jis tell me what sorta gate you want and I’ll git it made for you. Drop gate? ’Anging gate? Then I can git the furniture made at the forge.”

So William, repairing fences to their old lost pattern, a pattern that will never be seen again, making gates for us in a few hours on a Sunday morning, turning his hand to any job we cared to name or that he liked to suggest that we, in our appalling London-wise ignorance, had forgotten, became for us, and indeed still remains, a sterling example of what we think a countryman should be and so rarely is. He seems to us a character, from the bone of his blue-eyed head down to his efficient adaptable hands, purely and wonderfully English. Dry, forthright, droll, decent, warm, immensely resourceful, respectful but never servile, he belongs, in spite of an ability to drive a tractor about the countryside like any modern mechanized god, to any century of our rural history.

To call him complaintless is not quite correct. Once, and once only, I heard him complain with cryptic forthrightness, offering his brief comment on our strange world of false teeth, low diet, high politics, and theoretical securities — the world of whose future pattern we have already had a glimpse in the picture of men sitting by their television sets, starving to death, and no doubt illiterate too: —

“I don’ git enough in my belly. And when I don’t git enough in my belly I carn’t bloody work. And when I carn’t bloody work it ain’t so well.”

THE ATLANTIC Bookshelf



THE *Peripatetic Reviewer*

BY

EDWARD
WEEKS

LONDON. — We did go down to Kew in lilac time, and it proved to be just about every other time too. For the English spring, which had been held back by a long drought and a north wind sweeping in from the sea, suddenly capitulated; there was a spate and then, after three days of flooding May sunlight, every bud in the place exploded. So we had the lilacs — and standing near them was better than Chanel No. 5 — and the azaleas, and the rhododendron, and the flowering crab, and the tulips, and the bluebells, the wisteria, and the white arabis; and such profusion coming all at once almost made you overlook the beauty of the great elms and chestnuts and beeches, the most venerable of which go back to the early 1700s. The vistas are the glory of Kew Gardens: the long sweeps of shaven turf, framed either side by tall grass and bluebells, with the great trees standing out like giant bouquets.

We went down to Kew in the Underground in half the time and one fortieth of the price it would have cost us in a taxi. My first impulse in London is to use those ubiquitous shiny black taxis for every mission; but actually once you get the hang of the Underground, the buses, and the launches on the Thames, you find yourself covering the distance more swiftly and much more economically than if you were in the little bandbox. London traffic is almost as congested as that in New York, and at the getaway hour Friday afternoons taxis and cars creep along, “nose to tail” as the British say, with the bobbies in their long white gauntlets performing a slow-motion ballet at each sticky corner. Allow yourself a minimum of forty minutes from your hotel to any railway station on a Friday afternoon; and if you are caught short, don’t stand waving frantically, but, like the White Rabbit, go underground.

There are certain occupational slowdowns in the London streets quite unlike anything we have on

our side. For instance, when the Guard changes at Buckingham Palace a company of Guardsmen immaculate in their scarlet tunics, white belts, and bearskins marches confidently into the thoroughfare, arms swinging, buttons agleam. It is preceded by a band blowing away full tilt, and before and beside it is a flutter of mounted police. The traffic, of course, comes to a complete halt until the procession is well launched, and on the day I am describing, the troops were followed — in low gear — by two large military lorries marked Band Capes. No one tried to pass this array; it was as slow and sacred as a funeral. My taxi was part of the hoi polloi that followed after, and my driver was not impatient, just amused. “Are they armed?” I asked. “Have they ever been known to shoot anybody?”

“I can’t rightly say,” he replied. “But see, it is the police who are in a panic getting them back and forth.”

When he spied the lorries he laughed. “Look at that — two lorries carrying their capes in case of rain!” You can understand why the English taxi drivers don’t move with as much nervous exasperation as ours.

Nor the truck or pleasure drivers in the country. Even the well-traveled roads are narrow by our standards — narrow, hedge-banked, and full of curves. You seldom average better than thirty miles an hour even on long runs, and only then if you take advantage of the straight old Roman roads. But it is a pleasure to go no faster than this, for you have so much to look at, and when you overtake a lorry or a short-winded English jalopy, a hand reaches out the right-hand window and beckons you on as soon as it is safe to pass. The driver will wave you back if it isn’t. This civility is fundamental in British driving. The slower driver seeing you in his mirror will always relay you ahead.

Why Britons don’t kill

Americans taking out a visitor’s license (cost, 5 shillings) should join either the RAC (Royal Automobile Club) or the AA (Automobile Association): each maintains hundreds of uniformed motorcyclists who patrol all the main roads, saluting you as you pass (which is reassuring) and pausing to aid you if you’re lost or in trouble. I motored well over a thousand miles in the southern counties and in Wales, and I never saw a single accident or altercation. There are three reasons why the British motorists don’t kill each other as frequently as ours

do. The first is the fundamental civility I have mentioned; the second is the fact that they are content to drive more slowly; and the third is economic: a car is much harder to possess there, and accordingly it is more precious to keep — intact. There are fewer accidents and virtually no car graveyards, those grisly American reminders of what can happen at the point of impact.

But the British roads were laid out for Roman foot soldiers, farm carts, or stagecoaches, and only a few have been widened. This makes for “nose to tail” driving and, on bank holidays, for good-natured immobility. I was in the thick of it over Whitsun. Thousands upon thousands of little cars, black, dark blue, or gray; beetling red buses chartered for a company picnic or by bird watchers or by cricketers in blazers (I counted seven buses in a row, and there was no passing them!); a community of trailers (the English call them “caravans” and rent them weekends) making for a campsite in the New Forest; motorcyclists, muffled men and women in white crash helmets, cutting their noisy diagonals in and out; and bicyclists beyond counting. There are bicycle clubs, in uniform with rucksacks, stretched out two abreast; there are athletes, with their hairy legs and low handlebars, pumping along like six-day racers; there is the family bike with mother and the twins in the sidecar; there are tandems for lovers; and there go the Major (Ret.) and his lady in her cycling costume — a mustard beret, mustard jacket, and suede mustard shoes — bound for a spot of tea at Runnymede. All this on a two-way road. When the leading bus driver stops to refresh himself with a pint of bitters, everyone stops; and miraculously, the horns don’t blare forth impatience.

On one highway leading out of London, the pilgrimage I have been describing was halted for a stretch of seven miles. No one frothed at the mouth; there were no fist fights. Instead, missionaries from an association favoring wider roads went up and down the line distributing leaflets. The traffic jam was in the lane headed south and all on one side of the solid white line. I rubbed my eyes when I saw coming up the free side, London bound, a stagecoach and four. The driver was an old pro; the man with the horn blew lustily to attract our attention; and on the side of the coach was a sign reading, “Let’s Widen Our Roads! Time We Moved Out of the Stagecoach Age.” The old leathery vehicle rattling by the paralyzed motorcade was greeted, as they say in Parliament, with cheers and catcalls.

Westminster Hall

At a dinner party my English hosts asked me what I considered the most impressive single building in all England. The question was a poser. I thought of Knole House, which is the magnum of all country places; I thought of the Tower and St.

Paul’s; I thought of Hampton Court and Windsor; I thought of Great Court, Trinity, particularly dear because of my residence there in 1922–1923; I thought of Westminster Abbey with its murmurous epitaphs, and then I thought of Westminster Hall, and that was it. We went to see it that very evening after Parliament adjourned — for we had been dining in Commons — and in the half-light it had an awful majesty, so vast, so high, and so silent. It was finished in 1099, and William Rufus held his first court there. For centuries it was the seat of England’s law, the chief court in the realm, and those great oak rafters overhead hold the echoes of the most passionate trials in history. This is what makes the hall impressive. Richard II was tried here, and here Edward Coke, Attorney for the Queen, pressed the fateful charges against Essex and Guy Fawkes. Charles I met his fate in this great room. And here Sir Thomas More, Thomas Campion, and Warren Hastings stood up to their accusers.

The night we were there, men were still at work preparing a black oak beam for insertion in one of the arches overhead. The huge timber from the New Forest, seasoned for twenty years and weighing I know not how many tons, lay on trestles, and the places where it was to be curved and carved were chalked on its surface. From the light in the scaffolding sixty feet above us I could see where it was to go in. I thought of the decades of labor which raised the original timbers into place, and wondered how many of them are still sound. Our small voices were swallowed up in the vastness as those more pleading and more angry must have been in times past. This hall holds a quiet brooding.

The South Counties

I find the trans-Atlantic flight leaves me fairly spent for the first three days, and for those in a like state I recommend some mild or sedentary pleasures in town for the first week. Go to see the summer exhibit at the Royal Academy or spend an hour and a half in the stateliness of Apsley House, the beautiful mansion at Hyde Park Corner which a grateful nation bestowed upon Wellington and which has only recently been open to the public; visit Mr. Trumper’s Toilet Saloon on Curzon Street to have your hair cut and your head rubbed; look in at Leader’s, the theatrical agency in the Royal Arcade, to see if Mr. Forester can make reservations for *The Chalk Garden*, by all odds the best-acted play in town.

Lord Nelson was much in my thinking this trip, for I was absorbed in a manuscript which is being readied for his two hundredth anniversary. This little admiral, only five feet four, with his enormous dedication and his scars: the sight gone from his right eye as the result of one head wound; his right sleeve empty — “the Fin,” as the sailors on his flagship used to call it, for his stump would stir with

excitement when he went into action; and the shock of hair low on his forehead half concealing the scar of the Nile. How superb he was at sea and how vulnerable ashore! It would be well if you could get to Portsmouth to spend two enchanting hours aboard his flagship, the *Victory*, with its one hundred guns. There you see his cabin, see where he dined and slept, and where he died. You see the gun deck with the great monsters rolled in, and you can imagine what the pounding must have been like at the range of fifty yards.

From London I headed south on a series of pleasant forays which blended past with present. I paused in Stockbridge to pay my respects to the River Test, certainly the most famous and exacting trout stream in the world. Touch your hat as you pass the little old inn whose bay window bells out into the highway, for this is the site of the Houghton Club, dry-fly anglers par excellence.

As I approached the great Salisbury Plain, I went back to the days of the First World War when Ian Hay was writing about *The First Hundred Thousand*, that valiant volunteer army which did its training here. The Salisbury Cathedral has the most satisfactory façade of any in the Isles, and I cared not one whit that an exact replica of it in spun sugar was now "on exhibit" at the Chapter House. The confection had been whipped up by an army corporal, but the original was good enough for me, and I gazed at it to my heart's content from the natural windows which the town and the Close provide. Salisbury has character and gentleness; and the bridges over the Avon are as lovely today as they were when Constable painted them. Salisbury is also your headquarters for Stonehenge, and Mr. R. J. C. Atkinson's book about that prehistoric monument is the most illuminating I have read. He gives the evidence for the sequence of building, and shows where the stones came from and the techniques used for transporting, tooling, and erecting them.

From those ancient mysteries it is like dancing in the sun to go to Bath. Bath is the best preserved of the Roman ruins, and there are courteous volunteers who will guide you to the famous sites and tell you what a Roman country house might have been like when the legionnaires came here on leave. Bath is the most photogenic little town in Britain. The Crescents, the Baths, the Pump Room take you back to the Prince Regent and Beau Brummel, to an age of leisure and indulgence which Jane Austen came here to write about in *Northanger Abbey*. Save your colored films for Bath.

On the way back to town pause at Runnymede and Windsor Great Park. At Runnymede you will find one of the most searing memorials of the last war: the monument bearing the names of the 20,000 British aviators whose bodies were never found, whose graves were never known — a touching reminder of what England still owes to them.

BOOKS

The Editors Like

Biography

HERNÁN CORTÉS by *Salvador de Madariaga*. (Regnery, \$6.50.) The conqueror of Mexico is a demigod, his enemies low rascals, the Aztecs fairly noble savages in this learned, frankly partisan biography, written with the gusto and the gaiety that a great tale deserves.

HENRY JAMES: AUTOBIOGRAPHY, edited by *Frederick W. Dupee*. (Criterion, \$7.50.) The old master's late, circuitous essays at self-revelation — "A Small Boy and Others," "Notes of a Son and Brother," and "The Middle Years" — in one volume for the first time.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH by *Philip Magnus*. (Macmillan, \$1.95.) One of the Brief Lives series. So much is packed into a short space that detail and perspective suffer, but the main facts of Raleigh's life and the outlines of his world come through clearly enough.

Fiction

THE ROAD by *Harry Martinson*. (Reynal, \$3.50.) Man vs. society, freedom vs. responsibility, law, love, and loneliness are dealt with in this half-poetical picaresque novel about a Swedish tramp.

THE BURNT OFFERING by *Albrecht Goes*. (Pantheon, \$2.50.) A German woman's attempt at personal atonement for Nazi atrocities, told with a simplicity and naïve power that recall medieval legend.

AN END TO DYING by *Sam Astrachan*. (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, \$3.50.) A first novel, uneven but lively, the best of it describing the rise of a Jewish lumbering family in the last days of the Tsar.

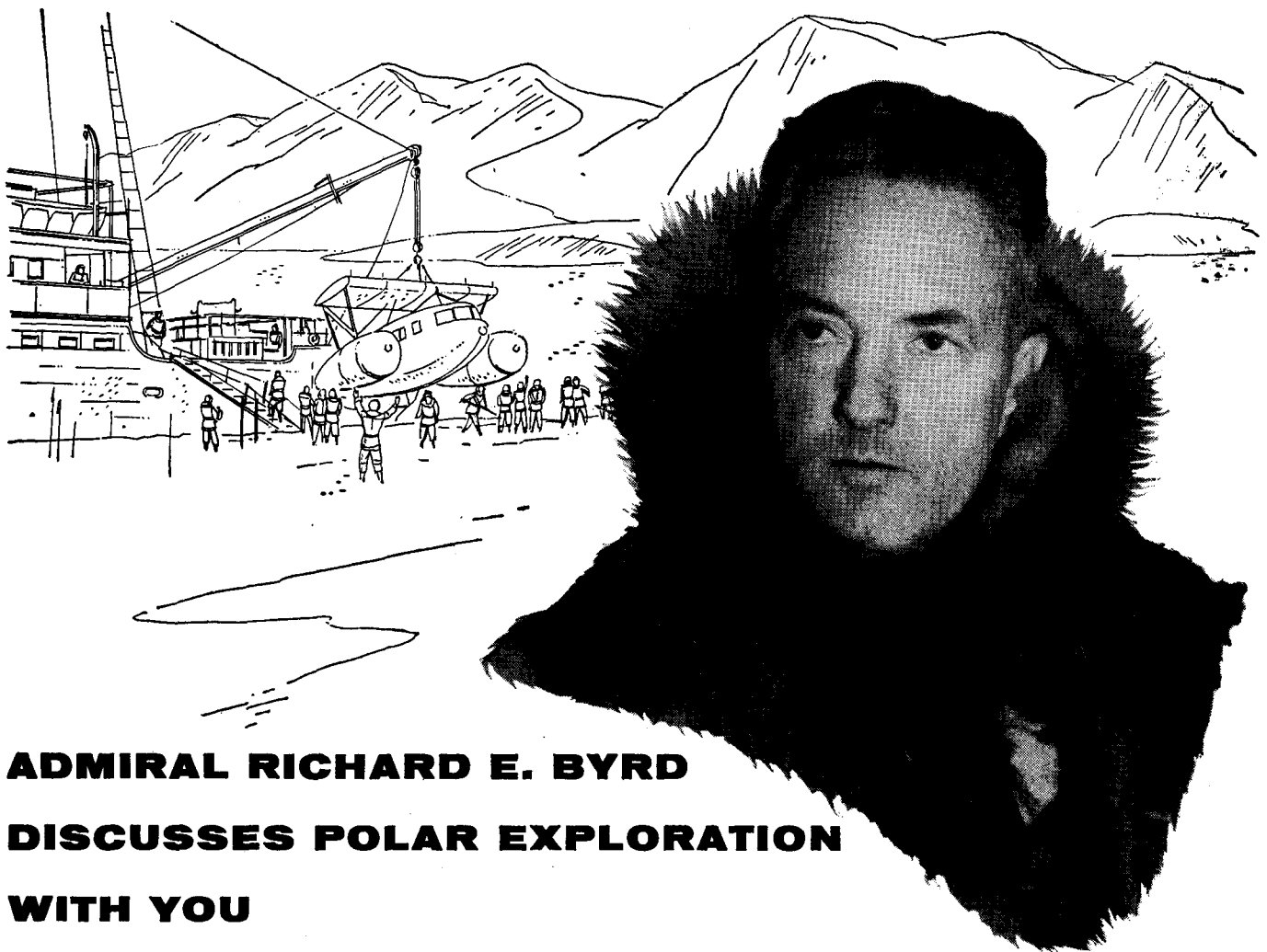
The Edges of History

HISTORICAL WHODUNITS by *Hugh Ross Williamson*. (Macmillan, \$3.75.) Unorthodox solutions to some of the bloodier puzzles of English history, amusing, surprising, and alarmingly persuasive.

THE LAST VOYAGE OF THE LUSITANIA by *A. A. and Mary Hoehling*. (Holt, \$3.75.) Once the torpedo strikes, this affair still grips like an octopus, but the *Lusitania* sank fast, leaving few survivors and little detailed information, a condition which has led the authors to pad the first part of their book with irrelevancies.

THE GIRL WITH THE SWANSDOWN SEAT by *Cyril Pearl*. (Bobbs-Merrill, \$3.95.) Mr. Pearl is probably wrong in thinking that multitudes still believe all Queen Victoria's subjects to have been chaste, pious, and sober, but his evidence to the contrary is too entertaining for complaint.

CHERISH THE SEA by *Jean de la Varenne*. (Viking, \$5.00.) Opinionated, idiosyncratic, witty, and full of diagrams, anecdotes, references to the author's seagoing ancestors or recent experiments, this history of sailing ships is like nothing else in the field, and great fun.



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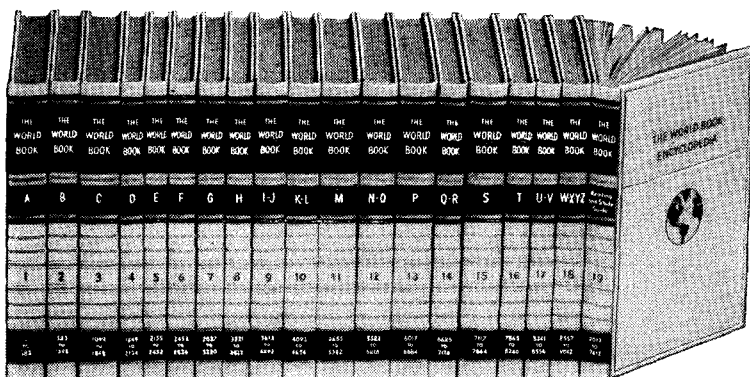
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Reader's Choice

BY

CHARLES J. ROLO



AMONG our "professional" intellectuals — I refer to those who appear to regard being an intellectual as a vocation, like medicine, plumbing, or the law — there is a tiresome tendency for the critical stance to degenerate into compulsive griping. This resolute moroseness is exemplified — amusingly at times — by **John W. Aldridge** in a new book which is entitled *In Search of Heresy: American Literature in an Age of Conformity* (McGraw-Hill, \$4.00).

While Aldridge's essays range over a variety of topics, most of them are related by a dominant concern with the inroads of the conformist spirit on American literary life. Stressing, in particular, the migration of literary intellectuals into the Universities, Aldridge argues that writer-professors who have adopted the values of academic orthodoxy now constitute a new and powerful avant-garde. "The Universities," he says, "control literature . . . to a degree unparalleled since the eighteenth century"; and he argues that this control has virtually stifled the ideal of creative independence and free critical dissent. Mr. Aldridge, it should be noted at this point, is a writer-professor himself.

Aldridge's essays unquestionably register a number of telling points, and they put forward some provocative ideas about the various ways in which orthodoxy is spreading in the literary sphere. A sizable part of Aldridge's thesis is certainly valid, but he mars his book by frequently betraying ignorance on matters of fact and by his obvious determination to interpret everything in the blackest possible light.

The late 1940s, he claims, witnessed a "quasi renaissance" in American letters and produced "great seminal ideas" (which, Aldridge confesses, he cannot define). Now, in dismal contrast, the young writer of promise finds it almost impossible to establish and maintain a reputation, apparently because he is "extravagantly promoted" by his publisher and indifferently received by reviewers "increasingly drugged on the volume of novels flooding into the market." Whatever truth there may be in Aldridge's estimate of the late 1940s — I myself suspect that, though he is not yet thirty-five, he is suffering from a bad case of premature nostalgia — it is clear that he speaks of the publishing scene from the remoteness of the groves of

academe. The increase in the number of novels published in 1955 over 1947 was insignificant (3 per cent); "extravagant promotion" is not an invention of the conformist fifties; and I have yet to hear a young writer complain that his publisher has condemned him to obscurity by overenthusiastic promotion.

And what about the tremendous increase in the audience of the serious young writers brought about by the emergence of "quality" paperbacks? Well, says Aldridge, "almost unbelievable financial returns" — his facts, again, are ludicrously wrong — "have been substituted for the real satisfactions which the writer has always needed to get from the circulation of his work but which appear to be farther from him now than ever before." Now that good literature has been made "promiscuously available," Aldridge laments, a writer "is simply used and discarded" — which would seem to be a dyspeptic way of saying that he gets read.

Another diverting example of Aldridge's tortured logic is the follow-up to his argument that the South is "just about the only culture left in America where people still have personality, still live by a semblance of order and dogma, and are, therefore, easily translatable into fictional terms." This seemingly complimentary estimate of Southern culture is capped by the remarkable pronouncement: "In the South . . . the sensitive child is faced early in life with a grim alternative: either he must live inside his imagination . . . or he must surely go mad. . . . It appears that nearly every Southerner who preserves his sanity into adulthood emigrates to New York and becomes a novelist."

When he is dealing with individual writers, Mr. Aldridge is generally a thoughtful and sensitive critic. But the overall viewpoint which animates his book is rooted in the stultifying notion, "Whatever is, is wrong and I'm agin it."

A somewhat similar contrariness — and the author acknowledges it — colors **Mary McCarthy's** *Sights and Spectacles* (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, \$3.50), a collection of theater chronicles which Miss McCarthy wrote for *Partisan Review* between 1937 and 1955. But whereas Aldridge is generalizing about a wide area of cultural life, Mary McCarthy is concentrating on a specific sector, and one that is peculiarly open to attack. Moreover, as this department has said before and will probably say again, Miss McCarthy is a writer blessed with dazzling resources of intellect and insight, wit and erudition. Her addiction to withering dispraise and her parsimony when dispensing appreciation certainly limit her range as a commentator. But there is possibly no other American critic who can carry out destructive operations with such exhilarating éclat.

These chronicles are not a comprehensive survey of the Broadway theater. Some plays in the

category of commercial entertainment are covered briefly, but the emphasis is on the most serious productions — Shakespeare and other Elizabethan revivals; Shaw, Chekhov, Ibsen, Wilde, and the leading American dramatists. Also included in Miss McCarthy's book are a few reports on the off-Broadway theater.

The author's critical perspective is defined in an Introduction, from which it seems well worth drawing together a few statements: "As a writer, I am troubled by the fact that most American plays are so badly written. The list of playwrights from Aeschylus through Shaw is a list of masters of language. Yet the American playwright is 'excused' from this responsibility. This business of excusing began with O'Neill, whose lack of verbal gift was a personal affliction that became a curse to the American stage. The same story could be told of American acting. American actors, on the whole, cannot act. . . . The American School playwrights have accustomed us to a stage inhabited by inarticulate, ape-like individuals groping for words. . . . The hero is found standing with clenched fists, stage left, yelling at some member of his family, stage right, until one of them breaks into hysterical weeping and collapses . . . with his great head buried in his arms. The weeping character is confessing to being alcoholic, homosexual, a failure. Nobody anywhere has ever behaved like these people. This fact, somehow, is supposed to make them more 'typical.'"

On the positive side, there are, among other things, favorable commentaries on *Our Town* and on the plays of George Kelly; a trenchant definition of the best (and the worst) in Saroyan; a persuasive evaluation of Bernard Shaw. Miss McCarthy's special forte, however, is debunking reputations hallowed by the Broadway intelligentsia — that, for instance, of Tennessee Williams. If one finds oneself, as I do, agreeing with her verdicts more often than not, then her talent for dishing out punishment provides no end of delight.

The Ford Foundation (Reynal, \$3.50) by **Dwight Macdonald**, an "unauthorized biography" which first appeared in the *New Yorker*, is also a work in the deflationary and satiric key.

There is, unquestionably, an intrinsic vein of comedy in many aspects of the subject which Mr. Macdonald is exploring — the very situa-

tion of the Foundation, "a large body of money [two and a half billion dollars] completely surrounded by people who want some"; the idea that Henry Ford's fortune should be serving all the estimable ideals which were anathema to his philosophy; the bureaucratic *opéra bouffe* which is more or less inseparable from the attempt to administer, scrupulously and circumspectly, a gigantic philanthropic enterprise; the jargon of philanthropoids; the occupational frustrations of men employed in giving away vast sums of money; the necessity of *paying* for intelligent criticism because nobody is willing to scratch the hand that may some day feed him. Mr. Macdonald also has fun with the effort of the Neanderthal Congressman, Carroll Reece, to prove that the Foundation was subtly affiliated with the Communist conspiracy — an enterprise which backfired so completely that, according to Gallup polls, the Foundation emerged with more supporters.

All in all, Dwight Macdonald's book is consistently entertaining, and at times it is, in fact, desperately funny. It is somewhat unsatisfactory, however, if one is looking for a fairly balanced appraisal of the Foundation's work. When Macdonald is ridiculing the zany pretensions of the Institute for Philosophie Research headed by Mortimer Adler and describing other esoteric projects; when he observes that "a philanthropoid would deal with the problem of a man trapped in a burning house by subsidizing a study of combustion"; when he draws attention to the Foundation's fondness for sponsoring large schemes of research whose findings have proved totally sterile — in sum, when he is discussing what he considers the Foundation's weaknesses, Mr. Macdonald is a thorough and in the main persuasive critic. But it is clear that he has channeled most of his energies into the diverting job of faultfinding, and has skimmed on the more laborious task of checking conscientiously into the positive results of many of the Foundation's donations.

Macdonald's book, it should be noted, covers up a fiasco enshrined in the last installment of the *New Yorker* articles, which made much of the fact that the Foundation was not succeeding in disbursing its prodigious annual income. No sooner were the words in print than the Foundation announced a gift of \$500 million to colleges and private hospitals. On *that* issue, the



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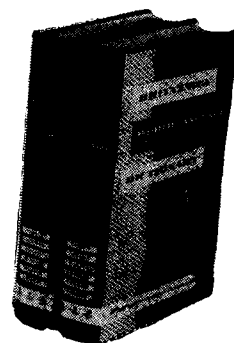
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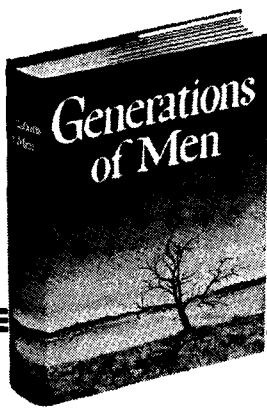
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Foundation neatly finessed its often snide biographer.

Fiction: briefly noted

In *Mama I Love You* (Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$3.75) there is happily none of the portentous and juvenile philosophizing which made William Saroyan's last two novels embarrassing to this reviewer. The current work is essentially a fairy story in modern dress, which has as its narrator and heroine a ten-year-old girl called Twink. This format is ideal for Saroyan since it enables him to bring freely into play his most engaging quality — an ability to see the world with the freshness and wonder of childhood.

Twink's mother (who is separated from her husband) suddenly decides to go to New York to make another bid for fame and fortune on the stage. Luckily she takes Twink along, for it is the little girl who is offered a part; and it is thanks to her that Emerson Tully rewrites his play with a starring role for her mother. It is Twink who makes friends with the great theatrical coach, Kate Cranshaw, who takes mother and daughter under her wing. And when the producer is faced with a financial crisis, Twink is responsible for bringing Gladys Dubarry and her millions to the rescue. Clearly, the plotting is on the cute side; but Twink is a wonderful characterization — Saroyan has not struck a false note — and she makes the novel funny and touching.

The editors of *New Short Novels* (Ballantine. Cloth, \$2.00; paper, 35 cents) — the second in an annual series designed to provide an outlet for the novella — have again put together a decidedly interesting volume whose keynote is diversity. Wallace Stegner's "Field Guide to the Western Birds" describes a party given by a rich California matron to further the career of a pianist who is an insufferable boor; it is a freshly keyed variation on the theme of the artist and society. "A Room at the Inn" by Dachine Rainer, a poet who is publishing her first major work of fiction, portrays life in a decrepit boardinghouse in Greenwich Village run by a queer, impoverished gentlewoman with a passion for collecting derelicts. It is quite plotless, but it is written with a wry humor, an individuality, and a vigor which are distinctly impressive. John Phillips's "The Engines of Hygeia" is a grimly convincing tale in which a young

woman is dying of cancer and her husband is in a half-dazed, half-exasperated state of horror, aggravated by his guilt at having been unfaithful to her. Norman Mailer is represented by a story which brings together three middle-class couples for the showing of a pornographic movie. It was originally intended to be the prologue of an eight-volume work, since abandoned, which began with *The Deer Park*.

Tales of the West Pacific

Don't Go Near the Water (Random House, \$3.95) by William Brinkley is a humorous first novel about land-bound American Navy men in the Second World War — the Public Relations section of the giant Comfleets Command on the Pacific island of Tulura. Well before publication, the film rights were bought for an astronomic sum; and it is easy to see why. The book combines the most sure-fire elements of box-office appeal of *Tales of the South Pacific*, *Mister Roberts*, and *No Time for Sergeants*. I seriously doubt that any other author has ever worked into a novel so many ingredients calculated to ensure success on the screen and the musical comedy stage as well as in the book market. Virtually every episode and every character is a natural for the scenarist and the librettist — their only tough problem will be to select from an embarrassment of riches.

The novel is really a series of short stories confectioned in accordance with the classic commercial formula — trouble; dire trouble; happy ending. The magician who makes everything come out peachily is Ensign Max Siegel, a gentle hero with a monstrously ugly body and a beautiful soul.

Among the crises in which Max is involved are the arrival of the correspondent of *Madame*, a determined glamor girl whose panties wind up on the masthead of a cruiser steaming into battle; the transformation of Admiral Boatwright, a fiercely "unpublic relations minded" naval genius, into "Bow-Wow Boatwright," the best publicized admiral of the Pacific Fleet; and the grooming of Boatswain's Mate Farragut Jones, whose vocabulary is strictly limited to four-letter words, for a stateside morale-building tour. The book's love interest, which reverses the South Pacific situation, teams Ensign Siegel with a "palomino"-hued Tuluran

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Art books

An early work of **Bernard Berenson's** — extensively revised by the author — has recently been republished in a handsome volume containing some 400 illustrations: **Lorenzo Lotto** (Phaidon, \$15.00). Lotto, who was once Berenson's "favorite artist," is far better known and more highly appreciated today than he was when the first edition of Berenson's study appeared some sixty years ago. "His spirit," Berenson writes, "is more like our own than is perhaps that of any other Italian painter of his time, and it has all the appeal and fascination of a kindred soul in another age."

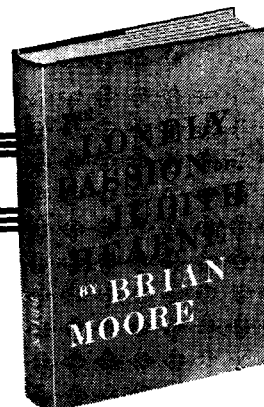
Whereas Lotto's greater contemporary, Titian, expressed what was typical of his epoch, Lotto's painting was personal and psychological. Berenson describes him as "the first Italian painter sensitive to the varying states of the human soul . . . perhaps the most interesting portraitist of his time. . . . His analysis is so searching, his diagnosis so complete, that he seems to combine the ideal physician's sympathy with the ideal priest's tenderness."

Of the illustrations, only nine are in color, which is decidedly too few. But this deficiency is partly atoned for by the superb quality of the black-and-white photographs.

The Skira series "The Taste of Our Time," which began with monographs on Manet, Goya, and El Greco, has been broadened to include the theme "Famous Places as Seen by Great Painters." The first items in this group are **Montmartre** and **Venice** (\$6.50 each).

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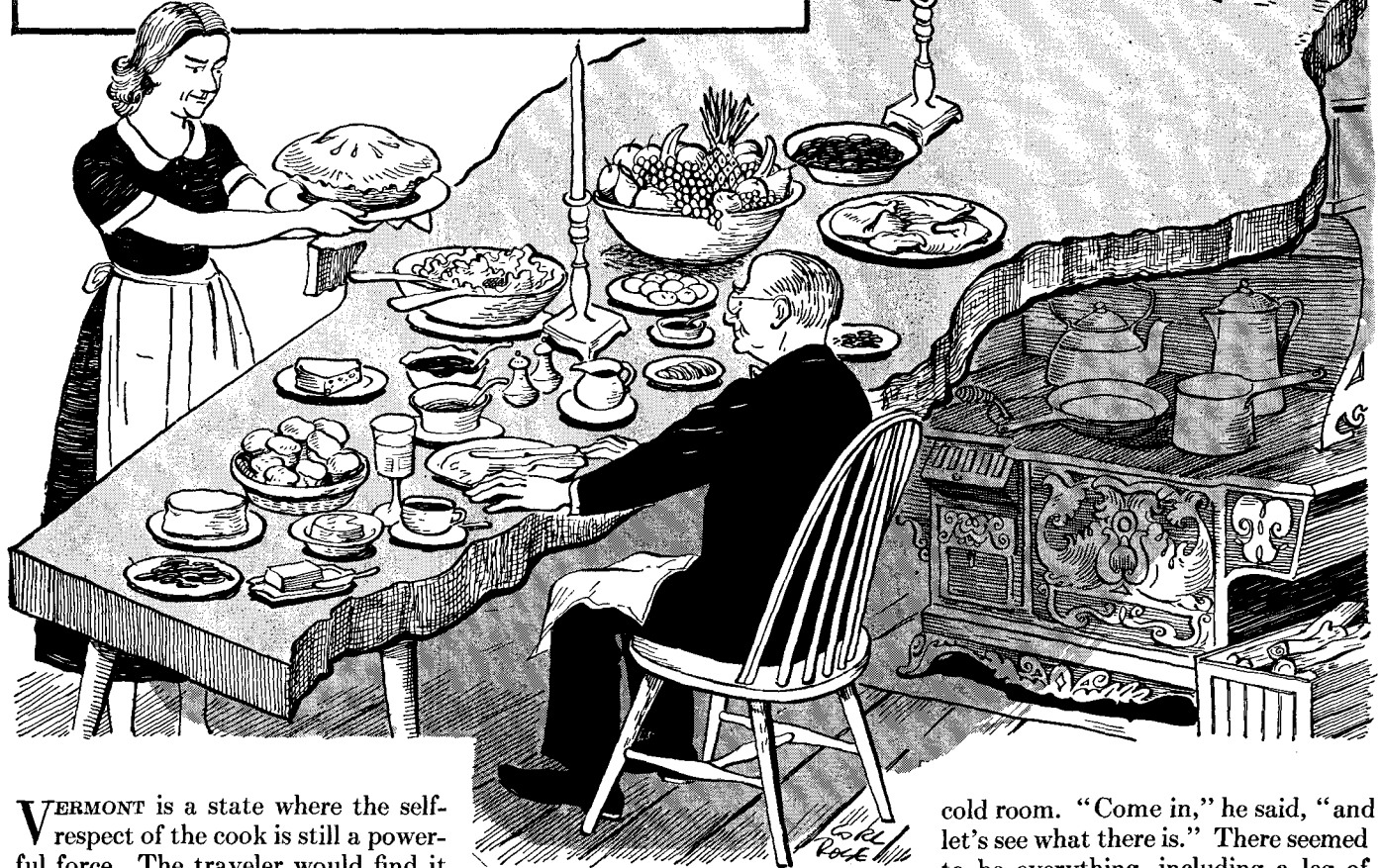
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VERMONT is a state where the self-respect of the cook is still a powerful force. The traveler would find it hard to name another where the distance between one good meal and the next is so short. In any of its larger towns the commercial hotel, however weather-beaten the exterior, is usually dependable for first-rate food, and its villages all have something notable to eat that careful inquiry will locate even for strangers and city folk. I first met the full range of Vermont cooking, and the spirit behind it, when my wife and I spent a weekend at Idlepine Lodge.

Our young daughter was in a summer camp nearby; the camp recommended Idlepine for parents and visitors, and I had made a reservation, mentioning a late arrival, by writing to the proprietors, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wilcox. I had no idea of what a place for "parents" might be like, and I was uneasy about any place suggested by a camp; there was a good hotel a few miles away.

Everyone seemed to have turned in when we got there, but Mr. Wilcox came out just as I pulled up at a night light outside the log lodge building. His enormous flashlight

guided us to our cabin farther along in the woods, and he hustled our luggage in before I was more than out of the car. The cabin proved to be all that we could have wished: agreeably warmed from a smoldering fireplace, beds smartly turned down, fluffy Hudson's Bay blankets, and all in fine order.

Mr. Wilcox, a sunburned, amiable man who looked the Vermont farmer that he is for ten months of the year, suggested something to eat. "You folks ought to feel a mite hungry," he said. "Better let me get you something." Would I go over to the lodge with him? I most certainly would.

The kitchen at the lodge was spacious, a place of scrubbed and scoured wood and many bright accessories, and even the night breezes through its screens did not quite remove a lingering whiff of homemade bread. It was a kitchen to reassure one. Just to walk into it sharpened my hunger, and so does the recollection.

Mr. Wilcox opened the door of a

cold room. "Come in," he said, "and let's see what there is." There seemed to be everything, including a leg of lamb and a ham, but these did not attract Mr. Wilcox. "Must be something here," he muttered. "Here, what about some duck? What say to some duck sandwiches?" He held up a platter: two roast ducks, intact and inviting.

Within the next few minutes Mr. Wilcox converted the ducks and some homemade bread into four lavish sandwiches. He said, ruefully, that he had no license to sell drinks but it would be a pity not to have some beer with the sandwiches. If I would accept the beer from his own personal stores, that would be the proper thing, and he insisted on carrying the sandwiches and the beer back to the cabin. Breakfast at any time, on the cabin's screen porch, he said as he took leave of us, and we settled for 9:30.

The breakfast, which was expertly served by two pretty high-school girls, was mainly basted fried eggs and little cakes of fiery homemade sausage, blueberry pancakes with a delicate maple syrup from Mr. Wilcox's farm on Route 5, extra supplies of

muffins and toast, and an extra quart thermos of coffee — everything really hot — and a copy of that morning's New York *Times* and *Herald Tribune*.

"Most folks like to have the morning paper," Mr. Wilcox said when I asked him about it later, "so I just drive up the river to Wells and get a few."

The menu of our Sunday dinner at Idlepine, for our daughter and a couple of her friends, sounds so commonplace as to be hardly worth describing; stewed chicken, potatoes, vegetables, and pie. Yet, from Mrs. Wilcox's kitchen it became a none-such. How it began I have forgotten; what I remember is a vast platter of chicken and dumplings, bathed in an abundance of gravy that was plainly not much more than a strong chicken broth and farm cream, the whole of it a pale, golden hue. There seemed to be gallons of it on the platter, but this was backed by reserves in covered dishes for the biscuits, and reserves for the mashed potatoes — a kind of dream substance neither mashed nor whipped, neither heavy nor fluffy,

but delicate and at the same time substantial and with the golden motif repeated in lashings of butter.

The vegetables, like the chicken, were from the Wilcox farm; one felt that the onions, served boiled, must have been pulled from the garden at sunup, along with the green things and tomatoes. Foodstuffs of this sort are not found in markets, nor are cooks like Mrs. Wilcox working for wages.

I do not know how many chickens we consumed — children from a summer camp, taking a meal out, are prodigious feeders — but everything was passed again and again; not remnants but handsomely replenished offerings with all their original attractiveness. We ate countless biscuits in gravy, even though we ate a good many with nothing but butter, just to give them their due in that form.

(I met only recently a man whose sister had gone to the same camp, and I asked him if he knew Idlepine. "Oh yes," he said. "I believe that's why the family sent her there — so that they could have the Idlepine

cooking whenever they visited her.")

After finishing Mrs. Wilcox's apple pie — and refusing the ice cream — I sat down beside Mr. Wilcox on the veranda overlooking Lake Fairlee. I spoke warmly of the meals.

"I hired a chef when I opened this place," said Mr. Wilcox. "He was from New York and he was really a pretty good cook. But he caused me a lot of trouble. We didn't get on well at all."

The trouble?

"The fellow was always telling me how they did it in New York," Mr. Wilcox explained. "For instance, he told me I oughtn't to serve sherbet with the first part of the dinner and then serve dessert too. Said it wasn't necessary and nobody did it that way. It finally got so I simply had to let him go. So, ever since, Mrs. Wilcox has done the cooking and I get these little girls in to help her."

Idlepine is still going strong. Its season is short — July and August. The prices are about those of a first-rate hotel, but not even the best hotel is likely to have a Mrs. Wilcox.

CHARLES W. MORTON

THE PERFECT POLYGLOT

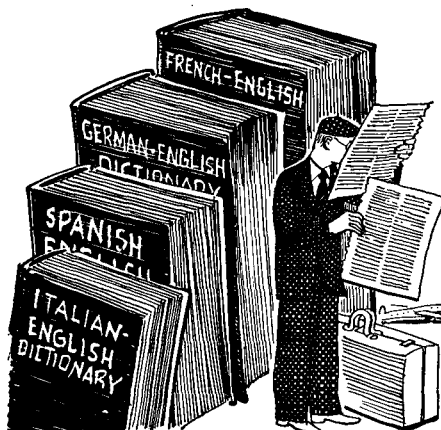
by LOUIS McINTOSH

A native of London who likes to spend his vacations on the Continent, LOUIS McINTOSH is an expert in linguistic camouflage.

WHEN you visit a foreign country, do not try to learn the language. It is too difficult, and your failure to do so will only rub in the fact that you are a foreigner. What you can do is to pretend that you know the language. You need very little linguistic equipment, and a great deal of bluff, to pass yourself off as a native of the country. One or two strategically chosen words and phrases will give the impression that you know the rest of the language.

In Italian, for example, there is the word *prego*, which is a godsend to foreigners, as it can mean almost anything. Its basic meanings are "please," "don't thank me," "you're treading on my toe," and "get the hell out of here," but it is flexible enough to fit almost any situation, like "coexistence" in Russian diplomacy. It is just a question of

waiting for the right moment, and then bringing it out with an idiomatic lilt. If you see an Italian beggar walking off with your luggage as you are looking for a taxi, go up to him, glare at him in silent wrath, and then — only then — look him between the



eyes and grate out your *prego*. He will be far too impressed ever to think of stealing your luggage again.

Another good word for a tight spot in Italy is *permesso*. This is a polite word, meaning "allow me," which

the Italians use, with delightful sarcasm, to accompany the most impolite behavior. When you are fighting your way through a crowd of Neapolitan housewives in order to get on to a bus, hiss *permesso* at them, and the vicious elbow shoves that you get will prove to you that you are accepted as one of them.

Do not be worried if this seems very little to go on. Even after weeks of study on a language there are many things you find you cannot say in it. So you must learn to make your feelings fit your vocabulary. If the only Italian word that you know is *bellissima* (and it is the only one that most people know) it is amazing how often you find yourself feeling the superlative admiration which it so exactly expresses — especially on sightseeing holidays in Italy.

Italian is hardly a fair example, though, because it is so absurdly easy. Most of the time you need not talk at all, but can restrict yourself to gestures and ejaculations. But girls should beware of Italian men who offer to teach them the language, as

words are soon liable to give way to gestures of unmistakable import. Gesture-language may be a restriction for foreigners, but for Italians it is quite the opposite.

In Spain more than anywhere else,



it is important to pretend to know the language. To the Spaniards, anyone who doesn't talk Spanish doesn't talk at all, and is therefore uncommunicative and unfriendly. Sometimes they will address Americans in bad French, on the theory that, in speaking to foreigners, some foreign language, even the wrong one, is better than none. But their bad French is much harder to understand than their Spanish.

Whenever anyone says anything to you in Spain, a safe reply is *según*, meaning "it all depends." This, as well as being good Spanish, indicates ineffable wisdom on any topic under the sun. Awkward gaps in the conversation can be filled by quoting Lorca. Although Lorca's works still cannot be published (only sold) in Spain, they have changed from being revolutionary to being respectable. All Spaniards appreciate Lorca's gypsy ballads, and they will be able to prompt you if need be. It doesn't matter if you don't understand them; anyway, it would take up far too much time to look up the words besides learning them by heart.

Most things in Germany can be adequately described by *schön* (beautiful) or *gross* (large). If you feel that these are inadequate, there is a refinement. You can add the prefix *wunder* to any adjective and thus supercharge it. So you can call Hildegarde Neff *wunderschön* (if you really want to) and Rhineland castles *wundergross* (though most of them are gross rather than wonderful).

As German word-order is rather complicated, it is risky to venture too many of your own sentences. Wait until the other person has spoken, nod your head in grave assent, and

say, "Ach, so." Or you can pluck up confidence and repeat what he has said after him. Not only will it be good German, but he will be delighted to find that you agree with him. I once motored around Germany in an old vintage car of the 1920s. I was amazed to find that every German who came up to examine it made the same comment: "*Das ist die Hauptsache, wenn es läuft.*" At first I would repeat this incantation, and in this way I made many good friends. After a while I became bolder, and when anybody came up to the car I would forestall him by myself saying, "*Das ist die Hauptsache, wenn es läuft.*" Then he would repeat it after me. I would glow with pride at the progress I had made. It was only much later that I discovered that the sentence meant: "It may be an old creak, but anyway it moves."

It is the adverbs which can be used to make the most convincing display in German, and the more syllables the better. By the time you have worked your way to the end of *unglücklicherweise* or *selbstverständlich* (unfortunately, obviously), your hearers should need no further persuading that you are a master of the German tongue. The great advantage of adverbs over the other long words in which German abounds is that they can be used much more frequently. To use *Verantwortungslosigkeit* (irresponsibility) on any and every occasion would be a trifle *verantwortungslos*. The longest current word in German used to be *Westeuropäische-verteidigungsgemeinschaft* (European Defense Community). Linguists and federalists are united in lamenting its obsolescence.

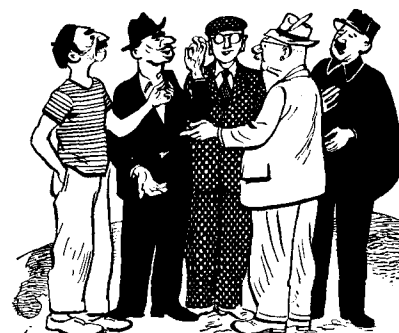
In France you must take sides. You must be able to show violent approval or disapproval of the latest paintings, plays, public figures, and so forth. There are enormous numbers of words expressing both pro and con attitudes, but be careful not to use those that have gone out of fashion. Thus *formidable*, which has got into all the phrase books, is thoroughly *démodé*. More up-to-date expressions of partiality are *sensationnel*, *crevant*, and *sidérant*, and the *dernier cri* is *ravageant* (at time of writing). As might be expected, French is even richer in abuse. *Ignoble*, *crapuleux*, and *minable* are three choice adjectives of disgust to memorize. The nouns used for slanging people — for example, *cuistre*, *ordure*,

goujat — should be used with care, as they can be, and often are, used to provoke street scenes for the entertainment of passers-by.

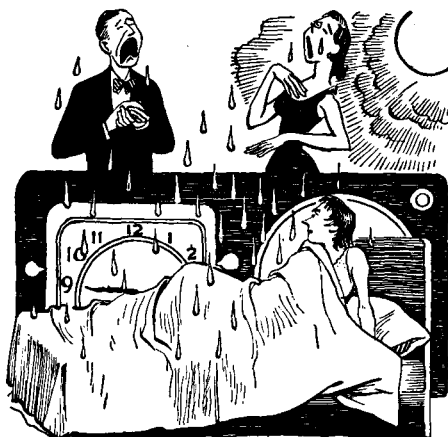
If you can bring out a few phrases of *argot* (slang), your popularity in France will be assured. For example, in the dictionary you will find the word *argent*, which is supposed to mean money. But it is never used outside the pages of economics textbooks. Frenchmen always use *argot* words for money, such as *fric*, *grisbi*, *zozotte*, and many others; you say your money, and you take your choice. Similarly, French currency is currently measured not in francs but in *balles*.

Do not be misled by Frenchmen saying, "*Vous parlez parfaitement français*" (You speak French perfectly). This is meant as an encouragement, but is in fact an insult to your French. If you did speak perfectly, it would occur to nobody to remark on the fact. You only know that you are getting somewhere with the language when the French stop telling you so.

It is difficult to mimic the Parisian accent successfully. The solution is to put on some provincial accent. It doesn't matter which, as long as it isn't one of the recognizable foreign accents which foreigners assiduously acquire by imitating each other's mispronunciations. A friend of mine used to adopt this technique in France, and claimed that he was an Alsatian, speaking in the thick Teutonic brogue of the Alsatian beer-swiller. One day he was unwise enough to bring this device into play against a real Alsatian, who immediately switched to the Alsatian *patois* (sub-language), a bastard mixture of French and German punctuated with



hiccoughs. My friend saw what was up, and had the presence of mind to say, "Let us not speak in our native tongue. It brings back such painful memories." It still does, when he thinks how nearly his bluff was called.



OH, IT'S LOVE, ETC.

by HANNAH SMITH

HANNAH SMITH, who was brought up in the Middle West, now lives in Arcadia, California. She is the author of an amusing autobiography, *For Heaven's Sake* (Atlantic-Little, Brown).

THIS will probably stake me down firmly for good and all as a member of the Serutan set, but I'd like to announce that lately I've been awfully fed up with L-O-V-E. I don't mean by this that I'm not passionately fond of my husband, children, friends, and even many of my relatives. What I'm saying is that I do wish all those unhappy boys and girls on radio, phonograph, and television could get back together, mend their broken/foolish/empty/burning/or cold, cold hearts; dry their scalding/lonely/oceans of/or wasted tears; give each other one more chance/that awful of dreams/those lyin' letters/a little kiss, and buy a house and settle down, leaving the air waves to Eric Sevareid, Mary Margaret McBride, and others who aren't having so many emotional problems.

I particularly wish this at 6:45 each morning when I lunge dazedly out of bed at command of our clock radio, pull on my robe, grope for my house slippers, and come staggering up, feeling as gray and fuzzy as the blanket lint in my eyebrows, only to be met by a badly misinformed baritone who croons that I am "younger than springtime."

My idea of a good post-dawn radio program is either somebody being right and folksy about the News, to cheer me up, or — preferably — somebody being gloomy and dismal about the News, to share my mood and confirm my opinion of the world at that moment.

At 6:45, I'd just rather not hear a maraschino tenor declare that it hurts him to his heart that we two gotta part. If he only knew, we aren't parting anyway. The acoustics in this house being what they are, I'll still be able to hear him while I'm washing my face, brushing my teeth, and later while I'm making the coffee. While he sobs, "Two Hearts, Two Kisses," I'll be scrambling six eggs and burning four slices of toast. I can't help feeling that this boy's problem is chiefly one of timing; the girl he's torching for is probably still out like a light, and he's not singing *Our Song* at all. If he wants to send me, he should try

"All I want is coffee, my delicate flower;
You go flop back in bed for another half hour."

Have you noticed that, percentage-wise, the song writers are working for a small, overprivileged minority? I keep reading every few days that the population in this country is getting older and older. The last time I looked, the average age was pushing 58.2 or something like that, but the boys in Tin Pan Alley keep right on rhyming "darling Irene" with "sixteen." Manufacturers have seen the light and switched over from pink crib-spreads to gray hug-me-tights. Firms that once made teething rings have retooled and are on double shift turning out nightstand racks for dentures and hearing aids. Retirement Villas and Sunset Clubs are springing up everywhere.

You'd think that a few of the more alert song writers would bend to the trend. There must be some geriatric Gershwin who can run up a few hits that will put a tender gleam behind a bifocal or set a black corrective oxford to tapping madly. Maybe something on this order: —

"Oh, we put the kids through college;
sing tra-la-la,
Let's sit in the sunshine in St. Augustine,
Fla."

Hardly any of the present popular songs seem to fit the exigencies of normal living. Instead of "Let's Make the Most of Tonight" or "Come On-a My House," I could use a good loud record that goes like this: —

"Let those bright lights glitter;
We can't go out — no baby sitter."

Or: —

"Don't come on-a our house, pal o' mine;
We plan to go to bed at half past nine."

There have been a few songs that are, perhaps, vaguely slanted in the right direction for the great mass of us who have got past the "Cry Me a River" phase. "Turn the Lights Down Low," for example, would appeal to my husband as a step in the right direction. However, he'd really go for something more on this order: —

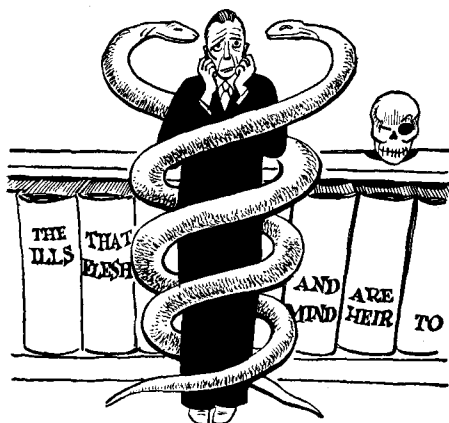
"Turn off that blasted chandelier;
I'm not made of money, dear."

Even the geography in a lot of these songs could be updated to suit the trend. For example, I've been told that April in Portugal can be almighty chilly. A good friend of ours, a visual education teacher on her sabbatical, a fine girl of about forty-seven, said she nearly froze last spring in Lisbon. There may have been a moon over the cathedral, but her apartment didn't have central heating and the whole experience really played hob with her entire respiratory system. The last I heard she was spending November in Nyack, if there happens to be a song writer listening.

LOOKING FOR FIREWOOD

by R. G. EVERSON

A LITTLE while some fires are high and clear.
Come, hunt for wood — bay, laurel, palm, vined oak.
We'll ponder on various kinds of rich warmth raised
From different fibres, dazzlements that rear
Strange as in Lincoln who middle-aged awoke,
Or that one century when Athens blazed,
Florence but half that long, and in the mind
Of Keats the one great year when seas would burn.
Searching along small rivers we may find
Timbers with flames like Arno's. Who can learn
How Avon wood caught well? All fires die,
But some for a little while are clear and high.



THE NEED OF DREAD

by R. G. G. PRICE

R. G. G. PRICE has contributed a great variety of light writing and criticism to *Punch* in recent years.

I AM a keen hypochondriac and for many years I have been pottering happily along in the horse-and-buggy stage, dreading the diseases I have met in old novels. Now things have become more difficult. Medicine advances with a ruthless disregard for the comfort of hypochondriacs, though we are the advance guard of civilization. All great men worry about their health, but the doctors don't care. They loused things up considerably by striking many diseases out of our repertoire with the antibiotics, and now they are undermining the usefulness of the ones that are left with Psychosomatic Medicine.

I lie awake for hours these nights, not discovering symptoms of arsenical poisoning or glandular imbalance, but wrestling with problems of logic. The trouble is this. If, as the psychosomatic boys urge us to believe, sickness in the body starts from worry in the mind, and if hypochondria is a flight from worry in the mind to imagined sickness in the body, then the hypochondriac is liable to get the diseases that he imagines he has, so that his anxiety about getting them is justified and this means he is not a hypochondriac at all. I do not own one of those hard, precise minds that can play chess without a board and identify the fallacy in an argument at the first hearing. In bed I am more at ease picturing a silver-haired physician sticking a hypodermic into me with a courtly air than I am testing syllogisms for logical flaws.

As far as I understand it, if I get a cramp in my left leg, it is no use imagining that I have picked up a

rare tropical fever from an explorer home on leave. I am barred from wondering whether the cramp will develop into convulsions as a prelude to symptoms that will turn my physician's hair from silver to dead white. I cannot look forward to being saved by things done against time in laboratories. There will be no daredevil ambulances for me. My cramp is probably caused by a buried resentment; and after the kind of ailment I am used to, buried resentments are tame. They do not provide the perverted pleasures of fear. They are not even of conversational value. You cannot lead a satisfactory fantasy-life as a man whose analyst wants him to accept his kid brother's success in life without rancor.

If the fear of physical disease is closed as an outlet to mental anguish because the diseases tend to become real, nervous strain will find some other kind of expression — possibly anxiety over becoming a delinquent. Night after night I shall shiver with the fear of falling into crime. Where once surgeons lurked in the shadows of the bedroom, poised with saws that needed sharpening, partially sterilized needles, and blanks in their anatomical knowledge, there will be the dim forms of jurors, men of bovine incredulity to whom innocence is a challenge. I shall imagine that perfectly legitimate transactions might have been converted by some trivial error or omission into frauds of gigantic complexity, the kind of frauds that lead to a public outcry for a higher maximum penalty. In acute bouts, corresponding to my outmoded panics over perforating ulcers, I shall see myself committing unprovoked assaults upon the police.

Luckily fashions in medicine change fairly fast and I can reasonably hope that Psychosomatic Medicine will be out before long. I am afraid it will leave behind it a hypochondria that is stunted and confused and will need gentle nursing back until it is fit to perform its function as a safety valve again. Then what a relief it will be to get back to diseases that are not my own fault and have nothing to do with my shortcomings as adult, citizen, and family man.



AN EYE FOR AN EYE

by WILLIAM H. WELLS

After a career that led from Harvard through publishing, advertising, government, and the United Nations, WILLIAM H. WELLS is now living in Connecticut's Litchfield Hills.

JANE, darling . . . are you asleep?
No, dear. What is it?

I don't think you should have bitten the Carters' little boy.

He bit Herbie!

I know, Jane. But why didn't you let Herbie bite him back?

Herbie wouldn't do it. He absolutely wouldn't.

Well — you could have spoken to Mrs. Carter.

She wasn't home. And anyway, Barton, his mother wouldn't bite him. She wouldn't dare. He's got her terrorized.

Well, then I could have spoken to his father. Jane, you just can't go around biting little boys.

I don't go round biting little boys. I only bit Ronald.

I know; but Jane, people won't understand.

Ronald understood all right. He let out a yell you could hear for a mile.

You didn't bite him hard?

I certainly did — good and hard. I said to him, "Ronald, do you know what it feels like to be bitten?" He said, "No," and I said, "It feels like this."

But darling, don't you ever think of consequences?

Of course I do, Barton. I bet he won't bite Herbie again.

I mean the consequences for us. Carter is going to nail me at the station tomorrow, or on the train, and he's going to say, "My boy says your wife bit him. Did she?" And what can I say?

Say "Yes."

And he'll say, "How would you like it if my wife came over and bit your little boy?"

That's silly, Barton.

What's silly about it?

She hasn't any reason to bite Herbie.

Jane, darling. You've got to let Herbie fight his own battles. If he gets bitten he's got to learn to bite back — for himself. You don't want Herbie to grow up to be a mama's boy, do you?

He's not a mama's boy. Herbie wasn't afraid. He just doesn't like to bite people. And anyway, I've taught him that biting is something he should never do. You want him to be a gentleman, don't you?

Of course I do, Jane, but he's got to defend himself. He can't always hide behind your skirts.

I had slacks on. And he didn't hide. He just didn't know what to do.

He could have kicked Ronald.

He did. That's why Ronald bit him.

And why did Herbie kick him?

Because Ronald wouldn't get off Herbie's tricycle and let Herbie ride.

Why do you let Herbie play with a kid like that, anyway, Jane?

He likes to play with him. Ronald is Herbie's special pal.

So you bit Herbie's pal. I suppose Herbie was watching?

Yes, he stood right there.

Darling, isn't it bad enough to act like a mother tigress, without having Herbie there, looking on — gloating?

Herbie didn't gloat, dear.

That's good. What did he do?

Herbie kicked me.

LOST, STOLEN, STRAYED

by DILYS LAING

THE gone dog leaves a ghost.
His bark comes to the door.
Running against our knowing
we whistle to a wish.

We hear his shaking ears
and see the birch at the window
shiver. It was a bird
that fluttered sudden wings.

Returning home, we see
solid delusive air
wagging a welcome dance
baring teeth in a smile.

He was so very here.
Now through the hills of where
he runs — and wounds our waiting
with shams of his return.

ACCENT ON LIVING



SCHWANN'S BLACK DIAMONDS

by JOHN M. CONLY

JOHN M. CONLY is a former New York and Washington newspaperman, now editor of High Fidelity Magazine. "They Shall Have Music" is a quarterly feature in the Atlantic.

MARCH was a month of black diamonds. This statement will be meaningless — if intriguing — to most people, but not to those who conscientiously peruse the Schwann Long Playing Record Catalog. In the Schwann Catalog, which is just what its title implies, a star in the margin opposite an entry means that the recording is a new one, listed for the first time. A black diamond in the same position means that the recording is being discontinued by its manufacturer. In the March issue, there were 1186 black diamonds. A lot of records were fated to disappear.

Most of this havoc stemmed from the two biggest record companies, RCA Victor and Columbia, and chiefly affected three categories of records. RCA Victor plied the ax most sweepingly on its LCT ("Collector's Treasury") series, comprising reprints of notable past performances, largely operatic. It also depleted the ranks of its LHMV series, recordings of some stature and special appeal from the catalogue of HMV in England, marketed here in competition with RCA Victor's domestic-featured issues, but with the handicap of a one-dollar price differential. (Which is to say, to get Edwin Fischer playing the Appassionata Sonata, you had to pay a dollar more than for Rubinstein.) Columbia's winnowing was concentrated mainly on its ten-inch LPs.

It is not my intent to censure the companies, at all, for these deletions.

If a great opera company or symphony orchestra coyly reveals a mammoth deficit at year's end, the board of directors rallies to the aid of the manager and in unison they call upon the public for contributions. If a great recording firm shows a similar loss, the corporation officers likewise summon the responsible executive; but when he gets there, all they do is ask him why — and in no very jocular tone. Under the circumstances, recording managements should receive great credit for what artistic responsibility they do show, and they show no mean amount.

Not all the deletions are necessarily permanent. RCA Victor and HMV lately severed their fifty-year-old exchange relationship (the culling of LHMVs has nothing to do with this; it is purely a matter of sales figures), and some of the HMV performances may reappear under another label. As for the Collector's Treasury items, although their sales had dropped, indicating to RCA that the Old Guard of collectors had been satiated, there was such outcry at the excisions that the company promptly projected a poll of reviewers to discover what recordings should be reinstated. Columbia's curtailment of its ten-inch library was simply a result of the lesson, learned the hard way, that ten-inch records do not sell, whatever their merits. Nobody knows why. Many of the better items on the ten-inch list will exist again as partial contents of twelve-inch disks, remastered and brightened in sound — but not all.

Further, perhaps because decimation is habit-forming, Columbia cut into its twelve-inch list and Victor into its standard domestic LM series, both making some expunctions I find a little hard to understand, but perhaps only because I have not seen the relevant sales-sheets.

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Let us consider the last first, since they are the musical items least likely ever to reappear. My interest here (and yours perhaps, if the idea intrigues you) is that now, for the first time since 1948 when the long-play record came on the scene, there suddenly exists a supply of collector's items on microgroove.

I shall be eclectic, going through the lists, since I cannot possibly evaluate more than a thousand recordings. To any reader who truly feels the collector's urge, I suggest getting hold, through his record dealer, of a March 1956 Schwann Catalog and scrutinizing it. Even those musical offerings likely to reappear later in re-pressings may be more attractive in their original LP presentation. For instance, on Victor ten-inch LM-122, being retired, there is the Menuhin-Munch version of Bruch's Violin Concerto No. 1. The same performance remains available on twelve-inch LM-1797, but coupled with Mendelssohn's Fourth Symphony, which you may not want — particularly since it will cost you an extra dollar.

Menuhin figures in another Victor LM withdrawal, too; the Bartók Sonata for Unaccompanied Violin (LM-1087), backed by the Prokofieff Sonata in F minor. The Bartók I especially liked, and I am not sure that Menuhin would do it as well again.

Going down the list alphabetically, we find slated for extinction the Koussevitzky-Boston album of the Beethoven Ninth Symphony. This is widely conceded to have been a somewhat substandard job by all concerned, but ardent BSO enthusiasts may want it nonetheless. Brahms' Sonata No. 3 by Rubinstein (LM-1189) might also seem a surprising deletion, but Rubinstein has said he wants to re-record certain of the things he made some time ago. Something that certainly won't be recorded again, at least by the same artists, is Chausson's *Poem of Love and the Sea* by Gladys Swarthout, Monteux, and the RCA Victor Symphony Orchestra, which I thought delightful, though sundry critics more learned about singing technique disagreed. Chausson's B-flat Symphony, incidentally, has

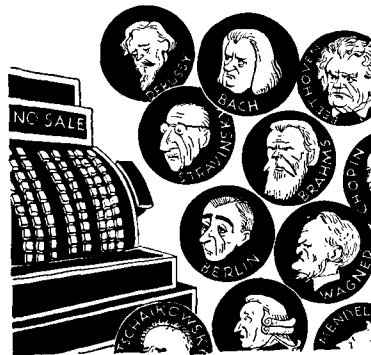
almost been cleaned off the LP roster by the recent scything. Three of four versions vanished: one Columbia (Mitropoulos), one Victor-Bluebird (Frederick Stock, in reprint), and one Victor LM, a Monteux-San Francisco version that I thought was narrowly the best available, though its sound was thin and elderly.

By no means thin and elderly is the sound in another Monteux-San Francisco performance currently receiving the black diamond treatment, that of Debussy's *Trois Images pour Orchestre* (LM-1197). This record came out in 1950 but sonically it is still rich and dreamily transparent. Apart from which, the performance seems to me

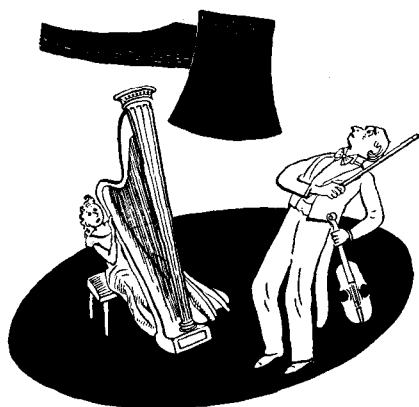
incontestably the best there is or is likely to be. I have nothing against the competition — Van Beinum for Epic, Ansermet for London — except for Monteux's greater cordial interest in Debussy's source-tunes ("We'll Lay the Keel-Row," for instance). What makes one interpretation better than another? LM-1197 is worth shopping for.

So is either of two recordings of Mahler's *Songs of a Wayfarer* that are being discontinued. One is that by Blanche Thebom, Sir Adrian Boult, and an unidentified orchestra that sounds like the London Philharmonic (RCA Victor LM-1203, backed by a Hugo Wolf recital), and the other that by Carol Brice, Fritz Reiner, and the Pittsburgh Symphony (Columbia ML-4108, with Bach arias on the over-side). This pair impressed me as the best two renditions of the Mahler cycle — easily overriding two newer versions — and of the two, I would pick the Brice as the more gripping maybe unique. Here again I am affirming my amateur status in judgment of singing, but the late Serge Koussevitzky was as much impressed as I, so I won't apologize. The recording was better on 78s than it is on LP, but it is quite manageable in the latter form.

Except to ardent admirers of Adolph Busch, I don't know that I would recommend a search for the Bach Double Concerto by Busch and Frances Magnes on Columbia ML-4002. I think it the best playing yet put on microgroove, but the sound



is ancient and tinny. Almost the same description can be applied to the Beethoven Kreutzer Sonata played by Busch and Rudolf Serkin (Columbia ML-4007), though the sonic short-



comings are less obtrusive here — and Toscanini used to go to Town Hall to hear these artists in this work. (I saw him there.) Another Columbia Beethoven record is less excusably forced into obsolescence: the performance on ML-4335 by Jacob Lateiner (just out of his teens at the time) of the last piano sonata, Opus 111, is an astonishing feat which survives five years later as the most nearly adequate rendition of this ultimate masterpiece of musical introspection. (The RCA Victor reprint of Schnabel's Beethoven Society performance was taped off-pitch from a master disk audibly damaged. Lateiner himself now records for Westminster, which already has in its catalogue an Opus 111 by Kurt Appelbaum, describable as worthy.)

Not everyone likes the dartingly witty music of Francis Poulenc; but I do, so I am glad I own a copy of the Columbia twelve-inch disk, ML-4333, whereon the composer-pianist accompanies baritone Pierre Bernac in Poulenc's *Banalités* and *Chansons villageoises*, and, on the reverse, in Ravel's *Histoires naturelles*. Delightful — but, I suppose, not commercial, or Columbia wouldn't be dropping it. Pick it up if you can.

If you care to descend briefly from the empyrean to Broadway, you might like to pick up also an original-cast musical comedy album for which I have had a soft spot since I first heard it in 1952, and which is now in receipt of a black diamond. This is RCA Victor's *Wish You Were Here*, the saga of Camp Kare-free in the Catskills, a good recording of a score not only very witty but oddly touching. Another non-classical item it would sadden me to be without is

Stan Freeman's jazz-harpsichord recital, unfortunately titled *Come On-a Stan's House*, on ten-inch Columbia CL-6193. Fascinating!

Columbia assures us that the cream of the classical ten-inch crop is to reappear in various couplings on twelve-inch disks, remastered to the now standard Record Industry Association equalization curve, and with enhanced dynamics. I am sure this will indeed happen in some cases: the complete Bach string and keyboard sonatas played by Alexander Schneider, violin, and Ralph Kirkpatrick, harpsichord, certainly will not simply vanish. Neither will the famous performance of Bartók's *Contrasts* and *Rhapsody No. 1* by Joseph Szigeti, Benny Goodman, and the composer himself (ML-2213, in case you want it in the ten-inch economy size). And I expect it will remain possible to buy the Szigeti-Beecham Mendelssohn Concerto, in some form other than ML-2217.

About some other titles in the list I am less sure and more concerned. For example, what about Patricia Travers' and Otto Herz's playing of Charles Ives' Second Violin Sonata, on Columbia ML-2169, with Roger

Sessions' charming Duo? Is this commercially worth remastering? There are two other versions of the Ives, one of them being a rather gala Mercury production. It features Rafael Druian, a superb technician who gets all the notes in. But it is Miss Travers who gets in the old fiddler, pictured in the "Barn Dance" movement, who tries to play other tunes but always comes back to *The Battle Cry of Freedom*. If I (meaning you) came across ML-2169, I'd buy it.

What, too, about Edith Sitwell's performance in the Walton-Sitwell *Façade* (ML-2047)? This is confronted by a newer, twelve-inch London version offering Dr. Edith again and Peter Pears — not as good as the earlier Columbia, but perhaps more salable (though costlier!).

I should not rely heavily, either, on the reappearance of Schumann's *Dichterliebe* in the performance by Pierre Bernac and Robert Casadesus on ML-2210. When a recording of something like this is retired, the temptation of the artists-and-repertoire director is to make a fresh one, perhaps to propel other artists newly signed up. I know of no other artists likely to show the almost psychiatric

Rise Stevens

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LITTLE, BROWN

insight that Bernac and Casadesus show here. It may not be pretty, but it's art.

The culling of the Victor LHMV and LCT lists is less alarming, though it embodies some inconvenience to serious record-buyers. The LHMVs still will be available by import from HMV proper, but I do not know that I would go to that trouble to get Rafael Kubelik's reading of the Dvořák Fourth Symphony. I think it the best (all things considered) there is now available, but it is still something short of perfection. The Cortot Debussy Preludes (Book I) are rather marvelous — but not quite, I think, so marvelous as Gieseking's. Something I do intend to keep my eye out for is Beecham's Handel-Beecham suite, *The Great Elopement*, and I should also not mind finding a copy of Schnabel's Schubert Impromptus (Op. 90, Op. 142). Keep in mind that an imported English HMV costs a little more than a Victor LHMV, though it may be a better pressing.

Of the Victor "Collector's Treasury" deletions I think it is wasteful to talk. By the time this appears in print, I am sure the black diamonds will have faded from, say, Toscanini's marvelously lyrical BBC recording of the Beethoven Sixth, and the *Cavalleria Rusticana* conducted by Mascagni and featuring Gigli. Not to mention the *Lohengrin*, *Parsifal*, and *Siegfried* excerpts recorded by Kirsten Flagstad. But there is one LCT I am warmly devoted to that I am almost sure *won't* reappear, and that is Virgil Thomson's and Gertrude Stein's *Four Saints in Three Acts*, a recording that has given me, I think, as much entertainment as any I've ever owned. LCT-1139: no libretto, unfortunately.

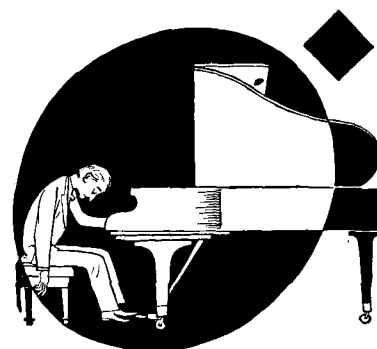
Perhaps the deletion, from any list, that intrigued me most was that of RCA Victor LM-1769. I can't decide whether it was, in 1956, very logical or very odd. The title: *Adlai Stevenson—Campaign Speeches*. Is there a Republican in the woodpile?

Record Reviews

Beethoven: Nine Symphonies (Arturo Toscanini conducting NBC Symphony Orchestra; with vocal soloists and RCA Victor Chorale in No. 9; RCA Victor LM-6901: seven 12" boxed). These are complete reprocessings from the original tapes. Absent from their sound is the "enhancement" — artificial electronic

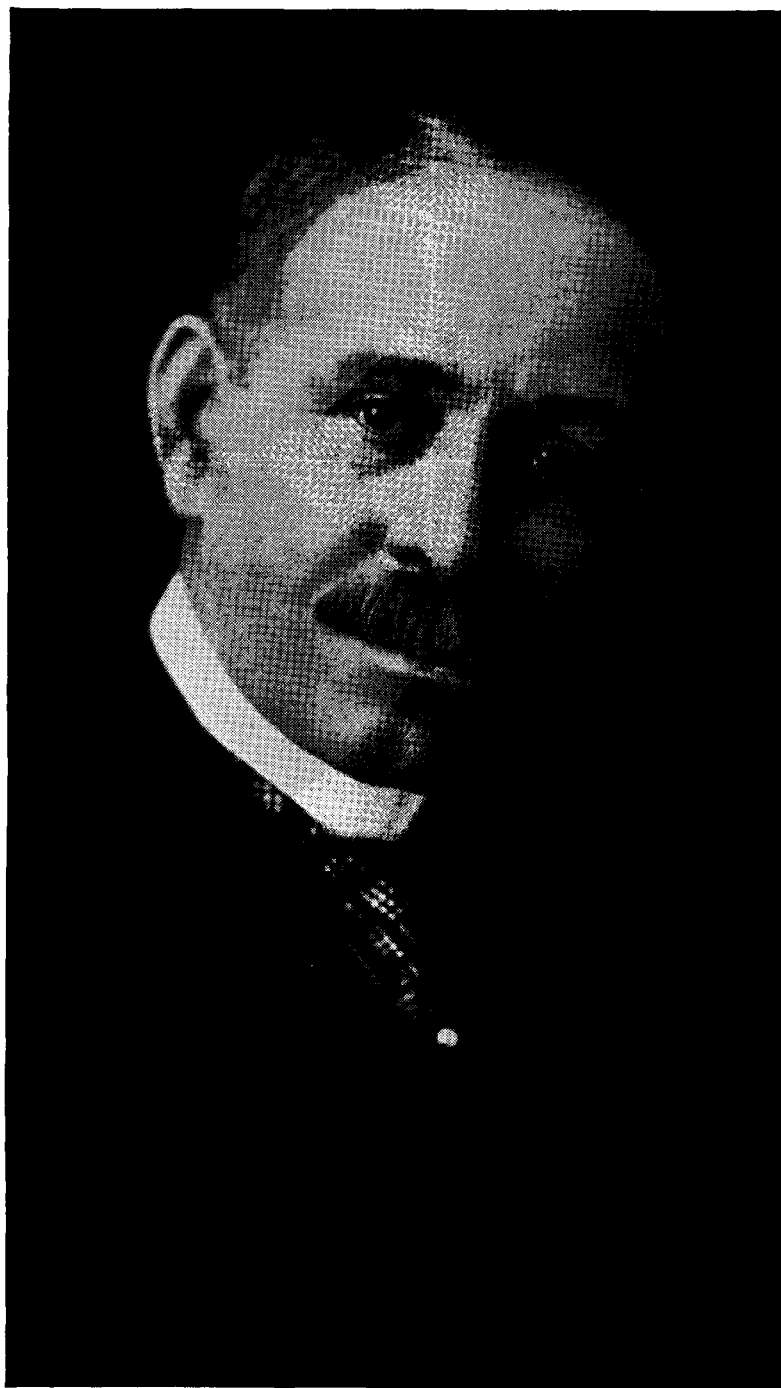
echo and the like — applied to the disk versions that appeared in 1953 as a Limited Edition and were issued subsequently as single disks. Present is a degree of dynamic range (from *ppp* to *fff*) not possible in the 1952 First and Ninth and in the even earlier *Eroica*. The *Eroica* especially, in its newest guise, is a revelation: big, clean, surging, and vigorous. The next greatest change is perceptible in the Second and Sixth; the least in the Eighth and Ninth. The Fourth, Fifth, and Seventh remain inadequate as recordings: the weakness was in the original tapes. The sides in LM-6901, which sells at a standard \$27 (the Limited Edition was \$55), are arranged in sequence for automatic changer. Whether they will be rearranged for issuance as singles, I could not find out, but I suspect that they will.

Hindemith: Symphonic Suite, Mathis der Maler; Symphonic Dances (Paul Hindemith conducting Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra; Decca DL-9818: 12"). So far as I know, the Symphonic Dances are new to microgroove, and they are well worth having, forming really almost a full-fledged symphony, thoughtful and not in the least balletic. The suite from *Matthias the Painter* (when do we get the whole opera?) is standard concert fare. This performance probably is definitive, though very similar to that



by Ormandy for Columbia. The engineering is wholly admirable.

Schubert: Symphony No. 6 with Grieg: "In Autumn," Op. 11; Norwegian Romance with Variations, Op. 51 (Sir Thomas Beecham conducting Royal Philharmonic Orchestra; Angel 35339: 12"). There has not been a satisfactory Schubert Sixth on microgroove; now there is one unlikely ever to be topped — an entrancing, endearing performance in lustrous sound. The Grieg works, minor but charming, benefit likewise from the matchless Beecham touch.



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Would he live? The surgeon mopped his brow and hoped. The year was 1893; the operation, fantastic.

Live? Yes, he would live for many more years, thanks to the skill and courage of Dr. Daniel Hale Williams.

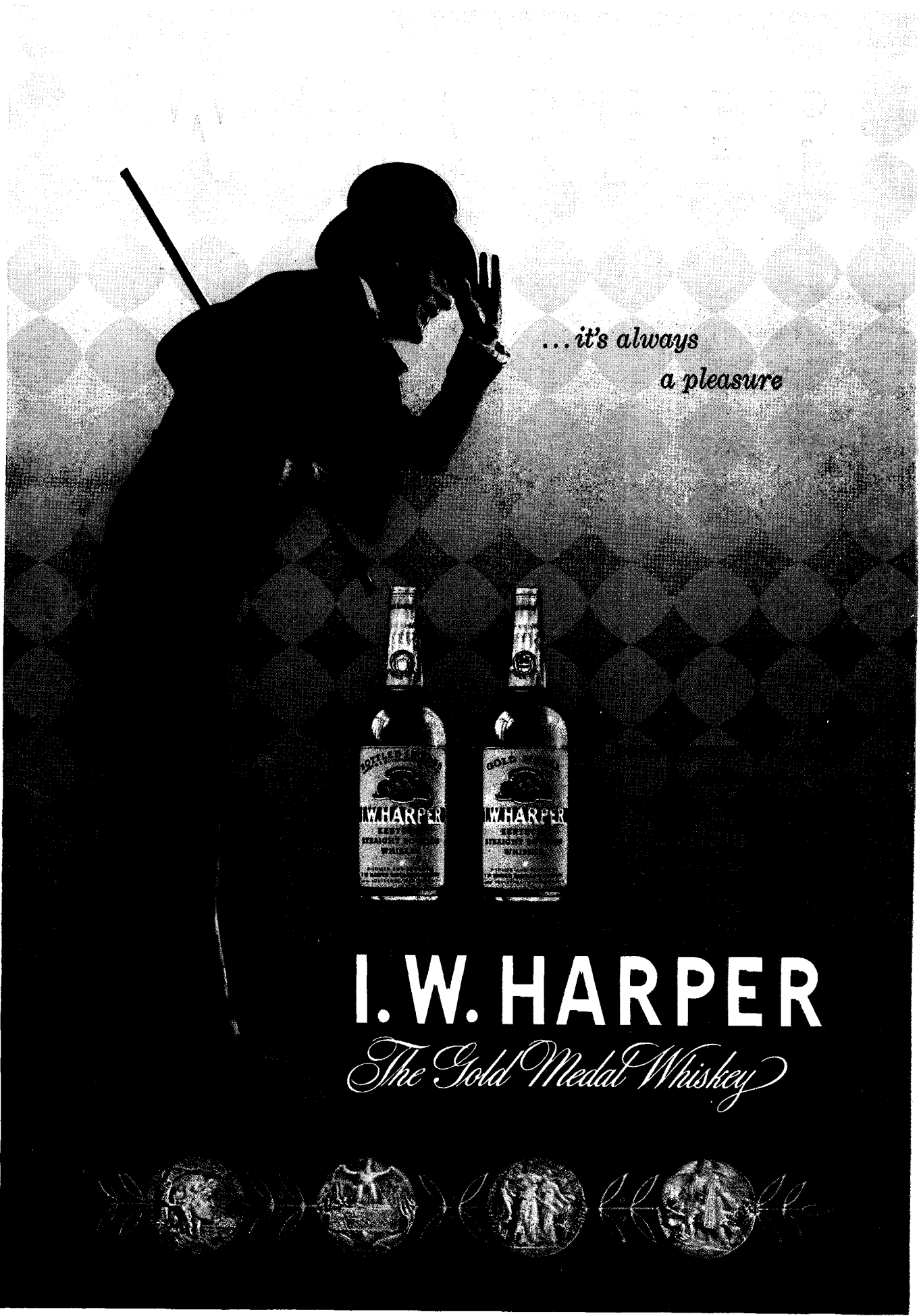
Abandoned as a child, Williams, a Negro, had struggled hard for his medical education. Now only 37, he had already founded America's first interracial hospital, Provident. And here he had just performed the first of the pioneering operations that would mark him as one of our country's great surgeons.

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